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THE GURNEYS OF EARLHAM



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THE GURNEYS OF EARLHAM

BY

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE

AUTHOR OF

"MEMORIALS OF A QUIET LIFE," "THE STORY OF TWO NOBLE LIVES," ETC.

VOL. II

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IX

THE THIRD PHASE OF EARLHAM LIFE

"Servants of God?—or sons
Shall I not call you?—because
Not as servants ye knew
Your Father's innermost mind,
His who unwillingly sees
One of His little ones lost—
Yours is the praise, if mankind
Hath not as yet in its march
Fainted, and fallen, and died!"

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

"AUNT CATHERINE" was now reinstated as mistress of Earlham, and, with Aunt Rachel as her assistant, became caretaker of the two motherless children of the house. Katherine Fry writes:—

"Perhaps Earlham was never more charming, or, if we may use the expression, in its zenith, than during these five years, in which our Aunts Catherine and Rachel were our Uncle Joseph's companions, and mistresses of his house. Although they differed from him in some points, and were not in religious communion with Friends, their deep piety and Christian simplicity of habits were the same as his own, whilst

they were also a check upon the little trammels which, under the influence of Quakerism, he fell into in later life.

"Among the guests whom the different diaries record, we find frequently staying in the house Mr. Wilberforce, Simeon of Cambridge, Lord and Lady Gosford, Dr. Wordsworth, the Rev. John Cunningham, and the Rev. Henry Tacey, the latter an intimate friend—also George, Lord Calthorpe, and Lord and Lady Suffield. With neighbours, not of their own family connection, there was little intimate acquaintance or association at Earlham, except perhaps with the family of the Bishop of Norwich, and with 'Charles Wodehouse and Lady Jane,' as they are always called. Mr. Wodehouse was one of the Prebendaries of the Cathedral, and his wife an elder sister of Lady Harriet Gurney.

"At this time, besides the motherless children of our Uncle Joseph, many other of her nephews and nieces were frequently in our Aunt Rachel's care—especially Elizabeth Fry's children, who ever cherish her memory with filial affection. If one of the children, or a group of them, wanted stimulus, or more discipline, or more relaxation, it was consigned to Aunt Rachel's care and judicious adaptation of the arrangements to the requirements. Head and heart were alike benefited by her cultivation and influence."

In her old age, Samuel Gurney's eldest daughter has written:—

"Our journeys from Upton to Earlham were days of greatest enjoyment—in the large handsome Ham

House coach, painted a light olive green, with a box in front, and an ample rumble behind for man and maid.

"Our own horses took us to Woodford directly after breakfast, and then four posters were 'clapped on' in a very few minutes, at the sound of 'Horses on' from the ostler of the inn. Then the two post-boys, in high white beaver hats, blue jackets, red waistcoats, white neckcloths, short white corduroy breeches, and bright top-boots, started off at a smart trot, which was continued the whole stage up and down hill, often stopping for a moment for a post-boy to dismount and put on a drag. Our greatest delight was driving on the box. I remember my astonishment as a child at seeing my father pay away so many gold pieces as the post-boys came up to the window for their fare at the end of each stage. We always slept at Thetford, in a charming old-fashioned inn, with large stables, and a garden opposite across the road; the same old footman warmly welcoming us there year after year. Then how delightful was the arrival at Earlham Hall, with the warmest of welcomes awaiting us.

"These were refreshing times. The great comfort and luxury of the coach, well lined with fawn-coloured watered silk, the steps made to fold up inside and covered with softest carpet. How quickly the hours passed—our father always bright and cheerful, our mother quietly happy, a variety of books and amusements for each of us."

In the autumn of 1822 Joseph John's unmarried sisters accompanied him to Hunstanton,

where he was joined by his married sisters, Mrs. Fry, Mrs. Cunningham, and Mrs. Buxton, who all united in giving him comfort. Whilst there Mrs. Fry wrote :—

"(*August* 16, 1822.)—Yesterday was our wedding-day; we have been married twenty-two years: how many dispensations I have passed through since that time! how have I been raised up and cast down! . . . I have known the ease of abundance of riches, and the sorrow and perplexity of comparative deprivation; I have known to the full, I think, the enjoyment of domestic life; even what might be called the fulness of blessing, and also some of its most sorrowful and most painful reverses. I have known the abounding of the unspeakable, soul-satisfying joy of the Lord, and I have been brought into states where the depths have well-nigh swallowed me up. I have known great exaltation amongst my fellow-mortals, also deep humiliation. I have known the sorrow of some most tenderly beloved being taken from me by death; and others have been given me, hitherto more given than taken. And what is the result of all this experience? Even that the Lord is gracious and very merciful, and that His compassions fail not."

Regarding the meetings which continued to take place at Earlham, Louisa Hoare's Journal says :—

"*August* 5, 1822.—This last week we spent with Fowell and Hannah at Earlham, the six sisters all

meeting in love, finding ourselves after our long separation more bound together in oneness of object, principle, and faith. I trust that every autumn, while we are spared, we may make a point of assembling at Earlham, not only to have the comfort of being together, but to share in the public meetings and the excellent society assembled for the purpose."

On the 1st of November Mrs. Fry's eleventh and youngest child was born, on the same day with her eldest grandchild. Two months later she wrote to her brother Joseph John :—

"(*Jan.* 8, 1823.)—We are going on comfortably, my darling baby an object of interest. I am once more moderately launched in public as well as private life, and am therefore much engaged, but not overdone. There has been a feeling of peace in entering Meetings and the prison cause again, as if the calling to these things was continued. How I desire a simple, faithful, watchful walking, with my eye single to the Lord."

With her elder children Mrs. Fry was at this time beginning to feel too acutely little differences of religious opinion which arose, and which showed that they were not always likely to remain exactly in her own groove as to spiritual things. It tried and grieved her terribly that it should be so. Her husband's love of music had also long been a sorrow to

her, and she treated as a real affliction the fact that as secular music was banished from his own home, he occasionally sought it at concerts, and had even been discovered to have been at the opera. It was ever a terror to her that, if her daughters married, they might possibly be taken to a ball, and when this actually happened in the case of one of them, her sorrow knew no bounds. Good works were her comforters in taking off her attention from these small trials, which she magnified into great ones, and against which she poured forth her soul in realms of manuscript prayer. But the world profited. First the establishment of nurses for the sick poor, and then the first system of district-visiting grew out of the rebound from Elizabeth Fry's domestic anxieties. It would be difficult to enumerate all the different works of mercy which she now had in hand. Societies for prison-visiting, libraries for the coastguard, reformatory schools for youthful offenders, were among the plans of usefulness which seemed to spring up daily under her influence. Mrs. Hannah More presented her with a copy of her "Practical Piety," inscribed "As a token of veneration for her heroic zeal, Christian charity, and persevering kindness to the most forlorn of human beings. They were naked;

and she clothed them ; in prison, and she visited them ; ignorant, and she taught them, for His sake, in His name, and by His word who went about doing good." But such a constant life of excitement was in reality too much for Mrs. Fry. She wrote :—

"My occupations are just now multitudinous. I am sensible of being at times pressed beyond my strength of body and mind. Still, the day is short, and I know not how to reject the work that comes too hard to do."

Meantime the commercial concerns in which Samuel Gurney was engaged grew perpetually, and with them his riches and the importance of his position. A minister of the Society of Friends, driving with him about this time into the City from Upton, took upon himself to ask him whether he were not in danger of becoming too much absorbed in the acquisition of wealth, and to urge the more entire devotion of his time to philanthropic pursuits. Samuel Gurney heard him meekly and patiently, and then answered with characteristic frankness, that he believed he could not now exist apart from the work which had become his second nature ; that not being "bookish" like his brother Joseph, he should have nothing to fall back upon. Yet, with all his love of commercial success, was united an intense sense of the responsibilities

it entailed. To his brother Joseph John he wrote :—

"*April* 1825.—As for myself, I may fairly acknowledge I have been too much occupied in my worldly pursuits, and what is worse, I do not at present see my way clear out of them. I mourn over this at times, but perhaps there is ground for hope that relief may come.

"A Lombard Street business, especially our own, is so very engrossing, and does in reality require such unremitting attention, that escape is not easy. I sometimes feel inclined to envy some of you in the devotion or calling of your lives, with all its trials and baptisms.

"I can only salve over my own mind with the thought that my worldly engrossments have not been entirely my own choosing—have come upon me unsought, and may be for the present *my* calling."

And later to a member of the Society of Friends, with the same intention :—

"Greatly do I value thy Christian sympathy and religious concern. May the prayer of thy heart for me be answered, and may I be enabled to see and to follow that path, if there be one to be granted, out of the worldly pursuits in which at this time I am so much occupied.

"It is true we have had a very anxious time in the City, and are in measure likely to have a continuance of it for some time. Many are suffering from it. Under such circumstances, critical to so many, it appears needful, and my place and duty, to be on the spot at this time.

"Whether the present state of things will lead to a decrease of my business cares, or a release altogether, I cannot see; but I am prepared to rejoice over either, if it open the way for my taking more part, if rightly laid upon me, in those things which I value above everything else."

Samuel Gurney was in the habit of referring every event in the course of his City affairs to the overruling providence of God, and was singularly little elated by gain or depressed by loss. It is said that on one occasion, being informed on his arrival in town of the loss of a considerable sum through some unexpected failure, his reply was, "Well, I am glad of it; it will be a good lesson for you young men, and will teach you the uncertainty of riches."[1]

From the description of Priscilla Buxton (afterwards Mrs. Johnston) we can participate in a scene which had marked the family life at Cromer:—

"I will try to give my father's own words about the shipwreck in 1823. 'We were shooting at Sheringham; when the storm became so violent we came home. A ship (the *Duchess of Cumberland*) was then driving on shore. I ran to the Preventive House; as I was going I saw the tiles blowing off the houses. We got

[1] See Memoir.

the Cromer gun, and with very great labour dragged it along the shingles, endeavouring to keep up with the ship, which was striving to keep off the shore. We saw that this would be impossible, the wind and the waves were too strong; and when nearly under the lighthouse she struck. The lifeboat came up, but became quite unmanageable among the breakers, and, in spite of all we could say, the men, except four, jumped out one after another. I said to Johnson, "If we got in they would follow." He said, "Perhaps they might," and he and I jumped into the boat. He got out again to try to persuade them to come in, and at that moment a wave took us out to sea. One of the men exclaimed, "We shall all be drowned." I thought we were in the greatest danger, but considered our only chance was to remain firm in the boat; so I put my hands under the seat and held tight; happily the raging breakers threw us again on the shore. We left the lifeboat, finding it altogether useless, and proceeded to try other means. We perceived that the ship had thrown out a piece of wood with a line to it; I saw it on the top of the wave; and at that moment resolved within myself—"That wood I'll have or be drowned." I made a plunge at it, and after a violent struggle with the breakers, I obtained the piece of wood; but then the string was gone. If they had fastened it securely we should have established a communication, and the crew would probably have been saved. The waves increased in fury, and the tide continued rising, till we were obliged to retreat to a ledge half-way down the cliff, and against this the sea beat with such violence that we thought it must give way; Davison came and said so to me. I answered, "Well,

we cannot help it; we must stay to see the end." We continued firing, but could not get the rope over the ship. The men were very much afraid of shooting, but I said I would take the responsibility. All was ineffectual. We stood looking at the devoted vessel till, by the sudden blackness which overspread the sea, we knew that it had given way. I never shall forget the tone of voice in which one of the men exclaimed, "Poor dear hearts! there they go, poor dear hearts!" Some one said, "Let us all make a rush and save some." We all ran in. I was somewhat the foremost. The waves brought a quantity of planks and boards, which dashed against our legs; and after being two or three times knocked down, we saw a man coming in on the top of a wave. I made a spring at him and caught him, but the wave threw me down like a child, and flung me over the man's body; the people behind dragged us up immediately. The man was insensible, and I was more dead than alive; I could not walk a step, but was dragged up the cliff half-drowned. I was unable to do any more; but another man appeared and was saved in the same manner; the rest of the crew went to the bottom!'"

Meantime each year had found Fowell Buxton more eager about slave emancipation. With her dying breath Priscilla Gurney had urged him onwards. "The poor dear slaves!" were her last words to him. With Wilberforce a community of interest brought him into constant contact.

T. Fowell Buxton *to* Hannah Buxton.

"*Spitalfields, March* 14, 1823.—You cannot think how affectionate, almost loving, Wilberforce was when I called on him yesterday evening. I think it odd that we should suit so well, having hardly one quality in common.

"This morning I breakfasted with Macaulay, who read me a letter from Brougham on the subject of educating his boy to the practice of eloquence. It was prodigiously instructive. I mean to practise his rules on our boys, and would give almost anything I have to give that it had been practised on me when I was young. Now-a-days the power of public speaking is everything. I deplore my own deficiency in it. . . . The boys must learn Demosthenes by heart."

Whilst one by one his sisters were turning to the Church of England, every year had done more to confirm Joseph John Gurney in the principles of the Society of Friends. On January 19, 1824, he wrote to his friend Jonathan Hutchinson :—

"The low state of our little Church is sometimes cause of secret mourning; but when we arrive on the heavenly shores, shall we not find an innumerable host of *true Quakers?* Will there be any worshippers there in the letter and not in the life? Any prayers and praises uttered not of the immediate influence of the Holy Spirit? Any ceremonial observances? Any oaths? Any compliments? Any war? A broad



negation meets every one of these questions. And surely we may hence derive a confirming evidence that we are not altogether in the wrong."

"(*January* 22.)—I never before more entirely appreciated the excellence of our religious principles. They are invaluable. May we cleave closely to them, at the same time that we embrace, in the arms of true love, all who are serving the same Master, though in different ways. It is an inexpressible privilege to be brought into what appears to my apprehension with great clearness to be the finest, truest, and most spiritual administration of the Christian system."

It was a great pleasure to Joseph John that Amelia Opie, widow of the well-known artist, who had so long been an intimate friend of the family at Earlham, should join the Society of Friends. He did not realise, what every one else saw, that she greatly wished to become the second Mrs. Joseph John Gurney. He wrote to her:—

"(*July* 22, 1824.)—I have often thought of thee, and often secretly wished thee well on thy way to heaven. It is a great favour to feel acutely about our religious state. . . . It affords proof that the blessing of God's presence has attended thee, and I doubt not that thou art sensible not only of the consolation of His presence, but of His secret direction to the particulars of thy duty. My chief desire for thee is, that thou mayest be

willing simply and obediently to follow this direction, and to give up everything which the light of truth may by degrees point out to thee as inconsistent with the holy will of God. True happiness here or hereafter can consist in nothing but in conformity with that will. The world has undoubtedly many pleasures to bestow; perhaps no pleasure so great as that of being universally liked, admired, and flattered; but it is not in the world that we are to find that 'peace which passeth all understanding.' . . . I have no intention to plead for Quakerism as such, but only for that which must, after all, constitute the practical part of Christianity, in whatsoever shape Christianity is to be found. To me, Christianity appears to consist of the work which is wrought *for* us, and the work which is wrought *in* us; of justification and sanctification: by the one our sins are forgiven, by the other they are purged away; by the former we are reconciled to God, by the latter we are made fit for the inheritance prepared for us."

On February 22 he wrote:—

"Amelia Opie made her appearance to-day in a Friend's dress, her mind being now fully made up to be in all respects a Friend. I thought she had been marvellously helped through her conflict, and had been a striking example of faithfulness."

In becoming a Quakeress, writes Miss Mitford, Amelia Opie "made a miserable hash of her own existence." She grew to have the morbid habit of calling herself "vile, and cold,

and dead," and of suffering "paroxysms of regret for unfulfilled duties." But Miss Kavanagh takes a different view of her conduct :—

"She joined the Society of Friends conscientiously, she adhered to it with perfect fidelity, and she never repented. But it was the work of the influence of zealous friends, and it changed little in her life. It was a sacrifice, no doubt, but it was not made in her fervent and productive years; hence it never worked any of those radical changes which give so much significance to renunciation."

After her father's death, Mrs. Opie occupied herself with unremitting toil in hospitals, workhouses, and prisons; but she was not happy. Once she went to Paris, and enjoyed visiting Madame de Genlis and spending an evening with Marie Amélie and the Duchesse d'Orléans, but her Quaker associates thought she was enjoying herself too much, and ordered her to come back "before she was drawn away from the simplicity of the faith." Lady Cork, an old friend, vainly wrote to her, "Will you and your primitive cap *never* dine with me and enjoy a quiet company?"

To the whole Gurney family Earlham continued to be the centre and rallying-point. In May 1824 we find Joseph John writing :—

"On Second day morning I returned to this dear

place, and found Rachel and the darling children at home. They were overjoyed to meet me. Dearest Catherine came home to dinner, and Francis and Richenda, Louisa and her little ones, are with us, very delightfully."

Mrs. Catherine, like a beloved mother and grandmother, was ever the centre of the family life. Katherine Fry writes :—

"In person she was tall and thin, of a fair complexion, an expressive, refined, but not handsome face; rather a decided manner, and a mode of walking which was characteristic. Who that can remember Earlham in the old days cannot recall her pacing up and down the straight walk at the end of the lawn, taking her morning constitutional; or sitting in the window of her bedroom overlooking the lawn, occupied with her book, and probably with a blazing fire, even in summer, behind her; or at the head of the table in the old dining-room? I can recall her there in a white muslin dress and a brown crape turban.

"When she joined the Church and others of the family became decided Friends, she resolved always to dress so plainly that there should be little difference between them. Nothing, however, could be less commonplace than her appearance, and she was always exceedingly dignified."

Of Joseph John Gurney's own relation to his family, his daughter Anna, afterwards Mrs. Backhouse, wrote :—

"We were exceedingly fond of our father. At the same time his word was *law*. It never entered our minds, I believe, to disobey him; and I am reputed to have been in the habit of informing visitors that papa required implicit obedience.

"We were very little children when he began to take us into his study for times of religious retirement and prayer. After sitting a short time in silence, he would often kneel down and pour forth his prayers in the most simple words he could use. I think I shall never forget the very great solemnity, the holy, and, to me, as a little child, the almost *awful* feeling of these occasions. . . . He frequently impressed upon our minds the immediate and *perceptible* guidance of the Holy Spirit, a doctrine the practical application of which he tried to make us feel—*the golden clue*, as he called it."

George Borrow, in his "Lavengro," thus describes a meeting with Joseph John Gurney :—

"At some distance from the city, behind a range of hilly ground which rises towards the south-west, is a small river, the waters of which, after many meanderings, eventually enter the principal river of the district, and assist to swell the tide which it rolls down to the ocean. It is a sweet rivulet, and pleasant is it to trace its course from its spring-head, high up in the remote regions of Eastern Anglia, till it arrives in the valley behind yon rising ground: and pleasant is that valley, truly a goodly spot, but most lovely where yonder

bridge crosses the little stream. Beneath its arch the waters rush garrulously into a blue pool, and are there stilled for a time, for the pool is deep, and they appear to have sunk to sleep. Farther on, however, you hear their voice again, where they ripple gaily over yon gravelly shallow. On the left, the hill slopes gently down to the margin of the stream. On the right is a green level, a smiling meadow; grass of the richest decks the side of the slope; mighty trees also adorn it, giant elms, the nearest of which, when the sun is nigh its meridian, fling a broad shadow upon the face of the pool; through yon vista you catch a glimpse of the ancient brick of an old English hall. It has a stately look, that old building, indistinctly seen as it is among those umbrageous trees; you might almost suppose it an earl's home; and such it was, or rather upon its site stood an earl's home in days of old, for there some old Kemp, some Sigurd or Thorkild, roaming in quest of a hearthstead, settled down in the grey old time when Thor and Freya were yet gods, and Odin was a portentous name. Yon old hall is still called the Earl's Home, though the hearth of Sigurd is now no more, and the bones of the old Kemp, and of Sigrith his dame, have been mouldering for a thousand years in some neighbouring knoll, perhaps yonder where those tall Norwegian pines shoot up so boldly into the air. It is said that the old earl's galley was once moored where is now that blue pool, for the waters of that valley were not always sweet; yon valley was once an arm of the sea, a salt lagoon, to which the oar-barks of 'Sigurd in search of a home' found their way. . . .

"There I sat upon the bank at the bottom of the hill which slopes down from 'the Earl's Home;' my float was on the water, and my back was towards the old hall. I drew up many fish, small and great, which I took from off the hook mechanically and flung upon the bank, for I was almost unconscious of what I was about, for my mind was not with my fish. . . .

"'Canst thou answer to thy conscience for pulling all those fish out of the water and leaving them to gasp in the sun?' said a voice clear and sonorous as a bell.

"I started and looked round. Close behind me stood the tall figure of a man dressed in raiment of quaint and singular fashion, but of goodly materials. He was in the prime and vigour of manhood; his features handsome and noble, but full of calmness and benevolence—at least I thought so, though they were somewhat shaded by a hat of finest beaver with broad drooping eaves.

"'Surely that is a very cruel diversion in which thou indulgest, my young friend?' he continued.

"'I am sorry for it, if it be, sir,' said I, rising; 'but I do not think it cruel to fish.'

"'What are thy reasons for not thinking so?'

"'Fishing is mentioned frequently in Scripture: Simon Peter was a fisherman.'

"'True, and Andrew his brother. But thou forgettest: they did not follow fishing as a diversion, as I fear thou doest.—Thou readest the Scriptures?'

"'Sometimes.'

"'Sometimes?—not daily?—that is to be regretted. What profession dost thou make?—I mean, to what

religious denomination dost thou belong, my young friend?'

"'Church.'

"'It is a very good profession—there is much of Scripture contained in its Liturgy. Dost thou read aught besides the Scriptures?'

"'Sometimes.'

"'What dost thou read besides?'

"'Greek and Dante.'

"'Indeed! then thou hast the advantage over myself: I can only read the former. Well, I am rejoiced to find that thou hast other pursuits besides thy fishing. Dost thou know Hebrew?'

"'No."

"'Thou shouldst study it. Why dost thou not undertake this study?'

"'I have no books.'

"'I will lend thee books, if thou wish to undertake the study. I live yonder at the hall, as perhaps thou knowest. I have a library there, in which are many curious books, both in Greek and Hebrew, which I will show to thee whenever thou mayest find it convenient to come and see me. Farewell! I am glad to find thou hast pursuits more satisfactory than thy cruel fishing.'

"And the man of peace departed and left me on the bank of the stream. It seems singular to me, on reflection, that I never availed myself of his kind invitation. Yet I went not near him, though I might have learned both wisdom and righteousness from those calm, quiet lips. . . . When many years had rolled on, long after I had attained manhood, and had

seen and suffered much, and when our first interview had long since been effaced from his mind, I visited him in his venerable hall, and partook of the hospitality of his hearth. And there I saw his gentle partner and his fair children, and on the morrow he showed me the books of which he had spoken years before by the side of the stream. In the low quiet chamber, whose one window, shaded by a gigantic elm, looks down the slope towards the pleasant stream, he took from his shelf his learned books, Zohar and Mishna, Toldoth Jesu and Abarbenel. 'I am fond of these studies,' said he, 'which, perhaps, is not to be wondered at, seeing that our people have been compared to the Jews. In one respect I confess we are similar to them—we are fond of getting money. I do not like this last author, this Abarbenel, the worse for having been a money-changer. I am a banker myself, as thou knowest.'

"And would there were many like him amidst the money-changers of princes! The hall of many an earl lacks the bounty, the palace of many a prelate the piety and learning, which adorn the quiet Quaker's home."

Of the Bible Meetings in those years at Earlham Joseph John Gurney's daughter writes:—

"One of the most marked events in each year was the Bible Meeting party. Perhaps these occasions were particularly likely to be great epochs to a child. At all events, they were so to me. From the time my

dearest father put me, as a little child, on the table at dessert, to look at a party of ninety, the largest we ever had, till they were discontinued, I looked forward to them as a great treat. But they were, for better reasons, occasions of extreme interest, and I have no doubt were the means of great good, in uniting many in Christian fellowship who would otherwise only have known each other by name. Though my dearest father steadily maintained his own views as a Friend, he was always ready to give a warm welcome to the individuals who came down to attend the meetings of the Missionary and Jewish Societies, which were held in the same week with that of the Bible Society. He treated the missionaries and agents with the greatest kindness, and helped them in those parts of their objects in which he could do so consistently with his principles, especially in the distribution of the Hebrew Scriptures to the Jews, and in the school of the missionaries. He certainly had a remarkable power of showing love and fellowship towards his fellow-Christians, whilst he always openly acknowledged and maintained his own opinion on particular points. A more complete illustration of this part of his character there could not be than in his management of the very large parties at Earlham of which I am speaking. His brothers-in-law (my uncles Buxton and Cunningham), who were his ready helpers on such occasions, asked whom they liked to the meetings, and certainly the dining-room, filled on those days, was no common sight. It was so different from a party called together for mere amusement, so fine a feeling pervaded the whole; while he, as master, was wonderfully able to

keep up the tone of conversation, so that I should think it never sank to a mere chit-chat level. My impression is, that while he greatly felt the responsibility of these occasions, he most truly enjoyed them, having often round him those whose conversation was a feast to him, such as Wilberforce, Simeon, Legh Richmond, John Cunningham, and many others.

"I never saw my dear father look more beautiful than he did at the end of those long tables. As soon as the cloth was removed, he would extract their various stores of information from different individuals in the most happy manner. Then the time was turned to account, and I have no doubt these days were often very profitable to many, as it was his most earnest desire they should be. His own loving spirit was caught by all around, and I must believe it was in a great measure owing to the depth of his charity that there was such remarkable unity among those whom he assembled around him. Dear old H. Scarnell (a worthy Friend, who had lived some years as housekeeper at Earlham) always came on the day of the Bible Meeting, and I have often heard her narrate with delight how one day she came late, when all were seated, and she was about to retreat from the dining-room, seeing no place for *her*, when my father caught sight of her, called after her most kindly, and placed her, as she expressed it, 'between himself and Lady Jane, in the very best place in the room.' I have before said how careful he was to be attentive to guests of every degree, and these occasions would furnish abundant proof that he was peculiarly kind to those who might feel themselves a little less grand

than their neighbours. His own ministry at the family readings was very striking and impressive. There was often a religious opportunity in the course of the evening beside the usual meetings, and these were generally very solemn occasions."

Mrs. Fry was for some time at Brighton in 1824, and whilst there became much interested in plans for the spiritual and intellectual advantage of the Coastguard — "Blockade men," as they were then called—supplying them with Bibles and Testaments, &c. In the spring of 1825 Rachel Gurney's health became seriously failing. Mrs. Fry wrote :—

"*May* 21, 1825.—My dearest sister Rachel continues very unwell, and makes one very anxious about her. I wonder I am so calm about her as I am, for she is to me, in some respects, beyond any other person in the world, and I certainly think that I owe more to her than to anybody else. In some other things there is nothing like husband and children, but my natural tie to Rachel is inexpressible, and if she is taken, one of my strongest interests in life is gone."

On June 11, 1825, we find Mrs. Fry writing from Earlham :—

"I paid a quiet visit to the graveyard the other morning, and there sat first upon my mother's, then

my father's, then Priscilla's and John's graves; and, as you may suppose, wept at their sweet remembrance."

RICHENDA, MRS. CUNNINGHAM, *to* LOUISA, MRS. HOARE.

"*Pakefield, July* 14, 1825.—I could not break away from the interesting party at Earlham to write to you from thence; so many were there, and for so short a time, we could hardly get out all we wished to say to one another. It was a great privilege as well as comfort to have Betsy amongst us, and she looked well and seemed vigorous. . . . On Thursday morning we all assembled at that solemn Gildencroft. I felt a good deal in our all being gathered there once again, as well as from the loss of our dear aunt.[1] The sight of dear Anna, dragged in her chair by her old servants, with Richard by her side, following the coffin, was truly affecting. Joseph knelt by the grave and prayed impressively and beautifully, and Betsy also gave an encouraging address, dwelling on the joy and peace which attend the death of the righteous. The meeting was crowded by a very mixed multitude. I thought the ministry beautiful and most edifying, and the testimony to our aunt's character most just and comforting. But Sarah and Anna did not feel the consolation: they were both *stunned*. Anna never shed a tear."

During this year Mrs. Fry made a ministerial tour in the West of England.

[1] Rachel, daughter of Osgood Hanbury, second wife and widow of Richard Gurney of Keswick, and mother of Richard Gurney of Thickthorn; of Elizabeth, who married John Gurney of Earlham; and of Miss Anna Gurney.

"*October* 1, 1825.—The meeting I had appointed at Devonport was most important to me. When I was a girl travelling with my father, I believed that if ever I became a minister I must hold a meeting there; and the time now appeared to be come for it. My attraction was to the lowest and worst classes. As the time drew near, my heart was ready to fail. On entering the assembly, I hardly dared look up. When I did, I thought there must be fifteen hundred people present, mostly poor. I think I may say it was, before it ended, a glorious time, the power of the great and good Spirit appearing to reign over all."

A pleasant summer retreat had been found by Mrs. Fry in two isolated cottages in the marshes above the Thames at Dagenham, a place very difficult of access, and perfectly delightful to children. Here, after her many fatigues and excitements, the peaceful family life was a great repose, and the enjoyment of "the glorious sunsets, the shipping on the river, the watery sounds, the freshness of the air, the happy groups of childhood." Here she felt free to give herself up to the pleasure of the happiness around her, to be entertained at the little adventures incident to boats and boating, to be ready to unite in expeditions amongst the upland lanes and heaths of Beacontree and Hornchurch, and to encourage the gladness of heart which has its origin in the beautiful and

the true. The constant sense of her ministerial duty seems, however, at times to have weighed upon her more than all her anxieties about prisons and slaves.

"(*May* 23, 1825.)—I think that I am under the deepest exercise of mind that I ever experienced, in the prospect of a meeting to be held this evening for all the young people assembled at the Yearly Meeting. It is held at my request, my brother Joseph uniting in it. In a remarkable degree it has plunged me into the depths and into real distress. I feel so unfit, so unworthy, so perplexed, so fearful, even so sorrowful, so tempted to mistrustful thoughts, ready to say, 'Can such an one be called to such a service?' But I believe that this is my infirmity, and that out of this great weakness I shall be made strong."

"(*June* 2.)—The awful and buffeted state of my mind was in a degree calmed as the day advanced. I went to town with my brother Joseph, who appeared to have been in something of a similar depth of suffering. We went to the meeting together; the large Meeting-house was so soon crowded, that no more could get in; I suppose from eighteen hundred to two thousand persons were there, chiefly youths. All my children were there except little Harry. I heard hundreds went away who could not get in. After going in and taking my seat, my mind was soon calmed, and the fear of man greatly, if not quite, taken away. My brother Joseph prayed for us, then I rose and expressed what was on my mind towards the assembly: first, that all

were acceptable who worked righteousness and served the Lord; secondly, that the mercies of our God should induce this service as an act due to Him; thirdly, that it must be done by following a crucified Lord and faithfully taking up the cross; fourthly, how important therefore to the Church generally, and to our religious Society, for us to do so individually and collectively. . . . Then I sat down, but did not feel that I had relieved my mind. Joseph rose, and stood for more than an hour preaching a very instructive and striking sermon on faith and doctrine. Then my dear sister-in-law Elizabeth Fry and my uncle Joseph said something. Afterwards I knelt down in prayer, and thought I found no common access to the Fountain of all sure mercies. I was enabled to cast my burden for the youth, and my own beloved offspring among the rest, upon Him who is mighty to save. . . . I felt helped in every way; the very spirit and power seemed near; and when I rose from my knees, I could in faith leave it all to Him who can alone prosper His own work."

The commercial troubles of 1826, and the failure of many great banks and houses of business, could not but cause much anxiety in the Gurney family. Joseph John wrote:—

"Business has often been productive of trial to me, and has led me to reflect on the equity of God, who measures out His salutary chastisements, even in this world, to the rich as well as the poor. I can certainly testify that some of the greatest pains and most bur-

densome cares which I have had to endure, have arisen out of being what is usually called a 'monied man.'"

But most heavily did the anxieties of the time press upon Samuel Gurney, whose house of business—"Overend, Gurney & Co."—had risen very high in the scale of commercial prosperity. "The clear, sound judgment which he evinced at this time can scarcely be too highly commended or gratefully estimated, as it doubtless saved hundreds from utter ruin, and promoted, in no common degree, the safety and interests of a large portion of the banking and commercial world."[1] One well acquainted with Mr. Gurney's character as a man of business writes in reference to this subject:—

"It was a remarkable sight to witness the head of that firm plunge day by day into the vortex of City business, and return thence to his domestic hearth without any trace of a mammon-loving spirit.

"This remarkable absence of care and solicitude on the score of business, however, was not without its exceptions; and there were times, when the money market was disturbed and failures impended, in which even the calm mind and self-possession natural to Samuel Gurney suffered intense anxiety, and his peace and rest were disturbed.

"Knowing intimately as he did the sufferings which

[1] Memoir by Mrs. T. Geldart.

awaited those who could no longer command credit or obtain supplies from other quarters, this anxiety was felt more on the account of others than on his own. His desire was to act fairly and justly to his fellow-creatures as well as to himself; and thus did he move onwards cautiously and step by step through those troublous times, lest he should be led into error of judgment.

"One must know something practically as well as theoretically of the magnitude of City transactions concentrated in one focus, and have felt the heart-sickening anxiety which thrilled the man of business at the times of those fearful monetary panics to which our commercial country of England is so peculiarly liable, to estimate the immense weight of responsibility which at such times rested on the mind of Samuel Gurney."

A fresh glimpse of the old home comes to us in the letters of Louisa, Mrs. Hoare, to her son Samuel.

"*Earlham, September* 8, 1826.—We are very happy in this dear place, which seems to me as lovely and engaging and interesting in its age as in its youth. Uncle Joseph, Aunt Catherine, and Aunt Rachel are a specimen of what single life and the love of brothers and sisters may be. Aunt Rachel is on the whole in a favourable state, though her cough continues. The dear little ones are in full enjoyment of the garden, the apples, the acorns, the company of each other—all are delightful. Now they are all at play in the great parlour, where I am writing for the sake of the fire."

From her own home at Hampstead Mrs. Hoare writes a little later :—

"*November* 26, 1826.—Yesterday we had a party: the Wilberforces, Colonel Macgregor, &c. Just before dinner arrived Uncle and Aunt Cunningham, Aunt Fry, Mr. Nott, a missionary, and soon after Uncle Buxton. We were nineteen at dinner, but not too many to admit of much conversation. It was particularly interesting, and there was a glow on the day from the blessing of their safe return. Wilberforce was peculiarly bright and delightful. After a good deal of bustle, all were shipped off, except Aunt Cunningham, and you may fancy us snugly together over the fire, with much to talk over."

In the autumn of 1826 Joseph John Gurney and Mrs. Fry determined on a tour together in Ireland for the encouraging of Friends and visiting of prisons. They held meetings in most of the large towns and inspected a number of prisons, making suggestions on various points concerning the latter to the Lord-Lieutenant—Lord Wellesley—as they returned, and receiving his promise to communicate them to the Government at home.

Louisa, Mrs. Hoare, *to her Son* Samuel.

"*April* 1827.—Do you see the reports in the papers of Aunt Fry and her doings in Ireland? I wish you

could see their letters. They are as entertaining and interesting as they are curious, a complete illustration of 'Be ye all things to all men, that we may by any means save some'—Catholics, Protestants, high and low, learned and ignorant, are drawn to your aunt by a sort of witchery; this witchery is, however, explained by the mighty power of the Gospel, manifested in a peculiar grace, combined with peculiar natural gifts. You may be sure Uncle Joseph bears his part too, though fame tells more of Aunt Fry."

In the preceding year Joseph John Gurney had spent some days at Elm Grove, near Melksham, with a friend named Rachel Fowler, a cousin of his late wife, and before he left he was engaged to marry her younger daughter Mary; but Miss Fowler was in very feeble health, and the marriage was deferred for a year, during which Joseph John made his missionary tour in Ireland. On the 18th of July 1827 he was married to Mary Fowler.

X

THE FOURTH PHASE OF EARLHAM LIFE

"The friendship of high and sanctified spirits loses nothing by death but its alloy; failings disappear, and the virtues of those, whose faces we shall behold no more, appear greater and more sacred, when beheld through the shades of the sepulchre."—BISHOP HALL.

"The soul that lives ascends frequently and runs familiarly through the streets of the Heavenly Jerusalem, visiting the patriarchs and prophets, saluting the apostles, and admiring the army of martyrs: so do thou lead on thy heart and bring it to the palace of the great King."—BAXTER.

No bridal festivities greeted Mr. and Mrs. Joseph John Gurney on their return to Earlham—Rachel, the best beloved sister Rachel, was slowly but surely dying. She had watched another, and a stranger, coming to occupy the place she had so long filled at Earlham, not only with contentment, but real joy in the happiness of her brothers and sisters. This is touchingly expressed in the voluminous religious journals which were such a characteristic of the Earlham family. No one would have patience with them now, but at the time they were written, and long afterwards, they were a comfort to many

meditative readers. Charles Simeon wrote of Rachel's journals as almost transporting him to heaven, and of their making him thankful to the lumbago which had confined him to the house and enabled him to hear them.[1]

RACHEL GURNEY *to* ELIZABETH, MRS. FRY.

"*August* 6, 1827.—I was sadly ill yesterday, so as only just to bear the preparations for the arrival, but we were all in high order. Catherine alone went down to the door to meet them. The children behaved beautifully, and there was much sweetness in *her* manner towards them. She has great gentleness and humility, and is evidently pleased with everything here; so all is cheering before us, and it was delightful to see Joseph again so happy. After tea, the children and Aunt Catherine went with Papa and Mama round the garden."

A few weeks later she wrote:—

"Though I have been a most passive observer, the new state of things here has cheered my saddest hours. The real sweetness of mind and principle that evidently prevail in our new sister's character shed a happy influence over us. We seem to have everything to hope in her, though she will have much to learn from near experience of this new world."

LOUISA, MRS. HOARE, *to her Son* SAMUEL.

"*August* 24, 1827.—Your new aunt is more and more liked, and seems to fall in with all the family

[1] Letter to Richenda, Mrs. Cunningham, November 12, 1827.

ways admirably well. Indeed, in the midst of sorrow we have remarkable causes for thankfulness. How much should be in mind beloved Aunt Rachel in her low estate, for even to the most established Christian the approach of death is a low valley and a deep conflict to human nature."

Rachel Gurney faded slowly. Her sister Catherine was constantly with her, and also her sister Richenda Cunningham, whose daily letters to her husband describe her sister's spiritual peace, and the love and harmony which surrounded the last days of her life at Earlham. "The tears which we shed by her are rather of thankfulness and of deep interest than of sorrow. Never did I witness a more holy calm. At times she breaks forth in tremulous voice but firm spirit in supplication for us, her most beloved sisters. . . . When little Anna came in, Rachel said: 'Thee sees, dear, how very very ill I am, but God makes me happy, and will take me to His own kingdom.' Such a cheerful calm is shed over her, that it is a blessing to be with her."

During her illness Rachel wrote :—

"*Earlham, August* 1827.—Catherine is my constant comfort, Betsy is my greatest treat: but each one of you fills a place; the love is equal for all."

Her sister Richenda writes :—

"Things of earth now seem to be so sanctified to her, that I scarcely know if she is speaking of earth or heaven.

"She has dwelt on the text 'Steward, give up thy stewardship,' saying that the time was coming when she should be no longer steward.

"Some one spoke of her Aunt Gurney having died—'No,' she said, 'not died—departed.'

"The view of Keswick woods from her window is a constant pleasure. Francis wrote to her of how the happiness here would come short of that to come—'not Earlham lawn, but the pastures of eternal life; not the solace of earthly relations, but of those equally loved and now made perfect.'"

As the beloved life was drawing to a close, Louisa, Mrs. Hoare, writes thus to her son Samuel :—

"*Earlham, September* 14, 1827.—We have arrived here, and I have been a long time with your dearest Aunt Rachel. She is greatly altered. Her voice is very faint, and she has sunk very low. She lodges in the anteroom chamber, and she is wheeled into the dressing-room on a couch. She has conversed very little, but said to me, 'I have had trials of body, but do not know when I have been so free from trials of mind: they are turned or are turning into gold.' I often think of you in the midst of this deep interest, and long to impart to you some of the lessons we are hourly receiving. Oh, what is learning, what is

prosperity, what are riches, compared with the one thing needful, the pearl of great price?"

On the last day of Rachel's life a letter arrived from her long-lost lover, Henry Enfield. He touchingly bade her farewell, and assured her that he had never—in all the twenty-eight years they had been parted—passed a single day without thinking of her. Her sisters hesitated whether they should tell her of this letter, but at length they decided to do so. It was read to her. She listened with glistening eyes and intensest thankfulness. She desired that the letter might be given to her to hold in her hand as long as she lived, and—she died holding it!

Of Rachel's last moments, Richenda, Mrs. Cunningham, wrote:—

"About half-past twelve on Sunday night I was called, and I immediately went down, desiring that the presence of the Saviour might be with us to sanctify so awful a time. I found the room quiet and all in perfect peace. There was no movement in our dear dying sister; no appearance of struggle, but the chill of death was spread over her. It is a solemn moment when the spirit takes its departure: as is the birth of a living soul, so is the separation from the body. Such a mighty work of nature cannot be achieved without something of terror, but it is mingled

with peace, comfort, and joy when it is the soul of a believer that takes its flight. By degrees most of the sisters gathered round her, with Joseph, Sam, and our two dear brothers, Samuel Hoare and Fowell Buxton. I cannot forget the scene—the solemnity, the peace, as the light from the lamp fell on the emaciated figure, dying, yet illuminated, as it were, with the stamp of the Divine image. We felt that ministering angels were waiting to receive the freed spirit: we could pray from our hearts that she might be delivered, emancipated from her earthly tabernacle. . . . As the moment approached, her breathing became softer. Betsy had joined us, and we awaited the event in silence till the happy spirit took its flight.

"Oh what a moment! to be transported from the bed of suffering, from the dark passage of death, from seeing the Saviour but as in a glass darkly, to the glorious burst of day which breaks upon the redeemed spirit. We cannot conceive the change—eye hath not seen nor ear heard what He hath prepared for those that love Him. After a few moments of solemn stillness, broken only by sobs, Betsy, with her own elevated spirit, poured forth her thanksgiving that the work was finished, the conflict over, and that this most beloved sister, companion, and friend was accepted in the beloved, and had entered her everlasting rest to join in the song of the Lamb for ever. . . . Dearest Catherine was wonderfully supported, but I believe thankfulness was our prevailing feeling, though it would have been impossible to separate for ever in this world from so dear and delightful a sister without many tears."

And the next day (September 17)—

"There is a peculiarly mournful blank in the common current of the first day after the death of one member of a family united as ours is. We much felt this, though not without thankfulness for the deliverance our beloved sister had experienced. After breakfast in the dining-room, all the servants being present, Joseph read the 4th and 5th chapters of 2nd Corinthians, and then addressed us, recalling dear Rachel's tenderness towards others, her zealous friendship and her judicious counsel, and speaking of the confirmation of faith which her illness had been to us. Catherine afterwards spoke of the lesson which our dear sister left us in her death, and then Joseph concluded our meeting in solemn prayer. But we could not but be much touched that our work was finished, no sister called upon to watch the sick-room, the curtain fallen, the scene closed, the dear companion fled."

The perfect union which existed in the Earlham family was ever drawn closer on an occasion of family sorrow. Mrs. Fry writes in her diary:—

"*Earlham, The Blue Room, September* 19, 1827.—With my beloved sister's body in the coffin all quietness and rest, and over my own mind a solemn feeling of peace. This truth appears impressed upon me—'There is a rest for the children of God.' I think I have learnt several important lessons by attending this most beloved sister.

"1. That persons are apt to dwell too much on the

means of grace, about which they differ, rather than on its simple pure operation, leading out of evil into good. This I have long believed; but seeing one who united as she did with the good of all, and could hardly be said to be of any *sect* or body of Christians, yet so grounded in the christian life and practice, proved experimentally that being fully united to any set of people is non-essential, and makes all small points of difference non-essential.

"2. I learn to trust more and be less afraid. She, like myself, was liable to many fears, particularly in her nervous sinking states. How little cause had she for these fears, and the things that she most dreaded were so remarkably averted. I see how the last part of a death-illness appears gradually to lessen rather than increase the conflict, as, with natural life and power, sensibility to suffering lessens. In short, the lesson is to trust and not be afraid: and if we seek to serve and follow our Lord, He will be with us, and make a way for us even unto the end. There have been times when I could see no way for us, or how we could get through, yet how has it been made!

"3. Then I learn that, going through life, patience should have its perfect work, and that we should seek for a more willing mind to suffer as well as to do the will of God: that we should look for more daily help in this respect. Next, to seek for a more upright circumspect walk before the Lord in all things, speaking the truth in love. Next (and above all) to have full understanding of, and reliance on, the work of salvation through Christ: and to obtain (if possible) more knowledge of the Scripture and other religious books.

Whatever I know has been, I believe, principally through the help and openings of the Spirit of Truth.

"Amongst the many blessings still remaining to me, the brothers and sisters that I yet have are amongst the greatest. Catherine, with her simple, powerful, noble, yet humble and devoted mind. Richenda, with her diligence, excellence, cheerfulness, vivacity, willingness and power to serve many. Hannah, with her chastened, refined, tender, humble, and powerful character. Louisa, with her uncommon ability, talent, expansive generosity, and true sympathy and kindness. Samuel, always my friend and my companion, more or less my guide, my counsellor, and my comforter: his stable mind, his living faith, his christian practice, rejoice me often. Joseph is the fruitful vine whose branches hang over the wall, my prophet, priest, and sympathiser, and often the upholder of my soul. Daniel, in his uprightness, integrity, power, and sympathy, and son-like as well as brother-like attentions to me, is invaluable: he has sweetened many of my bitter cups.

"The various places taken in our beloved sister's sick-room by the different sisters were very beautiful to see, and how conscientiously they filled their different allotments. I have been struck in this, as in other instances, with how greatly real principle is needed to enable us to nurse and do full justice to the sick, particularly in very long illnesses, and how much patience and watchfulness are required even with the most favoured patients."

Earlham became much more sectarian after Rachel's death, and the establishment was con-

ducted more on the principles of strict Friends. The second Mrs. J. J. Gurney had not the generous sympathies of the first. A few years later Mrs. Catherine wrote of this :—

"*Earlham, July* 22, 1831.—In my life here I feel it important to guard against a certain irritation of temper from trifles going against my taste and associations. This temptation often besets me, especially on first returning here, when I generally find something or other changed—something not in harmony with my own peculiar taste and former habits. . . . I have found that it is part of the infirmity of sorrow for the loss of those we most love that the feelings are more particularly alive to trifles connected with our strong habitual affections."

And again, on March 9, 1835, she writes of Earlham as—

"No longer to me a stimulating atmosphere, though I very much feel the benefit of having a decided home. But, notwithstanding the kindness I receive from Joseph and Mary, and the numerous external comforts and accommodations, my spirits are apt to be depressed. The vacuum of life is more sensibly felt here, as might be expected, than in the other houses. It is impossible that Earlham should ever again be to me what it once was. The charm is gone for ever, and, though cheerful and comfortable in the main, I live under the sense of this change."

In 1828 Richenda Fry was married to Foster

Reynolds, of Carshalton House, Surrey, a marriage which gave great pleasure to Mrs. Fry, as her new son-in-law was a Friend,[1] and the ceremony could take place at the Meeting-house at Plaistow.

"Whilst receiving the bridal party at Plashet, Mrs. Fry craved spiritual blessings on the two most interested, that the occasion, like the marriage of Cana of Galilee, might be owned in the presence of the Lord. It was a beautiful summer day; the sun shone brilliantly; Plashet was arrayed in all its verdure, bright with gay flowers, and sprinkled with groups of happy young people. After the bride was gone, one of the sisters crossed the lawn to speak to her mother, saying something of the scene before them, and the outward prosperity which seemed to surround that beloved parent. In reply, after expressing her pleasure and enjoyment, she added, in words which impressed themselves upon her to whom they were spoken, 'But I have noticed that when great outward prosperity is given us, it is often the precursor of great trials.'"

There is an old song which says

"When joy seems highest
Then sorrow is nighest."

And so it was. Very soon afterwards, the failure of a house of business in which her husband was a partner involved Mrs. Fry and her family in a series of troubles, obliging them

[1] None of Mrs. Fry's other daughters married Friends.

to leave their pleasant home of Plashet, and to seek a temporary refuge with their married son, who was living in the house at St. Mildred's Court in the City where Mrs. Fry had spent the early days of her own married life. She wrote at this time to her daughter Rachel Cresswell :—

"*Plashet, Nov.* 27, 1828.—I do not like to pour out my sorrows too heavily upon thee, nor do I like to keep thee in the dark as to our real state. This is, I think, one of the deepest trials to which we are liable ; its perplexities are so great and numerous, its mortifications and humiliations so abounding, and its sorrows so deep. . . . I frequently find my mind in a degree sheathed to deep sorrows, and am enabled not to look so much at them ; but there are also times when secondary things arise, such as parting with the servants, the poor around us, the scholars, and this dear place. These things overwhelm me for the moment ; then the bright side of the picture arises, and I find help and strength in prayer. All our children and children-in-law, my brothers and sisters, and dear friends and servants, have been a strong consolation to me."

By the following summer, however, matters had sufficiently improved to enable the Frys to return to a small house in Upton Lane, close to their former home, and with the great advantage of being also close to the grounds of Ham House, the home of Samuel Gurney, the

kindest and most generous of brothers, without whose ever-generous and cordial help such an arrangement would have been impossible. Katherine Fry writes :—

"The tie between my mother and uncle was peculiarly strong. Before her marriage he was especially *her* boy. His residence with her afterwards confirmed it, and the close neighbourhood in after life riveted it as strongly as any earthly union could well be.

"He was to her an ever-ready helper, a pillar of strength—'a rock,' as she fondly called him. She brought him much in return that was interesting, as well as opening the way, through her public celebrity, to some distinguished and delightful society. His judgment, his liberality, his ever-ready help, with his frequent companionship, were most essentially valuable to her. My own feeling respecting my uncle was that of having in him a tower of refuge, to which we might safely go for help and protection."

Elizabeth Fry herself had written of him :—

"Samuel is one very near my heart. I have from his early years prayed for him, wept over him, and even interceded with strong intercession of spirit that he might not be hurt by evil.

"And now I am favoured to see him under the influence of grace, and I trust established in righteousness. I have known his help and support many times ; indeed, he has been a great helper in bearing some of our burdens for us. I have craved that, if it were

right, he might live to be a blessing to his family, an ornament to the Church, and able to show forth the praise of his great Lord and Master."

To her niece Priscilla Buxton Mrs. Fry wrote :—

"*Upton, September* 19, 1829.—I hope I am thankful to be able to say that we have lately been more in still waters, and enabled to estimate the mercy of our God, who has provided for our outward needs, and I believe would gather us spiritually to Himself. I think we are all tempted to take up a half-way house in the religious life, to say, 'Thus far will I go and no farther;' but I believe that it is by making no restrictions that we may be brought at last into the glorious liberty, rest, and peace of the children of God."

In October she wrote :—

"I am fully satisfied, and I hope thankful, in our new home. At times I feel great peace, and I may say joy, in the Lord, though at others, the extreme disorder into which we have been brought by all these changes, and the pain of leaving Plashet, have harassed and tried me. . . . Place, however, is of small importance if we can have that peace which, as a brook in the way, can refresh our weary souls. I feel the pleasure of having still even a small garden."

In the early winter Mrs. Fry was with her own family in Norfolk. Afterwards she wrote to Priscilla Buxton :—

"*Upton, December* 8, 1829.—I felt parting with you all, but it was with a sweet feeling of peace, as if the right time was come, and as if, when I was with you, I had been in my right place. Valuable and useful I trust has it been to myself to be thus brought into close



UPTON LANE.

contact with you all, and I have since looked at you individually and collectively in my heart, the dear Cottage Sisters[1] included: a letter cannot convey my thoughts."

To her sister Hannah, full of anxiety for one of her sons, she had previously written:—

[1] Anna Gurney and Sarah Buxton.

"I am truly sorry for thee. But I long for myself, and for all that I love, to live so much under the *constant* sense of the mercy, wisdom, and love of the Great Disposer of events, that the various times and anxieties of life may be powerless over us. Yet a little while and the scene will close to us; then how good for us in that little while to commit ourselves wholly to Him who best knows how to adapt things to our condition."

It had been a trouble to Mrs. Fry in 1829 that her dear son William, always her great support and comfort, determined to lay aside the peculiarities of the Society of Friends.

"I truly desire not to be unreasonable upon the subject," she wrote (December 24), "or to require of my dearest William, at his age, that which his own judgment does not dictate. Beyond a certain point, I have believed it right not to press it, and oh! if I thus take from him my yoke and bonds, may the Lord take him up and put His yoke upon him."

And later:—

"I cannot deny that much as I love the principle, earnestly as I desire to uphold it, bitter experience has proved to me that Friends do rest too much on externals, and that, though there are valuable jewels, indeed jewels of the first water, amongst them, serious evils also exist in our Society and among its members. Evils often make me mourn, and lead me to desire that we might dwell

less on externals and more on spiritual work; then I believe we should be less as a people in bonds, and partake more of the glorious liberty of the children of God."

The following entry in Mrs. Fry's diary is interesting, as showing some of the peculiar phases of religious impulse on which she acted in daily life.

"*Upton, February* 2, 1830.—Yesterday I was unexpectedly favoured to partake of a little brook by the way in a fresh and renewed sense of the holy anointing being poured forth among us. I went to Meeting *flat*. I had not sat down many minutes in it before so animating an influence overshadowed me, that my body felt in degree to tremble under it, which has indeed very often been the case where there has been this living, quickening power. Prayer and supplication were so present with me, that I could have knelt down before the Meeting was fully gathered in the very power of prayer. Then, after a little while, my sister Elizabeth Fry ministered in a very lively manner, and I had before long to follow her; but from my usual desire to finish, and some fear of man and want of patience, I did not clearly and fully relieve my mind, though I felt the anointing very present with me.

"In the afternoon I visited the Female Convict Ship with my brother Samuel, and amongst the convicts the same anointing appeared poured forth, and the poor women appeared to be greatly touched. Many of them wept bitterly, and appeared to feel deeply what

passed. But here I felt a guard needful on two heads: first, not to be so excited myself by the great effect produced as to go beyond the anointing on the sober truth, for there is a temptation, when spirits are thus made subject, to be led out farther by them than the sober truth would warrant; secondly, there is a danger of *self* partaking in the work, and glorifying in such a remarkable effect being produced.

"I have not for years, I think, had prisoners so deeply affected, and their sobs and cries were distressing when I was speaking, and their marks of love to me, and their interest in our visit, very encouraging.

"Our brother Buxton dined with us, and spent the evening, and, after our reading, I had to return thanks for the help granted in the day, and to pray in a particular manner for my dear brother, that he might much prosper in his labour of love (abolition of slavery). We parted from him in much love and peace, and I closed the day, I believe I may say, almost surprised at and thankful for such a day, that came at an unexpected time; also fearful and humbled lest in any part of it I was induced to go too far in anything, or to take any glory; for to me belongs alone humiliation of spirit."

It was in 1830, at the house of his brother-in-law, Samuel Hoare, that Joseph John Gurney first met Dr. Chalmers. He writes in his "Chalmeriana:"—

"I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Chalmers at Hampstead. We walked together in the garden, and

soon found that we were led into familiar intercourse. At dinner we had an interesting party, Sumner, Bishop of Chester, Dr. Lushington, Buxton, and my sister Elizabeth Fry. The conversation turned to the subject of capital punishment. Lushington in the warmest terms expressed his abhorrence of the system. After dinner a brisk discussion arose on the religious condition of the Long Parliament, and of our representatives in the present day. Chalmers stated his arguments with great strength and clearness, and the Bishop confirmed what he said. In the evening Joanna Baillie joined our party, a sociable circle of which Chalmers was the centre. He knows how to trace, in the adaptation between one branch of truth and another, and especially between God's religion and man's experience, the master-hand of perfect wisdom and goodness. On the following morning Chalmers read the Scripture to the family circle, and selected the latter half of John xiv.

"After breakfast he gave us a lively description of the method he pursued of emancipating from pauperism a parish in Glasgow containing 10,000 inhabitants, of which he was the minister. With the consent of the parishioners, he dissolved the whole system of legal rates and relief in the parish, and established a voluntary agency of superintendence, and this experiment was crowned with complete success. Afterwards my brother Samuel Hoare took Dr. Chalmers and me to Wilberforce's at Highwood beyond Hendon. Our morning passed delightfully: a stream of conversation flowed between ourselves and the ever-lively Wilberforce. I have seldom observed a more amazing contrast than between Chalmers and Wilberforce. Chalmers

is stout and erect, Wilberforce minute and singularly twisted. Chalmers both in body and mind moves with a deliberate step; Wilberforce flies about with astonishing activity, while his mind flits from object to object with unceasing versatility. Chalmers is like a good-tempered lion; Wilberforce like a bee, and, except when fairly asleep, is never latent. Chalmers knows how to veil himself in a decent cloud; Wilberforce is always in sunshine, his mind strung to a perpetual tune of love and praise. Both of them are broad thinkers and liberal feelers; both of them are arrayed in humility, meekness, and charity; both appear to hold self in little reputation. Above all, both love the Lord Jesus Christ, and reverently acknowledge Him to be their only Saviour. Wilberforce told me much of his history in a delightful *tête-à-tête* conversation. Amongst other things, he told me that he travelled to Nice with Milman, Dean of Carlisle: the two friends read the whole of the New Testament together on their journey, and this single perusal was so blessed to Wilberforce that he became a *new man*. He renounced the world and devoted himself to the fear and service of Almighty God. When he arrived at Nice, he found in the chamber of his sick relative a copy of Doddridge's 'Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul.' He read it with eagerness, and it was the means of confirming and completing his change. On his return to Yorkshire, he told his friends with noble boldness the change of his sentiments. The influence of Wilberforce in Yorkshire was constantly extending itself, and in a contested election with Lord Milton a voluntary subscription flowed in of £40,000 to defray his expenses."

In Joseph John's journal we also find :—

"One of the most liberal Christians I ever met is Bathurst, Bishop of Norwich, with whom I have enjoyed an intimate and affectionate friendship. I called upon him lately, and alluding to his state of mental serenity—now in his eighty-fifth year—I told him he reminded me of that exquisite description of a tranquil old age which Cicero gives in his 'De Senectute.' He answered, 'Joseph, my tranquillity is founded on the merits of Jesus Christ.'"

In the autumn of 1830 the family sympathies were much with the Buxtons in the declining state of their dear son Harry, who died at Northrepps Hall on November 18.

RICHENDA *to* FRANCIS CUNNINGHAM.

"*Northrepps, Nov.* 18, 1830.—I can hardly convey to you how much the spirit of prayer, praise, and consolation prevails in this house. I was in *the* room last night, and was thankful to witness such a scene—the continual prayer of the saint-like mother hanging over her dying child. There has been something in the two together inexpressibly touching. Amongst other prayers, I heard her utter, 'O Lord, he is Thine own child; Thou hast created him and redeemed him; I give him back unto Thee.' I have never once seen her overcome; her whole air is that of cheerful and entire submission, the most Christian calmness and self-possession."

The same evening.—"Harry died at three o'clock.

Words fail me to describe what his mother has gone through or the state of mind she has been in. I hardly ever saw the like—such a wonderful spirit of devotion, and yet so severely is she wounded that it is like having her limbs torn from her, and she deeply mourneth for those that are not."



NORTHREPPS HALL.

Mrs. Upcher writes a little later:—

"I am not enthusiastic when I say Northrepps Hall is, as it were, the very gates of heaven. I felt it had been like a visit to an angel when I came out of Mrs.

Buxton's room; her meekness, her wondrous exaltation, and her exquisite kindness and consideration for the feelings of others, is the most touching picture in the world."

After the death of Mrs. Gurney of Keswick —"Aunt Gurney"—in 1825, her daughter Anna and her niece Sarah Buxton had settled at Northrepps Cottage, where they lived—"the Cottage Ladies"—in closest intimacy with the Fowell Buxtons, who were resident at Northrepps Hall. The youngest daughter of Richard Gurney of Keswick, a Quaker by birth and family, Miss Anna Gurney[1] had been paralysed at ten months old, and had never walked afterwards. Though she could never move without mechanical aid, her life was always busy and active. She was given a tutor, who could scarcely keep pace with her. She mastered Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and then turned to the Teutonic languages, in which her proficiency was soon shown by her translation of the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," published in 1819. It was delightful to see her, when talking of a favourite subject, wheel herself rapidly up to a bookcase, and illustrate it from a book.

The life of Anna Gurney was throughout the most complete exemplification of the

[1] Born December 31, 1795.

triumph of mind over matter. Her ardour and energy were shown by a journey to Rome, and thence to Athens and Argos. Living so near Fowell Buxton, she imbibed his sympathies, and kept up a large missionary correspondence. In her home life she was "the Providence" of the whole country-side, the benefactress of all around her. She looked after the well-being and education of the poor. Children of all classes were especially attracted by her overflowing sympathy. But the neighbourhood of the sea, and the frequent wrecks on the wild Norfolk coast, made the trials and needs of shipwrecked sailors her especial interest. She procured, at her own expense, one of Captain Manby's apparatus for saving shipwrecked sailors, and in times of danger had herself carried down to the beach, and, from her wheel-chair, herself directed the rescues, in all the fury of the storm. She then supplied the wants of those rescued, and sent them to their homes. If they were foreigners, her wonderful knowledge of languages was useful.

Hasbro' Lighthouse was due to her energy.

T. Fowell Buxton *to* Miss Anna Gurney.

"*Jan.* 1, 1832.—Long life to the new light, and to the determination (some people call it obstinacy) which

extracted it from the reluctant Brethren of the Trinity House.

"I hope that it will save fifty lives every year, and that every 1st of January you may feel cheerful and happy in the consciousness that you have done some real good to the mariners."

In 1831 the elder Joseph Gurney, of the Grove, died very suddenly—the uncle who had such an intimate part in the young life of all the Earlham Gurneys. Mrs. Fry wrote :—

"*Jan.* 11.—Last First-day fortnight I heard that my dear uncle Joseph Gurney had suddenly dropped down dead at his house at the Grove near Norwich, my aunt only being with him at the time. He was very dear to me, and more like a father than any one living. . . . I decided to go to his funeral, and when at Earlham walked alone through some of the beautiful parts of the place, and how it did remind me of days that are past! The sun shone brightly, and there was hardly a tree, a walk, or a view, that did not bring interesting remembrances before me. But how many gone! how many changes! Surely the passing scene of this life could hardly be more feelingly brought home to the heart."

During this spring Joseph John Gurney believed himself called "into ministerial service" in the West of England, and especially at Bristol. Of this time he tells us :—

"About two hundred and seventy visits were paid

to the families of Friends, many public and other meetings were held, and the conclusion was marked by great peace and general love and unity. The seal of solemnity was permitted to rest upon these meetings, and to crown their termination. I had previously held meetings of the same kind in the North of England, always with the sanction of the Friends among whom my lot was cast. My view of the subject is, that there is to be known and used in the Church the gift of healing as well as that of preaching; that both these gifts are from the spirit of the Redeemer; but that the former allows of freer exercise of our natural powers than the latter. It ought, in my opinion, to have no place in our meetings for worship; but on other occasions, both public and private, may be rightly exercised."

In May 1831 Mrs. Fry writes:—

"About three weeks ago I visited the Duchess of Kent and her very pleasing daughter, the Princess Victoria. William Allen went with me. We took some books on the subject of slavery, with the hope of influencing the young Princess. We were received with much kindness, and I felt my way open to express, not only my desire that the best blessing might rest upon them, but that the young Princess might follow the example of our Blessed Lord, that as she 'grew in stature, she might grow in favour with God and man.' I also ventured to remind her of King Josiah, who began to reign at eight years old, and 'did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left,' which seemed to be well received. . . . I had long felt an inclination to see the

young Princess, and think her a sweet, lovely, and hopeful child."

"(*June* 3.)—The day before yesterday I had a satisfactory interview with the Queen (Adelaide) and several of the royal family in rather a remarkable manner. There was a sale on account of the Hospital Ship in the river, in which I was interested; and hearing the Queen was to be there, I went; but was so much discouraged by the gaiety of the occasion when I arrived, that I should have turned back, had not my sister Catherine made me persevere. We saw the Queen and her party, and quickly passed through the gay scene. Captain Young afterwards placed us in a quiet place at the head of the staircase, telling us the Queen would go down that way. We waited, therefore, and as the carriages were not ready when the royal family came down, they were taken into a private room, whither we were admitted. The Duchess of Gloucester met me with her usual kindness, and presented me to the Duchess of Cumberland. The Princess who is sister to the Queen, Prince George of Cumberland, and Prince George of Cambridge were there with them. The Duchess of Gloucester soon withdrew, and the Queen's sister and I had a rather full conversation together with the Duchess of Cumberland and Prince George. Then came the Duke of Sussex and the Princess of Hesse-Homburg; the Duke appeared pleased to see me, and we had a good deal of conversation. He said he would present me to the Queen, who soon came into the room with the Princess Augusta, whom I already knew, and he did so in the

handsomest manner, and the Queen paid me very kind and marked attention. I had some conversation with the Queen, almost entirely on benevolent objects. I expressed my pleasure at seeing the royal family so much interested in these things; my belief that it did much good, and that being engaged in them brought in itself a blessing. I was enabled to keep to my simple mode, as I believe right, and yet to show every respect and polite attention. I did not enter on religious subjects with any of the royal party, though I know the bearing of my conversation was that way. We spoke with the Princess Elizabeth of Friends, of the love her father George III. had for them, of his visit to our great-grandfather Barclay, of my meeting Queen Charlotte in the City, and many other things. My dearest sister Catherine's boldness got me into the room, and made me go through the thing. Her company was delightful, helpful, and strengthening."

In the spring of 1832 the cholera was very bad in London.

Elizabeth Fry *to* Priscilla Buxton.

"*Upton Lane, February* 16, 1832.—Thy mother, and indeed all of you, are so much on my mind that I must write a few words of love. I have feared lest the cholera being in London should have much tried thy dearest mother or any of you. I wish, therefore, to express my hope that you will none of you admit any undue fears about it. With all outward discouragements, which at times I acutely feel, and even this cholera *weightily*, I have at times a strong sense that these

trials are not in vain here, especially as regards some of the afflicted, disappointed, and abused ones. My belief is, we fret ourselves too much as to what the future may produce as to the things of this life, and, because we do not sufficiently fix our attention upon that which is to come, cannot estimate or enjoy the blessings given to us while we are unworthy pilgrims in a probationary state. . . . Yet we ought to be satisfied if we find *at times* a rest in the wilderness."

ELIZABETH FRY *to her Brother* SAMUEL GURNEY.

"*Jersey, October* 13, 1832.—We have paid interesting visits to the islands of Herne and Sark, and may thankfully say that we trust our visits were useful, especially in Herne, where there is no place of worship or school, which I think we have been the means of establishing. . . . Our public meetings in Guernsey were deeply weighty; without invitations we had, they thought, twelve hundred persons present. I felt this almost too much, and tried to have small meetings in our own house, feeling peace in following what I thought right."

During her frequent visits to Norfolk, Mrs. Fry by no means ceased from her ministrations; but even in her own family she often had to trust her seed to very stony ground. It is recollected with amusement how, when she was summoned to the death-bed of a Norfolk squire who was nearly related to her, he received her with—"I am very glad to see thee,

Elizabeth, and shall be very glad to talk with thee; but thee must just wait till these have done?" On the other side of the bed were two cocks fighting.

On October 3, 1832, William Fry was married to Julia, eldest daughter of Sir John Henry Pelly, Bart. His mother writes:—

"*Dagenham*, (*October* 3.)—Here am I sitting in solitude keeping silence before the Lord, on the wedding day of my beloved son William. As I could not conscientiously attend his marriage, I believe it right to withdraw for the day, but words are inadequate to express the earnestness, the depth of my supplications for him and his."

In the following month her daughter Hannah was married to William Champion Streatfeild, leaving only two daughters to share the home in Upton Lane with their parents. The autumn found Mrs. Fry in Norfolk. Her sister Richenda, Mrs. Cunningham, writes:—

"*November* 22.—On Sunday, my dearest sister being at Pakefield with the Friends, induced my remaining all day there. . . . In full and beautiful prayer she seemed to bring down the blessing of Heaven upon us. I hardly know any treat so great as that of uniting with her in prayer. It is such a heavenly song, so spiritual, so elevating, enjoying glimpses, as it were, of the

eternal world. Her short address was very impressive: that we should not come short of our rank in righteousness; that we should follow our crucified Redeemer in humility, meekness, and self-denial; that we should walk worthy of our very high calling. On Monday, we were all in movement in preparation for our District Society Meeting, which was held at our house, and promised the most favourable results, every one seeming willing to yield to my sister's wisdom and eloquence. Her mind appears to me to be in more lively exercise and more gifted than ever, rich both in grace and gifts. She is indeed beloved of the Lord, and dwells in safety by Him."

On July 10, 1833, Mrs. Fry wrote:—

"*Upton Lane.*—We have been favoured the last two days to have all our fifteen children around us, and the day before yesterday we had all to dine at our table, and our nine grandchildren afterwards to dessert, our dearest sister Catherine Gurney the only other person present: it was a deeply interesting, and to me touching as well as pleasing sight. It is remarkable that none of them fully see religious truth with me; yet I cannot repine if I may but see marks of the Christian life. . . . After dinner we walked about a little, then had tea. After tea we read the 103rd Psalm, and I spoke to my children, earnestly impressing upon them the importance, now most of them are no longer under our restraint, that they might be conformed to the will of God, and be faithful stewards of His manifold gifts, so that if we

went by different ways, we might in the end meet where there will be no partition walls, no different ways, but all love, joy, peace, and union of view and conduct. I blessed them, and most earnestly prayed for all: we then separated in much near love."

Early in this year of 1833, Joseph John Gurney had made an exception to his rule of non-interference, and at the election for the county of Norfolk had made a speech to the electors against slavery, which attracted considerable attention.

Mr. Buxton (being M.P. for Weymouth) enthusiastically devoted to the anti-slavery cause, had begun this year, the most important of his life, by an address to the members of the Established Church, entreating them to unite with the principal Dissenting bodies in setting apart the 16th of January as a day of prayer for the abolition of slavery. He seemed to care for nothing but spurring on the Government to the advancement of the cause.

"His whole heart and soul," says his Memoir, "were given up to the work, and the depth and intensity of his feelings were visible in all his deportment; he looked pale and careworn, and his tall figure began to show signs of stooping. He spoke little, and was continually engrossed in thought. His demeanour

could not be more exactly portrayed than by Spenser's lines—

> 'But little joye had he to talke of ought,
> Or ought to heare that mote delightful be ;
> His mind was sole possessed of one thought
> That gave none other place.'"

Of Northrepps Hall in 1833 Miss Clowes writes :—

"I have in my memory vivid visions of Northrepps Hall—that sunny court brilliant with flowers; 'the Cottage Ladies'—Miss Anna Gurney and Miss Sarah Buxton—in their glory, invaluable helpers in all philanthropic objects to their adored chief, Mr. Buxton; he, the poor worn-out M.P., fatigued from Slavery work, sauntering on the lawn or driving out in his high mail-phaeton with Mrs. Buxton, and Priscilla behind. Charming and happy were the drives to Sheringham or Felbrigg. And then the evenings!—when Mr. Buxton would lie on the sofa, and his anxious wife would sigh over his worn appearance. Then the Cottage Ladies would appear, bright and cheery, with choice matters of interest to arouse his spirits, Miss Anna Gurney rolling herself in her wheeled chair, in which she always sat. Oh, they were delightful hours and most unusual people!

"There were Sunday-evening meetings in the old Hall, held in the large dining-room, for the country-people and visitors. Besides the invited guests and Mr. Buxton's own household, the Overstrand fishermen occasionally came, those rough, weather-beaten old

men, with long floating hair. The stout ploughmen and the farm maidens were already assembled. It was a simple service as conducted by the master of the Hall, without formality and with great solemnity ; and after the chapter of the Bible was read, his own well-digested, well-arranged, and homely remarks were made, well adapted to his village hearers. It has been said of him that he never, either in private or in public, as an orator in the House of Commons or as the chaplain of his domestic service, left his auditors in doubt of his meaning. From his own heart he spoke to the hearts of his hearers. He had a deep reverence for God's Word himself, and of this you felt sure whenever he opened the Bible or quoted one of its important truths.

"The cottagers loved and respected Fowell Buxton, who was at once the country gentleman and the friendly neighbour. He did so many kind, thoughtful *little* things for them ; and, as a poor man said, 'It was the *way* he had with him that they liked.' It was a free, old-English, genial way ; not *condescending*, but sympathising and *true*. When asked by a poor neighbour to buy a joint of his pork, he would buy two, one for himself and one for the seller—'It was so cruel a thing,' he would say, 'for the poor labourer to part with *all* his pig.'"[1]

Priscilla Buxton writes to Anna Gurney :—

"1833.—Our Anti-slavery meeting was highly successful. Three hundred and thirty-nine delegates

[1] Mrs. T. Geldart, "The Man in Earnest."



assembled in Exeter Hall to meet the Anti-slavery Committee. Uncle Samuel Gurney was in the chair, and most admirably, and with the greatest good-humour and firmness, did he perform his office. All came home pleased, my father's brow much lightened, and those who had a less weight in high spirits. On Saturday they met again in Exeter Hall, and went on foot in a body to Downing Street. At four they met for the grand public dinner which concludes the service and existence of the Anti-slavery *parliament*.[1] When my father got up to speak, and the long cheering was at an end, you may imagine our interest. He spoke most beautifully and touchingly, unveiling his own mind more than usual—retracing through a variety of instances the Providence that had attended their cause, and dwelling on his hope for the future. Uncle Gurney's speech, which astonished everybody, was one of the best of those which followed."

HANNAH, MRS. BUXTON, *to the* COTTAGE LADIES.

"*London, May* 10, 1833.—My dearest husband went off yesterday. He was relieved in mind, seeing his course clearly before him—manfully to oppose Govern-

[1] A paper of T. Fowell Buxton's of June 6, 1835, is a curious record of the terms on which land in New South Wales was sold to the English Government at that time.

"In consideration of twenty pair of blankets, twenty knives, twelve tomahawks, ten looking-glasses, twelve pairs of scissors, fifty handkerchiefs, twelve red shirts, four flannel jackets, four suits of clothes, fifty pounds of flour, we grant 100,000 acres of land, with navigable rivers, rich grass," &c. . . . And again, "In consideration of an annual rent of fifty pair of blankets, fifty knives, tomahawks, scissors, and looking-glasses, and twenty suits of slops, we grant 500,000 acres."

ment, resting himself and his cause upon an arm of Almighty Power. He appears to triumph over the storms which surround him. He has heard that Lord Howick will move the amendment on the 14th."

Fowell Buxton greatly admired Pope, and frequently quoted him. This led his sister Louisa Hoare to send him the following lines :—

> "But there's a greater Teacher, Pope, than thou,
> Whose written word may claim attention now.
> This teaches that himself alone to know
> Is vain for man and aggravates his woe,
> But, if he's led above himself to look
> To Him who bore his sins, his nature took ;
> If taught to know Him and to love Him too,
> The truth itself will burst upon his view,
> Knowledge, illumined by a heavenly ray,
> To guide him onward to eternal day."

On the 14th of May Mr. Buxton presented before the House a petition bearing 187,000 signatures from the females of Great Britain in favour of the abolition of slavery—a petition so weighty that it required the help of four persons to lay it on the table of the House.

"Mr. Buxton afterwards told his daughter, that just as they were going off to the House on that memorable evening, he had reached his study door, when he went back to have one look at his Bible. It opened on the fifty-eighth chapter of Isaiah, and he read these two verses—'If thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and

satisfy the afflicted soul; then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noonday; and the Lord shall guide thee continually.' 'The remembrance of these words,' he said, 'preserved me the whole evening from being anxious; I felt so sure of the fulfilment of the promise—"The Lord shall guide thee continually."'

The story of Fowell Buxton's laborious struggles in favour of his great object is told at length in his own "Memoirs." He was completely successful. On the 28th of August 1833, the Bill for the Abolition of Slavery received the royal assent. William Wilberforce did not live to see the completed work. He died on July 29, but he lived long enough to be able to give thanks that he had lived to witness a day on which England was willing to pay twenty millions sterling (the compensation to planters) for the abolition of slavery.

Writing to his children from Bath in the July of this summer, Joseph John Gurney says:—

"I have now enjoyed a near friendship with William Wilberforce for near seventeen years, and I shall always consider my acquaintance with him as one of the happiest circumstances of my life. I well remember his first visit to Earlham (I think it was about the year 1816), at the time of our Bible Society

meeting, when we were already crowded with guests. Wilberforce was the star and life of the party, and we all thought we had never seen a person more fraught with Christian love, or more overflowing with the praises of his Creator. He was then possessed of comparatively unimpaired powers. His eloquence was easy, lively, and captivating, and his cornucopia of thought and information rich and abundant. I never met with so discursive a mind, with so interesting a companion. Many a roam have we enjoyed together over green fields and gardens; and very delightful has it been to me to draw out of his treasury things new and old. You have seen him, and cannot fail to recall his curved and diminutive person, his often illuminated countenance, his beaming smile of love, and the perpetual energy with which he flitted from one object of attention to another, like a bee gathering honey from every flower. I well remember that as he walked about the house he was generally humming the tune of a hymn or psalm, as if he could not contain his pleasurable feelings of thankfulness and devotion.

"Wilberforce is now an old man—I think in his seventy-sixth year—and more than usually frail and infirm for his age. Since my first acquaintance with him, many troubles and sorrows have been his portion. His two daughters were his great delight—the cold hand of Death has smitten them both; and in consequence of the imprudence of a near relation, he has been deprived, within the last two or three years, of by far the greater part of his property. Frequent illness has also visited him, and increasing years have

occasioned some failure of his memory. Nevertheless, his eye is almost as lively as ever, his intellect lucid, and above all, the sunshine of true religion continues to enlighten and cheer him on his way.

"'What a gloomy, what a November evening prospect,' said he to me in a letter describing the death of his elder daughter, 'would now lie before me, were it not for the flood of light and love which flows from the throne of God and of the Lamb.' This *flood of light and love* has been his chief delight since his twenty-second year, when an apparently accidental perusal of the New Testament, with a fellow-traveller through France, was blessed as the means of his conversion; and now that his infirmities are gathered upon him, he has the same comfort, the same joy.

"When I called upon him, I was introduced to a room upstairs, where I found him on a sofa, his feet wrapped in flannel, and his countenance bespeaking increasing age, with much delicacy. He received me with much affection, and seemed delighted at the unexpected sight of an old friend. I had scarcely taken my seat beside him, before I felt that constraining influence of Divine love which seemed to draw us in secret towards the Lord under a canopy of silence; and I could not do otherwise than freely speak to him of the good and glorious things which, as I believe, assuredly await him in the kingdom of rest and peace. It seemed given to me to remind him of the declaration of the Psalmist—'Although ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold.' The ministry flowed towards him in a stream which I dared

not attempt to stay; and his countenance, in the meantime, was expressive of profound devotion and holy joy. Soon afterwards he unfolded his own experience to me in an interesting manner. He told me that the text on which he was then most prone to dwell, and from which he was permitted to derive peculiar comfort, was a passage in Paul's Epistle to the Philippians —'Be careful for nothing: but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God: and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.' Now that frail nature shakes, and the mortal tabernacle seems ready to be dissolved, this *peace of God* appears to be his blessed portion.

"'How admirable,' he said, 'are the harmony and variety of St. Paul's smaller Epistles! The Epistle to the Galatians is a display of doctrine: that to the Colossians is a union of doctrine and precept, showing their natural connection and dependence: that to the Ephesians is *seraphic:* that to the Philippians is all love. With regard to myself,' he added with tears in his eyes, 'I have nothing whatsoever to urge but the poor publican's plea, God be merciful to me a sinner.'

"Before we separated, he adverted to his loss of fortune. 'I am afraid of telling you what I feel about it,' said he, 'lest it should appear like affectation; but rest assured that the event has given me no uneasiness—none whatever. In fact, it has only increased my happiness. I have, in consequence, been spending the whole winter with my son, the joyful witness of his

gospel labours.' In short, the world is under his feet, grace triumphs, and the Saviour whom he loves reigns over all."

FOWELL BUXTON *to* ZACHARY MACAULAY.

"*July* 30, 1833.—The happy peaceful removal of dear Mr. Wilberforce must have been sudden at last. On Saturday was his funeral. We were a long time in the Abbey, standing near the grave, before the funeral came in—the coffin followed by a large unarranged but very serious troop of men, including the Royal Dukes, many bishops, the members of Government, many peers, and crowds of M.P.'s of all sorts and parties.

"I can never forget the scene, as I stood on the steps of Lord Mansfield's monument—the open grave, and the remarkable group around it. Especially did I observe the Duke of Wellington's aged countenance, feeling how soon probably the same scene would be enacted for him.

"The coffin of Wilberforce is placed between those of Pitt and Canning. He had all the distinction man could give, yet it seemed a feeble tribute to one who had obtained something so infinitely beyond. . . . Every one of any note, I think, except Mr. O'Connell, was there—your son of course."

Priscilla Buxton was married to Andrew Johnston, M.P., on August 1, 1834, the same day on which the emancipation of the slaves took place. Her marriage was a severe loss to

her father, as that of his best helper in all his objects, one who fully entered into his mind and feelings. To her he had committed the writing of many papers. Her place was in great measure happily supplied by his sister Sarah and her cousin Anna Gurney at Northrepps Cottage. On them he threw the care of all his papers, and to them he applied for help and advice. The union with them was of the utmost importance to him: they shared all his cares, and enjoyed with him all his pleasures; they were always ready to cheer and amuse him, and the communication between the two houses was constant and delightful. Meantime, Andrew and Priscilla Johnston were in Scotland half the year, the other half they were with him, to his exceeding comfort. Mr. Johnston then became his father-in-law's assistant, whilst his wife and children were a constant pleasure.[1]

"Fowell Buxton was at Northrepps Hall when, on the 10th of September, a large packet of letters came in from the Colonies. He felt that he must open them alone; so he carried them with him into one of the shady retreats of those solemn and beautiful woods, and, with no other sound in his ears than the melody of the wood birds, and no other witness of his emo-

[1] See "Memorials of Hannah, Lady Buxton."

tion than the Eye that seeth in secret, he opened his sealed papers and read.

"He read how, on the evening of the 31st of July, the churches and chapels of the islands were thrown open, and the slaves crowded in to await the hour of midnight. When that hour drew nigh, they fell on their knees, and listened for the stroke of the clock; and when twelve sounded from the church-tower they sprung to their feet, for they were all free—all free. No confusion, no intoxication, no bloodshed, and on the following Monday they all returned to their work—to work as free men, and thenceforth to be paid for their labour."[1]

A visitor who spent some time at Earlham during the summer of 1833 was the famous Dr. Chalmers, of whom Joseph John Gurney wrote—"I never saw a man who appeared to be more destitute of vanity or less alive to any wish to be brilliant." Chalmers was delighted with Earlham and its inmates. He wrote thence :—

"*August* 19.—I awoke after a night of delicious repose, and with the full consciousness of being embosomed in an abode of friendship and piety. The day was given up to sauntering. It is a spacious and commodious house, with ample store both of bed and public rooms. Mrs. Francis Cunningham is here, a sister to Mr. Gurney, and a very attractive person from

[1] Mrs. T. Geldart, "The Man in Earnest."

her simplicity, her Christian principle, accomplishments, and intelligence. Another lady dined and spent the night here, now aged and in Quaker attire, which she had but recently put on, who was, in early life, one of our most distinguished literary women; whose works, thirty years ago, I read with great delight. It was no less a person than the celebrated Mrs. Opie, authoress of the most exquisite feminine tales, for which I used to place her by the side of Miss Edgeworth. It was curious to myself that, though told by Mr. Gurney in the morning that she was coming to dine, I had forgotten the circumstance, and the accomplished novelist and poet was never once suggested by this plain-looking Quakeress, till it rushed upon me after dinner, greatly augmenting the interest I felt in her. We had much conversation, and drew together greatly, walking and talking together on the beautiful lawn after dinner. She has had access into all kinds of society, and her conversation is all the more rich and interesting. . . . The union of rank and opulence, literature and polish of mind, with plainness of manners, form one of the great charms of the society in this house."

Joseph John Gurney's journal says :—

"One morning Dr. Chalmers and I walked down to a fir-grove at the extremity of the park, where a colony of herons has lately formed a settlement. Chalmers was as much interested and pleased as a schoolboy would have been in watching the singular appearance, gestures, and sounds of these birds. His mind seemed quite occupied by the *fitness* between the length of their

necks and that of their legs, and also by the circumstance that, as they swim not, but only *stand* in the waters, they do not, like other aquatic birds, require webs to their feet, and *therefore* have none. It seems to be the habit of Dr. Chalmers's mind to see and feel God in *everything*."

"*August* 25.—Dr. Chalmers left us yesterday morning. We parted with him the preceding night, after a time of Scripture reading, silent waiting, and prayer, in which I fervently commended him and his family to the grace of God."

JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY *to his Wife* MARY.

"*August* 28, 1833.—I passed an interesting time yesterday in J. Crewdson's family, and afterwards had a memorable 'sitting' with John Dalton,[1] the great philosopher: I suppose he now occupies the top of the tree in chemistry and mathematics. He is certainly like Sir I. Newton in countenance, and I think in disposition—so peculiarly modest and retiring, and I had the feeling of his being a religious character. I afterwards dined with John Ransome the surgeon, who is very clever, feeling, and agreeable.

"Hast thou heard that Daniel Wilson has accepted the Bishopric of Calcutta? He is a noble character."

In the small Quaker world the secession of

[1] John Dalton, "the Quaker chemist," died July 27, 1844, and had a public funeral at Manchester, where 40,000 people passed through the Town Hall to see him lying in state.

Friends was rare at this time, and it was especially painful to Mrs. Fry that her eldest son and his wife should be about to leave their communion and join the English Church—a change of residence, which would physically remove them from her, being also in contemplation. There is something especially touching in the catholic tolerance and the abnegation of personal feeling evinced in the following letters :—

"*Upton Lane, June* 1, 1835.—My very dear children, as there is no Meeting, I remain quietly at home this morning, and am disposed to devote part of it to you. I bear you much on my mind and much in my heart in a love which I am persuaded is too strong for my own happiness. . . . I have desired that you may very particularly seek the help and guidance of the Lord in all your future steppings, spiritual and temporal. May you adopt such measures as in solid judgment may most conduce to your *spiritual* health, and I desire that you should no longer feel me any shackle to you. I only earnestly desire that you may do what you do unto the Lord, not being of those who asked counsel, but not of the Lord. If, having sought to know the will of God as revealed in your hearts by His Spirit and as taught in the Holy Scriptures, your conclusion is that you ought to join yourselves to any other Church than ours, I bid you God-speed in this. If, on

the other hand, your conclusion should draw you nearer to us, I suppose it would be too great a joy to me to be permitted on this side the grave to see my children quite eye to eye with me in things pertaining to God. I do not at present expect it. My first desire and prayer is that they may be Christians indeed, saved by Christ with an everlasting salvation; the rest is quite secondary.

"As to your outward movements, dear as you are to me, and sweet as has been the thought of having you and your children near me in my latter days, I would not for a moment be selfish. Your comfort is my comfort, but for your comfort I advise no *hasty* steps. . . . I know that there are disadvantages as well as advantages in families residing very near to each other. I take a cool view of the subject, and my opinion is, that if, after a while, experience proves the disadvantages the greatest, I should advise you to look for some place much farther in the country, to which you may go most satisfactorily, and even pleasantly to yourselves and all around you. Now commending you to Him who alone can keep you from falling, I remain your most loving mother, E. F."

ELIZABETH FRY *to* ANDREW JOHNSTON.

"*Rye, July 7*, 1835.—I do not feel quite so well able to enjoy travelling as sometimes; I left so much behind me. But I desire to 'lay aside every weight,' for we gain nothing by being borne down by our burdens; we had better cast them all on Him who is

all-sufficient to bear them, and then we may go lightly, cheerfully, and trustfully on our way. I wish to live much more in a faithful, trustful, hopeful spirit, but this must be through grace: poor human nature is not given this way, but rather to go on grumbling, doubting, and fearing."

Mary, the second wife of Joseph John Gurney, caught a fever in nursing his daughter Anna, and on the 29th of September 1835 she died at Earlham. Her husband wrote afterwards :—

"For almost thirty hours before her end she lay in a state of insensibility, after which, though speechless, she suddenly recovered her powers of perception, recognised us one after another, and expressed her joy and happiness by the most radiant smiles. It was like the bursting forth of the setting sun from under dark clouds. Cordial was her response to one who spoke of 'Jesus Christ being all in all;' and her answer to the question 'whether she was comfortable,' was the most remarkable exhibition of delight which could be given by mere motion and expression. I am not aware that I ever witnessed such an appearance of ecstatic pleasure. From this state of bright effulgence she sank into a gentle calm, and within a few minutes, without the least struggle, she breathed her last. I knelt down and returned heartfelt thanksgiving for her deliverance in Christ from every trouble."

Mrs. Fry writes :—

"*Upton, Oct.* 13, 1835.—I returned yesterday from a very affecting and unexpected visit into Norfolk, in consequence of the severe illness and death of my beloved sister Mary Gurney, my brother Joseph's amiable, devoted, and superior wife. When I heard how ill she was, I could not believe she would die, she had such an apparent call here below; but our ways are not the Lord's ways, nor our thoughts His thoughts. He took her thus early to Himself, as the shock of corn fully ripe. The funeral was deeply affecting. After dinner we had an extraordinary time. Our dear brother Francis Cunningham prayed, his dear Richenda spoke. Then Joseph in the most striking manner enlarged on the character of the departed, on his loss and his consolation, and the day went on and ended well in a reading with the poor neighbours; but words fail me to tell of the holy, solemn, loving feeling over us. Oh, what a blessing is family unity in the Lord! My children who were present, and many others, were deeply and powerfully impressed. May it be lasting. May the same spirit that has so remarkably rested upon us rest on them, the same love, the same peace, the same unity of spirit, the same freeness of spiritual communication. Such a day is almost like being raised above the things of this world; all appeared sanctified, all blessed, even the very beauties of the place. How did I feel called upon to entreat and to warn; how did I seek to bear testimony to the very

truth; and how did dearest Joseph, in his affliction, beseech all to come to Christ for salvation."

In his "Christian Race" Joseph John Gurney describes his wife's character:—

"Her's was the cultur'd and the lucid mind,
The generous heart, the conduct ever kind,
The temper sensitive, yet always mild,
The frank simplicity of Nature's child—
Nature unspoiled by fashion or by pride,
And yet subdued by grace and sanctified;
The cheerfulness, devoid of base alloy,
That bade her speed her even course with joy,
Yet left full scope thro' her revolving years
For love's fond grief and pity's softest tears;
The abstinence from self—an humble view
Of all she said, and did, and thought, and knew;
The elder's judgment in the youthful frame,
And love to God and man a deathless flame!"

Samuel Gurney, ever the tenderest of brothers, was with Joseph John at this time. From Earlham he wrote to his wife:—

"How closely this sorrow has brought to my mind the tie which exists between us: and how have I wanted thy sweet support. Neither has it been unaccompanied with earnest desires that our love may grow upon the only lasting foundation. I feel no great care either way, only thou may'st always rely on my wanting thee at all times, and should'st thou decide on coming to the funeral, I should see no disadvantage in our two elder children being thrown into such a scene."

Soon after, Miss Sarah Buxton writes from Cromer :—

"Sam Gurney is here, as ever, cheerful, a well-poised vessel, a valuable freight, and the merchandise of it by some peculiar fortune fitted for pleasant traffic here, and certain of a good market above. At least, if Sam is not a good fellow, who *is* good ?"

XI

TRUTH, FETTERED AND FREE

"I would join with all those who love Christ and pray to Him, who regard Him not as dead but as living."—THOMAS ARNOLD.

"A christian spirit will christianise everything it touches."—CAIRD'S SERMONS.

IN 1836 Mrs. Fry paid a "visit of Gospel Love" to the Channel Islands, visiting the institutions and delivering many addresses there—her "noble and stately appearance and clear silvery voice" adding wonderfully to the impressiveness of her words. It is well remembered how, when a little girl of four years old was pointed out to her as having worked for the poor, she called her to her side and solemnly blessed her, saying, "Thou hast done well in working for the poor, and in thy day too thou shalt have thy reward."[1]

Mrs. Fry's stay in Jersey was cut short by the serious illness of her sister Louisa Hoare, much united with her in all her thoughts, interests, and occupations, and of whom, since

[1] Notes by General Basden.

she lived near London, she saw more than of any other of her family. The life of this member of the Earlham sisterhood had been unusually prosperous till a short time before her death, when she lost her eldest son Samuel, recently married to a daughter of the Gurneys' old friend Mr. Hankinson, Rector of Walpole.[1] From the shock of Samuel's death the mother never rallied, and she died in her home of the Hill House at Hampstead.

CATHERINE GURNEY *to the* COTTAGE LADIES.

"*Hampstead, Sept.* 7, 1836.—On Saturday there was so great a sink, that we apprehended the close was not far distant, though Louisa was moved as usual into the chintz dressing-room in the evening. On returning to bed, she had a remarkably tranquil night, sleeping—to all appearance—most easily. In the morning she was roused to take a little nourishment, and half-an-hour afterwards Betsy observed her breath change, and before the family could be summoned she was gone!

"Several of her children happened to be in the room, as well as her husband, and the rest soon gathered round the bed, and, in the midst of grief, we could not but rejoice at her blessed emancipation from the burden of the flesh, and her translation to eternal regions of glory. . . . The way was prepared for the close by all she had gone through, and therefore, though most

[1] Mrs. Samuel Hoare afterwards became the second wife of Sir Edward Parry, the Arctic voyager.

deeply sorrowful to lose one so beloved, the sting is removed, and even Sam Hoare himself is a picture of christian submission to the will of God. Betsy has been the greatest help and comfort to all.

"The funeral is to be at Hendon on Friday. How truly and deeply melancholy are the graves in that place; but we must look beyond all this to the bright residence of the spirits of the just made perfect in glory. This, I know, will be your consolation as well as ours."

Mrs. Hoare was only fifty at the time of her death. Outside the family circle of her inmost affections she was best known by her two little volumes, "Hints on Nursery Discipline" and "Friendly Hints on the Management of Children," subjects on which she had great personal experience. Her husband survived her till December 26, 1846. Through life he continued to be cherished as an honoured brother of the Earlham circle. He was ever an excellent working philanthropist, and became so well known in this capacity, that when King William IV. of Prussia was making out an almanac of Protestant saints, he awarded Samuel Hoare a day. He rests by the side of his wife in Hendon churchyard.

ELIZABETH FRY'S *Journal.*

"*Upton Lane*, (*Oct.* 13, 1836.)—My beloved sister Hoare's death has made a deep impression upon me.



I do not like to enter life or its cares, or to see many or to be seen. I like to withdraw from the world and to be very quiet. Much I have naturally felt the event, though supported and comforted under it.

"I feel our loss a very deep one indeed; but I can also see much wisdom, mercy, and love in the heavy trial, especially as respects herself. Her very susceptible mind was so acutely sensible of the trials of life, that her Lord saw that she had had enough—more might have overwhelmed her."

After the death of Mrs. Hoare we find Fowell Buxton writing to the Bishop of Calcutta:—

"I have been united to her in the closest intimacy. She came as near perfection as any human being I ever knew. It was not that she had one kind of merit carried to a great height; she possessed each accomplishment of a female and a Christian in the same rare degree. Soft and gentle as she was, she was no less steadfast and firm and immovable. To these moral qualities, to the most winning manners, to a noble countenance, to the utmost refinement and delicacy, she united an intellect of very high order, equally practical, active, and energetic. She laid out her talents to the best advantage; she was never idle; she studied a great deal, and turned all her studies to account. She visited the poor, and was bountiful and pitiful to them. She took infinite pains in the instruction of her family. She was a Christian indeed; adorned as she was in a hundred ways, the greatest beauty and charm of all was her christian consistency."

In the following month the news of a serious carriage accident, which had happened to her husband and daughter Katherine, whilst travelling in Normandy, made Mrs. Fry hasten thither. Finding the patients recovering, she took advantage of being on French ground to visit for the first time a number of prisons and Roman Catholic charities, and became greatly impressed by the self-devoted labours of the Sisters of Charity.

ELIZABETH FRY *to* HANNAH BUXTON.

"*Upton, Nov.* 28, 1836.—I think it must be no small satisfaction to have dear sister Catherine with thee; really to have the remaining sisters as much together as they can be is truly desirable. My impression of our great loss in dearest Louisa rests on me like a cloud, and the afflicting circumstances of her many deep conflicts. But when raised by faith and the power of the Spirit, I can view her rest with more than peace. To me it has been an unusually low time, partly, I think, from the stress on my feelings in the various illnesses of my children, partly from being plunged into so many scenes of death—for I have attended five death-beds since I returned from Jersey. This has rather pressed upon my spirits, but has led me into earnest desires for myself and those nearest to me that all may be found ready. The tossed state of our Society has also been a discouragement to me. However, this is the gloomy side of the picture; then comes the other. Even through times of

famine and drought enough is given, by many revivals of secret springs, to keep alive, and I humbly trust I may say to strengthen, for my Master's work. Thy tenderly attached sister, E. F."

The death of her brother Daniel's wife, Lady Harriet Gurney,[1] in the succeeding spring, also painfully affected Mrs. Fry. For fourteen years Lady Harriet had diffused her bright, loving, hopeful spirit through her husband's family. Some time before, we find his niece, Priscilla Buxton, writing—"Every time that I see my lovely Aunt Harriet, I am astonished at her exquisite beauty and the loving sweetness about her that is so charming." "She was kindness itself, equally dignified and beautiful," records her niece Katherine Fry. Eleven children gathered around her. "On seeing her coffin committed to the vault," wrote her brother-in-law, Mr. Buxton, "I could not but feel that it contained all that remained of as much beauty and true loveliness of mind, body, and spirit as we ever saw removed from this world."

In the summer of 1837 Joseph John Gurney informed the Society of Friends that an "apprehension of religious duty had impressed itself upon his mind to pay a visit in the love

[1] Daughter of William, 15th Earl of Erroll.

of the Gospel to friends in North America, with a prospect of holding meetings with the people at large."

An interesting glimpse of Earlham at this time is given in a letter from an American Friend and minister, who in 1837 first visited a place with which she was afterwards nearly connected.

ELIZA PAUL KIRKBRIDE *to* HANNAH BACKHOUSE.[1]

"*The Grove, April* 1837.—I must tell you of our day at Earlham. In the first place, thy cousin Fry was there, and I did thoroughly enjoy her company. Directly after we had taken off our bonnets, she said she must show me all the interests, and we sallied forth. The first sight of Earlham, a place of which one has heard so long and so much, is something like a first view of Niagara, rather overpowering, especially after reading Priscilla Gurney's journal, and I can scarcely tell thee what my feelings were when dear Elizabeth Fry showed me the likeness of her father and described him to me, told me how many happy days they had enjoyed together, what varied scenes they had since witnessed there, and pointed out the room in which poor Mary Gurney closed her eyes for ever upon the loving circle and bright scene around her.

"First, I must tell thee I thought it quite a 'place,' admired the old house and grounds exceedingly, and think that when the foliage is on the trees it must be

[1] Daughter of Joseph Gurney of the Grove. See vol. i. p. 30.

beautiful. Whilst Elizabeth Fry was conducting me upstairs, she stopped abruptly and exclaimed, 'How strange that I should show thee Earlham, and how very pleasant too!' I told her it was truly so to me, and she assured me, with her wonted kindness, that meeting me had been a bright spot in her visit here, and that no one before had half so much encouraged her about her brother's going to America."

Furnished with letters of recommendation from his Society, Joseph John Gurney left home in August. His chief objects were to advocate abolition of slavery and capital punishment, and the restraint of war. His daughter wrote :—

"My father was remarkably preserved in peace and quietness, and completed all the arrangements he wished to make for the management of his household during his absence. I was glad to be allowed to go with him to Liverpool, with my Uncle and Aunt (Samuel) Gurney, and my Aunt Fry. It was rather curious that we were not many yards out of the park-gate before we were very nearly overturned by one of the horses kicking. We had to get hastily out of the carriage, but I shall never forget the elevated serenity of his look as he smiled and said, 'The first of my dangers!' We had a remarkably interesting occasion before we got to Liverpool, in which he poured out his prayers for Aunt Fry in a way which was a great comfort to me, for she deeply felt his going, and had much upon her."

Mrs. Fry writes :—

"We went to the ship. I saw the library arranged, with some others to help me; then devoted myself to my brother, and put flowers in his cabin, which was made most comfortable for him. It was announced that the ship was going. We assembled in the ladies' cabin. I believe all wept. William Forster said the language had powerfully impressed him, 'I will be with you always, even to the end of the world;' therefore we might trust our beloved one to Him who promised. I then knelt down with these words, 'Now, Lord, what wait we for? our hope is ever in Thee,' and committed him and his companions in the ship to the keeping of Israel's Shepherd, that even the voyage might be blessed to him and to others. In short, our souls were poured forth before and unto the Lord in deep prayer and supplication. Joseph almost sobbed; still a solemn quiet and peace reigned over us. I believe the Lord was with us, and owned us at this solemn time. We left the ship, and walked by the side of the pier until it was towed out; then we went away and wept bitterly—but not the tears of deep sorrow—far from it. How different to the grief for sin, or even disease, or the perplexities of life."

About this time we find Mrs. Fry writing to her children :—

"*Upton Lane, August* 15, 1837.—Many of you know that for some time I have felt and expressed the want that I have felt of our social intercourse at

times leading to religious communion amongst us. It has pleased the Almighty to permit me to have by far the larger number of you no longer walking with me in my religious course; we do not meet together except very occasionally for the solemn purpose of worship, and upon some other points do not see eye to eye; and whilst I feel deeply thankful that, notwithstanding this diversity amongst us, we are truly united in one Holy Head, there are times when, in my declining years, I seriously feel the loss of not having more of the spiritual help and encouragement of those I have brought up and truly sought to nurture in the Lord. This has led me to many serious considerations how the case under present circumstances can be any way met. My conclusion is this, that as believing in one Lord as our Saviour, one Holy Ghost as our Sanctifier, and one God and Father of us all, surely our points of union are strong; and if we are members together of one Living Church, and expect to be such for ever, surely we may profitably unite in some religious engagements. I further think that the world and the things of it occupy us much, and they are very soon passing away, and it would be well if we occasionally set apart a time for unitedly attending to the things of eternity. I therefore propose that we try the following plan: if it answer, that we should continue it; if not, that we should by no means feel bound to it. The arrangement may be connected with our Book Society or not, as we like. In the first instance, that our party consist of no other than our children and such grandchildren as may be old enough to attend, and ourselves; that our object for meeting be for the strengthening of

our faith, for our advancement in a devoted religious and holy life, and for the object of promoting christian love, unity, and fellowship.

"In the first instance, that we read the Scriptures unitedly, each taking a part, and that it be done in an easy and familiar manner, each being perfectly at liberty to make any remark or ask any question; that we should make it as much as possible a time of religious instruction, by understanding the mind of the Lord doctrinally and practically, by searching the Scriptures, and bringing ourselves and our deeds to the light, that it may be made manifest that they are wrought in God. That the mode of doing this, and the subjects to be more particularly considered, be as we desire when we meet; that either before the Scriptures are read or after, we should consider how far we are really engaged for the good of our fellow-mortals, and what conduces, as we can judge, most to this object; that any important or interesting circumstance, relating to ourselves or others, be considered and mentioned. All the members of this little community are advised to recommend anything they may have found useful or interesting in religious books, or relate or read anything that is doing in the world generally for the good of mankind. It is hoped that this meeting together may stimulate the family to more devotion of heart, to the service of their God at home and abroad, and to mind their different callings, however varied, and be more active in helping others. It is proposed that this meeting should take place once a month, at each home in rotation. I now have drawn some little outline of what I desire, and if any of you like to unite with me

in making the experiment, it will be very desirable to me; but I desire all to feel at liberty to do as they think best themselves.—I am indeed your nearly attached mother, ELIZABETH FRY."

A visit which Mrs. Fry paid about this time to Captain Basden at Plymouth is well remembered.

"She visited the Coastguard Stations, the Eddystone Lighthouse, Dockyard and Victualling Offices with her host, who arranged for the men at the different places to assemble to listen to her addresses; and on Sunday she visited the Plymouth prison and spoke to its inmates. . . . In the most kindly and persuasive manner, she pointed out to the fishermen how they might kill lobsters, to prevent the cruelty of boiling them alive."[1]

A contemporary letter of this year gives a pleasant picture of the family group nearest Mrs. Fry's home, in that of her brother Samuel Gurney.

"*Upton*, 1838.—I scarcely know how to describe the family here, the *ensemble* is at once so strange and so agreeable. I think I had better do it journal-wise, so begin with Monday. I reached a dark-looking house in Lombard Street—Mr. Gurney's house of business—at half-past three. Going upstairs, I found in a back-room Mr. Gurney, two young ladies, and an old gentleman, rather crooked and odd-looking, with

[1] Notes by General Basden.

two or three others. 'Truly glad to see thee, my dear,' said Mr. Gurney. Then the young ladies talked to me till the carriage was announced. 'I am sorry to refuse thee, Uncle Jonathan,' said Mr. Gurney to the crooked old man as we left the room, 'but depend upon it I should do no good by giving the five pounds thee asks for in that quarter.' An hour's drive brought us to Upton. 'How does my little gal do?' said Mr. Gurney to a little child that ran out to meet us at the door. 'How glad I am to see thee are home, dear Sam,' exclaimed a tall lady with white hair, coming out, while a very tall gentleman in a blue coat with gilt buttons called from behind, 'And how's the king of London and all the princesses this morning?' One would have thought Mr. Gurney had been out for a year by all the greetings; but they are a very affectionate family. At half-past five we assembled in the drawing-room, and I was introduced to the five daughters and son, and several guests. I went in to dinner with Mr. Gurney, who placed everybody before he took his own seat. 'Fowell, sit by my wife; Catherine next; Prissy, my sweet, by Charles; the "little gal" by me,' &c. . . . The evening was finished by a supply of wine-glasses of gruel.

"*Tuesday.*—We were all summoned into the dining-room at half-past eight by the ringing of a great bell, when Mr. Gurney read a chapter in the Bible. Directly after a tall clergyman, rather lame, made his appearance, having come—rather to the surprise of everybody—by one of the mails. The only introduction I had was 'Francis,[1] thee knows Amelia'—a mistake, but a

[1] Rev. Francis Cunningham.

common mode of introduction at Upton. Though it was a damp, drizzly morning, we all went to the end of a terrace-walk in the garden, their usual practice before breakfast. 'Francis,' said Mr. Gurney at breakfast, 'I'll give thee five pounds for Chenda's[1] schools, if thee likes.' Meantime it was being arranged who was to be asked to that day's dinner, and at least three notes of invitation were being despatched and their answers received before Mr. Gurney left the breakfast-table, which he did ten minutes before the rest, to start for town. They seem to think nothing of giving short notice at Upton. After breakfast, to my surprise, one of the girls ushered me into my bedroom with 'We generally separate for the morning, but meet at twelve to read with John (the invalid brother); perhaps thee'd like to join us.' I assented, and was left to my meditations in my pleasant room overlooking the front door, where the numerous departures and arrivals amused me exceedingly. There appears to be plenty of business in the house, if one may judge by the noise, callings, and runnings without end. I came down at twelve, when some of the party settled to drawing, others to working, whilst their brother read to them. The bringing in of the letters was followed by a variety of exclamations over their contents. Then callers came, one party after another driving up in pony-chaises, most of them sons or daughters of the celebrated Mrs. Fry. Luncheon—a famous hot meal at one—put a final end to further literary pursuits. All the arrangements for the afternoon—most various—were made at luncheon. Then we all dispersed. I was taken to

[1] His sister Richenda, Mrs. Cunningham.

Upton Lane, where I found Mrs. Fry—like the party at Ham House—quite full of business. There were already two persons waiting to speak to her, but she kindly came forward to speak to me, and introduced me to one of the persons as Master of a Coastguard Station, and to the other as a matron going out to some establishment in New South Wales. She was so taken up with this matron that I saw little of her till the carriage came with Mr. Gurney, who called out, 'I must go to speak to Betsy. O Betsy, here are these letters: thee must do so and so with them: do thee understand?' At half-past five the dinner-party assembled at Upton—a seven-leaf table. At dessert 'the little girl' was despatched to fetch a little boy, who was soon perched on grandpapa's knee, and before long was on his way to grandmama, walking along the table, amid exclamations of 'Take care; take him off,' which were perfectly unheeded, and he arrived at his destination in safety. . . . In the drawing-room three kittens are generally playing: a parrot named Thomas lives on a tree near the house; and there are besides dogs, doves, and canaries without end. . . . Nobody who has not been at Upton can understand its pleasures and its peculiarities."

We find one of the daughters of the house writing in 1839:—

"To-day Upton looks very gay, the men thrashing walnuts, ladders, pigs, and children adding to the bustle. The garden is brilliant. Feeding our deer with apples is a favourite amusement. Jacob, the

cockatoo, flies round the parish paying visits to our neighbours. . . . We are leading a quiet life but full of peaceful enjoyment."

Mrs. Fry had left England in the spring of 1838, accompanied by her husband, and their friends Josiah Fowler and Lydia Irving, for a religious tour through France, during which they had the opportunity of seeing and attempting to influence an immense variety of persons.

"*Paris, March* 5, 1838.—Our visit to the King and Queen was interesting: but alas! what in reality is rank? The Queen is a very agreeable, and even interesting woman. I expressed my religious interest and concern for them, which was well received, and we had much conversation with the Queen and the Princess Adelaide before the King came into the room. We strongly expressed to the Queen our desire to have the Sabbath better kept and the Scriptures more read. She is a sweet-minded, merciful woman.

"We then proceeded to the Duchess of Orleans; there we had a delightful visit, the sweetest religious communication with her, and other interesting conversation. We found her an uncommon person. My belief is that she is a very valuable young woman.

"The Queen appeared much pleased with my text-book, and the Princess Adelaide said she should keep it in her pocket and read it daily. . . . Our various books and tracts have had a very open reception, but we have been very careful when and where, and what

to give; although in some of the newspapers it was stated that I distributed controversial tracts, which is not true.

"I have failed to say what deeply interesting and delightful persons we have met with; amongst the Protestants particularly some first-rate ladies, who have been as sisters to me, so abundant in kindness and love. One has truly reminded me of my sister Rachel in her person, her mind, and her excessive care over me; she has felt me, I believe, like her own. The entreaties for us to stop longer in Paris have been very great, but my inclination draws me homeward. I am a very great friend to not stopping too long in a place. . . . We have been a united and often a cheerful little party. At times I have carried a great weight, hardly ever having my home party out of my mind for long together, however full and occupied. At other times our business has been so great as almost to overwhelm us—callers almost innumerable, and some of them on important business, and out and in almost constantly ourselves, so that I have sometimes felt as if I could not long bear it, particularly when I could not obtain some rest in the afternoon. Through all I must say He who I believe put me forth has from season to season restored my soul and body, and helped me from hour to hour. This day week I sat down upon my chair and wept, but I was soon helped and revived. I long for every child, brother, sister, and all near to me to be sensible how very near my Holy Helper has been to me; and yet I have exceedingly and deeply felt my utter unworthiness and shortcoming, and that all is from the fulness and freeness of unmerited mercy and love."

As she knew it better, Mrs. Fry was increasingly attracted by the French character :—

"Such a nation! Such a numerous and superior people! filling such a place in the world! and Satan appearing in no common degree to be seeking to destroy them: first by infidelity and so-called philosophy; secondly, by superstition and the priesthood rising with fresh power; thirdly, by an extreme love of the world and its pleasures; fourthly, by an unsettled, restless, and warlike spirit. Yet, under all this, there is a hidden power of good amongst them; many very extraordinary Christian characters; bright, sober, zealous Roman Catholics and Protestants; education increasing; the Holy Scriptures more read and valued; a general stirring to improve the prisons of France."

After her return we find Elizabeth Fry writing to Fowell Buxton :—

"*Upton Lane, October 27*, 1838.—How kind of you to help me and mine! . . . Sometimes I think it is almost good to be in limited circumstances, because we so often see the hand of the Lord to help us out, and feel the pleasure of being assisted by those we love. . . . How you must value having our sister Catherine with you. Surely it is well for us to have a single sister to go from house to house, and to keep up our family bond.

"I have just been for a turn out in Surrey and Sussex. In the spring I may go to France for a few months. What a field for service there is everywhere!

I ever desire to be kept from restlessness in my religious course, but my judgment and principle tell me to work while it is called to-day, none of my family now pressing upon me, and my dearest husband much disposed to accompany me. I do expect, if in mercy life is granted to me for the next year or two, to be called a little hither and a little thither, having no will as to the *what*, or the *when*, or the *where*, but that, as not being my own, I may be devoted to the Lord's service."

Baron Bunsen describes in his journal a meeting with Mrs. Fry in the spring of 1839:—

"*March* 1.—Lady Raffles took me to Crosby Hall in Bishopsgate Street to see Mrs. Fry, who was assisting there at a bazaar for the benefit of female prisoners and convicts. I think of all moments spent in London, the time passed here was the most impressive and striking to me. In the middle, near the front stall, stood a tall large figure, about sixty years of age, with eyes small, but of sweet and commanding expression—a striking appearance, not plain, but grand rather than handsome. This was Mrs. Fry. She promised, when we had made our circuit, to find a place in which we could have conversation, and this she did in a gallery overlooking that glorious Crosby Hall. When she stopped speaking, I said something of my feeling as to her work of love, and ventured to say, 'I have long asked myself why you could and should not devise measures for making such great and blessed efforts as yours, for so grand an object, independent of yourself.' In that retired place my full heart overflowed on the

subject. Every word found an echo. 'How much,' she said, 'of individual effort is thrown away, in our present individual and separate condition.'"

In 1839 Mrs. Fry fulfilled her intention of returning to France on a much longer visit, during which she visited many of the southern towns and the scenery of the Pyrenees. Afterwards she crossed France to Geneva, where the society was thoroughly congenial to her.

"My belief is, we were sent to that place where, amidst trials from different causes, there was a pouring forth of spiritual help and spiritual peace. Many of the pasteurs came to us, and not a few expressed their refreshment and satisfaction with our visit. Before we left, several of the most spiritual, in a very striking and beautiful manner, preached to us, particularly to myself, and prayed for us all—a time, I think, never to be forgotten by us. We had one of the most beautiful entertainments I ever saw, given by Colonel Tronchin at a lovely place a few miles from Geneva, the fine snowy mountains above us, the lake within sight. In an avenue in the midst of a fine wood we had a handsome repast, to which above a hundred persons sat down. The gentleman who gave it is a devoted Christian, a man of large property, and this blessing sanctified by grace. I visited a delightful institution for the sick established by him, and on his grounds. To return to our entertainment, grace was very solemnly said before our meal, and there was very beautiful

hymn-singing afterwards. Then we went into the house, where I believe the anointing was poured forth upon me to speak the truth in love and power. I had an excellent spiritually-minded interpreter (Professor La Harpe): many appeared to feel this occasion. A young English gentleman came up to me afterwards, and expressed his belief that it would influence him for life; and a lady came to me and said how remarkably her state had been spoken to. Much love and unity were shown to us. Indeed, I felt how our Lord permits His servants to rejoice together in love, and even to partake of the good things of this life in His love and fear with a subjected spirit, rejoicing in His mercies, temporal and spiritual. We had very great kindness shown us by many; among others, by my dear friend Mary Ann Vernet and her family, including the Baroness de Staël, with whom we dined at Coppet. The Duke de Broglie and his family were with her, and we had a very interesting visit."

M. Anet, secretary of the Belgian Société Evangelique, wrote long afterwards of Mrs. Fry's words at Beseinge (Colonel Tronchin's):—

"They were burned like words of fire on my heart and brain. We had half expected a philosophical discourse upon subjects of a philanthropic and general interest, but everything that fell from her lips was characterised by delicacy, extreme simplicity, and an ardent desire to draw our attention to our own happiness, in being permitted the opportunity for meditation on the one

subject which seemed always present to her thoughts, Christ Jesus crucified for the expiation of our sins. At this distance of time I have an actual realisation of the opening of her exhortation—'I think it impossible for us to be more profitably occupied than by employing the next few minutes in the contemplation of the love which the Lord Jesus has for us.' I was at that time a young student at the German school under M. La Harpe, and much absorbed with my studies preparatory to my entrance into the ministry; but those words can never leave my memory as long as I retain any power of recollection. After a little time spent at the large table with the host, the magistrates, chief people of the Republic, and others, Mrs. Fry joined us, a cluster of students and others under a wide-spreading tree, and through her interpreter spoke to us all with kindness and much judgment. In order a little better to understand the circumstances of that *déjeûner*, I must premise that above fifty persons having arrived at Beseinge, uninvited by Colonel Tronchin, but drawn there by an irresistible impulse to see and to listen to Mrs. Fry, the tables spread out in the avenue were found insufficient to accommodate all those assembled. The students, therefore, and the younger portion of the guests had retired to a little distance to a beautiful spot under one of the finest trees of the place, surrounded by flowering shrubs and carpeted by soft moss of the richest green; there we made for ourselves a sort of Eastern banquet, each reclining in the position the most convenient for the repast, and, supplied with provisions by Colonel Tronchin's care, the mossy bank became our banqueting-hall, the rough rocks which

rose here and there from that verdant covering our tables. Thus placed, we chaunted our hymns at Mrs. Fry's request, and then all returned to the house together. The rooms were full to overflowing; my fellow-students and I took up our places in the passage, on the staircase, and crowded round the open door, eagerly hanging on such parts of the beautiful exhortation as we could catch by the most breathless attention. After Mrs. Fry had concluded, she kindly came out among us, and expressed her regret that we should have been so inconvenienced. I can see her now, her tall figure leaning on Colonel Tronchin's arm, M. La Harpe at her side, her dignified, animated, yet softened countenance bending towards us. I can never forget it. Such occasions are rare in life; they are very green spots in the garden of memory—more, they are opportunities given for improvement, solemnly increasing the responsibility of each who participates in them. May I never lose the impression of that day at Beseinge, nor the holy lessons I then heard and learnt."

On Sunday at Geneva the travellers held two meetings at their hotel, several pasteurs and a great variety of others being present in the evening, some belonging to the Evangelical and some to the National Church. On this occasion Mrs. Fry read Isaiah v. and spoke upon it at length. She also prayed very solemnly for those who were present, for all who love the Lord, and especially for the pasteurs, that they

might be helped with wisdom and strength. The admirably managed "Maison Pénitentiaire" at Geneva struck Mrs. Fry very much, and she addressed the prisoners; only the Roman Catholics being forbidden to be present by their priest, though she assured him that she never touched upon the dogmas of religion, only the doctrines of faith and practice. At Lausanne, and many other places, Mrs. Fry preached in the prisons, drawing lessons and giving comfort from the stories of the Prodigal Son and of Mary Magdalene. In the following spring she was at Buckingham Palace. She writes :—

"(*Upton, Feb.* 1, 1840.)—We went to the Palace and saw the Queen. Lord Normanby, the Home Secretary, presented us. The Queen asked about Caroline Neave's Refuge, for which she had lately given fifty pounds. This gave me an opportunity of thanking her. I ventured to express my satisfaction that she encouraged various works of charity; and I said it reminded me of the words of Scripture, 'With the merciful thou shalt show thyself merciful.' Before we withdrew, I stopped and said I hoped the Queen would allow me to assure her that it was our prayer that the blessing of God might rest upon the Queen and her Consort."

A lady who was present at a meeting held in London by Mrs. Fry at this time writes :—

"It was really a most impressive occasion, the fine large circular building filled, I should think, by not less than fifteen hundred persons. She began by entreating the sympathy and supplication of those present. After her prayer, we sat still for some time, then William Allen spoke, and then she rose, giving as a text, 'Yield yourselves unto God, as those that are alive from the dead;' and uncommonly fine was her animated yet tender exhortation to all present, but more especially the young, to present themselves as living sacrifices to the Lord, to be made of Him new creatures in Christ—the old things passed away, and all things become new as to those alive from the dead. This charge she dwelt and enlarged on much; its character, and the Power that alone can effect it; the duty demanded of us—'yield yourselves,' and the infinite and eternal blessedness of this. I was astonished and deeply impressed; the feeling was 'God of a truth is amongst us.'"

At the end of February, with her brother Samuel, his wife and daughter Elizabeth, Mr. Josiah Forster, Mr. Allen, and his niece Miss Lucy Bradshaw as her companions, Mrs. Fry left England again on a crusade amongst the prisons and institutions of Belgium, Holland, and Germany.

It was very characteristic of Samuel Gurney that on leaving home he left a letter for his "beloved wife and children."



"Feeling the seriousness of leaving home at this time with your Aunt Fry, I incline to add these few lines as instructions to you, in addition to my will. . . .

"And now, my beloved children, seeing that it has pleased a bountiful Providence to bless us in basket and in store, I feel very desirous that the property you are each likely to possess may be in truth a blessing and not a disadvantage to you, religiously or temporarily. I desire that it may be the means of procuring you the comforts and advantages of life, and enabling you to gladden the hearts of your fellow-men.

"If this be its application, and you are enabled to do justice, love mercy, and to walk humbly with your God, then indeed will your prosperity be a blessing to you, and to those with whom you may be connected in life. If, on the other hand, it be applied to over-indulgence and self-exaltation, taking you off from the ground of Christian humility, then indeed will this gift of God turn to evil, and truly do I warn you all against it."

Samuel Gurney is described by Mrs. Fry during these ministerial tours as being ever her "faithful friend, wise counsellor, and most loving brother." Many afterwards mentioned the striking appearance of the brother and sister on their errands of mercy—the stately form, the strong arm, and unfailing self-possession of Samuel Gurney, as he sat by Mrs. Fry's side at a public meeting, or offered her his support in her visits to prisons and hospitals.

From Brussels Mrs. Fry writes :—

"After some engagements in the morning, we visited the King, who held out both his hands to receive me with real kindness, and appeared quite pleased to see me again. Our party were William Allen, my brother Samuel, J. Forster, and myself; and before we left, Lucy Bradshaw and dear Elizabeth were admitted to see him. We first had a very interesting conversation on the state of the prisons, and your uncle read to the King our address to him upon the subject. We had open, interesting conversation upon many subjects. We remained nearly an hour. The Queen was unwell and the children asleep, therefore I did not see them. We gave the King several books for himself and the Queen."

Elizabeth Gurney writes :—

"*Brussels, March* 6.—I must tell you of our dinner at the house of the Comte de Merode, of the first Roman Catholic family here. We were taken by our kind friend Count Arrivabene. The party consisted of fifteen persons, only two speaking English, and as it was Lent, the dinner was wholly fish. The Count informed us that Mrs. Fry must have no preaching, but although there was no actual preaching, still much that was very interesting passed. The Dean, who is the head of the Church here, and our aunt seated themselves in a corner of the room, and by degrees the whole party gathered round; the Count and Josiah Forster interpreting by turns. It was a critical thing to know what to say, as the conversation became more and more of a religious nature. Our aunt began on

the prisons, prevention of crime, and the way in which the upper classes were often the cause of the sins of the lower, ending by saying, 'Will the Dean allow me to speak my mind candidly?' His permission being given, she began by expressing the interest she felt for the inhabitants of the town, and how much she desired for them, as a people, that they might place less confidence in man and the forms of religion, and look to Christ with entire and simple faith. The priest said nothing, and soon turned the subject by asking what the views of the Quakers were; upon which J. Forster gave them a short account in French, which appeared to interest them all."

"*Rotterdam, March* 10.—Everything had been arranged for us by Mr. Mollet, and we started immediately after breakfast to see the celebrated prison for boys here. A large committee of gentlemen was waiting for us, one of whom, Mr. Sweingur, is called 'the Howard of Holland,' and I am sure Howard himself would not have been more interested in making the acquaintance of our aunt. The prison contains an admirable school for boys. Our aunt addressed them, Mr. Mollet interpreting, and Sweingur prefaced her address by a speech in Dutch, in which he described how she had left England, and was travelling with her brother Herr Gurney entirely out of love and interest for poor prisoners."

Mrs. Fry wrote to her children:—

"(*April* 6.)—Amongst other visitors at Hanover came the Queen's chamberlain to say that the Queen

wished to see our whole party on Second day at one o'clock. I never paid a more interesting visit to royalty —my brother Samuel, William Allen, and myself. In the first place, we were received with ceremonious respect, shown through many rooms to a drawing-room where were the Queen's chamberlain and three ladies in waiting to receive us. They showed us some pictures of the family, until Prince George and his half-sister came in to us: he appeared much pleased to be with me again. His sister seemed to be a serious and interesting young lady. After some little time we were sent for by the Queen: the King was too ill to see us. She is a stately woman, tall, large, and rather a fine countenance. We very soon began to speak of her afflictions, and I gave a little encouragement and exhortation. She was much affected, and after a little while requested us to sit down. We had very interesting and important subjects brought forward: the difficulties and temptations to which rank is subject, the importance of its influence, the objects which it is incumbent upon it to attend to and help in—Bible Societies, prisons, &c. We then read our address to the Queen, wishing her to patronise ladies visiting the prisons; it contained serious advice, and our desires for her, the King, and the Prince: then I gave the Queen several books, which she accepted in the kindest manner."

The travellers were most graciously received by the royal family at Berlin, especially by the Princess William, sister of the late King of Prussia. Elizabeth Gurney writes:—

"Our aunt's first evening for philanthropic purposes took place on the 13th. There is a splendid room in this hotel, capable of containing two hundred persons, where we have our reunions. At one end is a low platform, on which sat my aunt, William Allen, Lucy Bradshaw, papa, and Professor Tholuck as interpreter.

"It is impossible to give an idea of the intense eagerness and interest when our aunt arose. Papa having introduced her to the assembly, she began by describing the deplorable state of the London prisons when she was young, her own first entering those horrid abodes, the clamour that every one raised about her venturing to go alone and unprotected, the abominable filth and depravity of the prisoners themselves, the violence of the prisoners, especially the females—so great, that even the turnkeys scarcely dared venture amongst them; and then, very simply, she told how she and her companions were received, of their taking clothes for the children, and of the respect with which the prisoners soon welcomed them. Then she went on to express her own feeling about the introduction of Christianity amongst them, her questionings with herself, 'Would it be possible to touch their hearts by religious truths? Can I venture to read the Holy Scriptures to them? What will happen?'

"The whole assembly seemed to hang upon her words. Even those who could not understand English seemed to gather something by watching her and listening to her voice, and to follow her as she went on to give instances of the good that had been effected by the visiting ladies, such as the introduction of public

worship amongst the prisoners and the institution of matrons. Most eloquent was the appeal with which she ended, earnestly calling upon those present to help in the work, to lend their aid in the rescue of sinners, and to take an interest in their eternal welfare.

"Every one wants to know about our aunt's history. Where does she live? Is she married? And their astonishment is great when I tell them of five-and-twenty grandchildren, though it seems only to add to the respect paid to her.

"Princess William has been desirous to give her sanction to the Ladies' Committee for visiting the prisons that my aunt has been forming; and, to show her full approbation, invited the Committee to meet at the Palace. So you may imagine twenty ladies assembling here at our hotel at half-past twelve to-day, and going on with us to the Palace, whither the Princess had also invited some of her friends, so that we must have been forty in number, with Count Gröben as interpreter. When we reached the Palace, chocolate was served, which occupied the time till the arrival of the Crown Princess. Then our aunt was placed in the middle of a sofa, with the Crown Prince and Princess and Princess Charles on her right, and Princess William, Princess Marie, and Princess Czartoryski on her left, and a table was placed before her with pens, ink, and paper, exactly as in other committees. She read to the assembly the rules which she had drawn up, and which Count Bohlen had translated into German, and she afterwards gave a concise account of similar societies in England. When business was over, our aunt mentioned some texts which she would

read if she had a Bible—'Run, Marie, and fetch one,' said the Crown Prince in English. But little Princess Marie only brought a German Bible. However, the Crown Prince took it, looked out the text in Isaiah lvii., which our aunt had selected—'Is not this the part that I have chosen?' &c., and Count Gröben read it. Then our aunt said, 'Will the Prince and Princess allow a moment for prayer?' and all stood, whilst she knelt down in their midst and offered one of her most touching heartfelt prayers for 'a blessing upon the town, from the King upon the throne to the prisoners in the dungeon; and afterwards for the ladies, that they might be prospered and helped in the work they had undertaken to perform.' Afterwards, when many of the ladies had retired, we were left almost alone for half-an-hour with the royal persons, who showed us the utmost kindness, and desired us to come again to see them before we left Berlin.

"Great numbers of people come to call at the hotel. I have no doubt curiosity to see our aunt is the first cause of this, but when they have once come, they seem to continue, as if spell-bound, in her train, and to aid her in everything. This morning there is to be a committee; then till 12 A.M. our aunt will be 'at home' to take leave of her friends; then they go to the Minister of the Interior to talk about prisons; and then the ladies have to be launched in the prisons on their first visit to the prisoners. In the evening a number of people come here, besides which there is an institution to be visited. To-morrow we take leave at the Palace, and have two committees, so we shall have work up to the last moment."

SAMUEL GURNEY *to his Son* SAMUEL.

"*Berlin, April* 15, 1840.—We continue much interested by the various objects that come before us. We have many openings for religious and philanthropic service, and have seen many interesting people, having also had several interviews with the Crown Prince, who is a first-rate man. A Princess, a capital woman, the wife of the king's brother, accompanied us to-day over a large prison, bringing with her a charming little princess, about two years old."

Elizabeth Gurney continues :—

"*Dresden, April* 27.—The evening before leaving Berlin, we had a soiree of above three hundred people, to which two of the princes and two of the princesses came. William Allen addressed them about their poor, and our aunt again spoke to them on prevention of crime. Finally, our father thanked those present, and the royal family especially, for their kind reception of us. On the last day, when we went to take leave of the Crown Prince and Princess William, she also gave them a few of her sweet serious words — that they might both be of their Lord's vineyard, which was watered every moment. They were so kind to us, that we felt it touching to leave them, and the Prince said most warmly to our father, 'Good-bye, dear Gurney; you must come again to Berlin.'"

The travellers proceeded by Wittemberg to Düsseldorf, whence Mrs. Fry wrote :—

"(*May* 10.)—In the afternoon I visited the prison accompanied by my brother, William Allen, and Lucy Bradshaw. We first collected a large number of men in a yard, and I was strengthened to speak to them in the open air. The Pastor Fliedner interpreted beautifully. In the evening we had a very large party to our reading and worship; I should think nearly a hundred persons. My brother Samuel read Matthew vii., and one of the pastors read it in German. Then I spoke, enlarging on the present and past state of Germany, and William Allen followed with a satisfacfactory sermon. I then prayed earnestly for them, ending with a blessing. It was a solemn seal to our labours in this land, and one not to be forgotten. So has our Lord helped us, and regarded me, His poor servant, in my low estate."

At Earlham, meanwhile, life flowed on tranquilly.

CATHERINE GURNEY *to* HANNAH, MRS. BUXTON.

"*Earlham, June* 11, 1839.—I do indeed share all thy crosses, but am cheered by a text I met with just now: David in his trials (1 Sam. xxx. 6) 'encouraged himself in the Lord his God.' It is sometimes difficult to attain the feeling of this encouragement, but may we be enabled through all difficulties to hold fast the confidence and the rejoicing of the hope firm unto the end, that we may be made partakers of Christ. We are sometimes led through much natural depression and flatness. I felt this lately, being unusually alive to the pain of leaving Runcton, where I

found much opening for good amongst the children; but the luxurious quiet of this place is delightful, and I think I shall increasingly enjoy it."

In Norfolk, 1839 had been marked by the



OVERSTRAND CHURCH.

death of one of the Cottage Ladies, Sir Fowell Buxton's sister, Sarah Maria, who died at Clifton on August 29. It was a great family sorrow. A contemporary letter tells of her funeral at Overstrand.

"I cannot describe the luxuriance of beauty at the Cottage. The greenness was dazzling in the brilliant sun, the lawn gay with dahlias and scarlet geraniums, the fern-hill gay and beautiful, nature in perfection. But how things are mingled! Between the pond and Cottage stood a multitude composed of her school-children, boys and girls, the former in black pinafores, the latter in black frocks, and their teachers, and fishermen without number. At last the hearse appeared, crossing the lawn from the garden-door. We all fell in behind, with the children forming a line up each side, singing as we crossed that beautiful sloping field and ascended the lane. The Cromer people joined us on the way, her Bible Committee, and almost every one else. It was unlike every other funeral: there was something joyous in it, the hymns and the country seemed to bring heaven so near. Then we all went into the church, the coffin first, borne by twelve fishermen, full of grief. Next came Cousin Anna in her chair. The tiny church was crowded, every one in black, and beautiful were the old ruins, with the grand sea through the broken arches, a place of perfect quiet and rest. The vault was open, and dearest Harry's coffin before our eyes. Cousin Anna sat at the head of the vault, between it and the church, Spinks and Stephen leaning on the back of her chair, looking as if their hearts would break, and all the maids behind them. The ruins were crowded, besides the churchyard. When the service was ended, there was a moment's pause, and then Uncle Cunningham stood on a gravestone, without his gown, and with the sun shining through the ruins on his head, and spoke to us, describing her

character, her spirituality, her hopefulness, her charity, and her close faithfulness to all around her."

RICHENDA, MRS. CUNNINGHAM, *to* PRISCILLA, MRS. JOHNSTON.

"*Lowestoft, August* 20, 1839.—What an irreparable loss to the living! Yet I truly feel I envy dear Sarah such a holy and blessed departure! May dear Anna and thy parents be comforted with all the comfort she has experienced. How delightful she was! how bright! how full of love and sympathy! Who can ever fill her place? who can make up for her peculiar charms? How she is engrafted upon all our hearts!"

In the following year, 1840, T. Fowell Buxton received a baronetcy.

RICHENDA, MRS. CUNNINGHAM, *to* HANNAH, LADY BUXTON.

"*July* 9, 1840.—I will not delay expressing the interest I feel in your new and curious honours. I cannot but be much gratified with so public a testimony to the worth and uprightness of Fowell's conduct. . . . I have been laughing at the remembrance of those days when you lived in a cottage, and I used to save up all the sixpences and shillings I could scrape together for you."

Meantime Joseph John Gurney was absent for three years in America, moving perpetually from place to place, preaching and teaching in Ohio, Indiana, and North Carolina; at Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia; in

Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Maine, and Canada. At Washington he invited the officials of Government and members of Congress to a religious meeting, held by permission on a Sunday morning in the Legislation Hall, where he addressed them. From New York he proceeded to the West Indian Islands and Georgia.

Meantime, though it had been no small trial to some of the family that Joseph John had left his late wife's elder sister, Rachel Fowler, and not Mrs. Catherine—so long accustomed to the office—as mistress of Earlham, life flowed on with its usual harmonious peacefulness in the beautiful old home, whither all nephews and nieces needing change, or rest, or comfort, found a refuge with Aunt Catherine. The two children of the house, John Henry and Anna, were left to the divided rule of their paternal and maternal aunts, much preferring the former. Like their father, they lived by rule. The form which the young Anna had drawn up for the guidance of her own spiritual life still remains to us.

I. *My highest duties.*

A constant watchfulness.
Regular reading and prayer twice a day at least.
Keeping His glory, not my own vain ambition, in view in anything I do.
Worship at Meeting.

II. *To John Henry.*

Never to be out of temper with him.
Thoughtfulness to please in little things.
Never to offend, if I can help it.
To use a right influence in a right way.
To lose no good opportunity of intimacy, on religious subjects especially.

III. *To Aunt Catherine.*

Patience with everything.
Thoughtfulness to please in little things.
To attend to *her*, at the sacrifice of my own little pleasure, or even employments.

IV. *To Aunt Rachel Fowler.*

To subdue the least feeling in myself of jealousy or pride, in little matters especially.
To watch to please her.
To aim at comforting and helping her, and not to oppose her for the sake of having my own way.

V. *To Visitors.*

A general kindness.
No selfishness.
To do my best to use a right influence.
To get all the good I can from their example.

ANDREW JOHNSTON *to his Mother-in-law,* HANNAH, MRS. BUXTON.

"*Earlham, June* 14, 1839.—On arriving at this place of places, there were my darlings walking under the trees with John Gurney; it was indeed a happy meeting. . . . After luncheon we had a nice drive to Bramerton, where Aunt Catherine pointed out all the

points of interest. We drove through the common and village, and then to the gate of the old home, and after a turn in the garden, the ladies sat down there to sketch. The old gentleman who now owns the place has added a modern house to the fine old round-gabled building. We then drove down to the other end of the common, admired the view of the river, and returned by the lower road."

On the eve of leaving America, Joseph John Gurney wrote to his children :—

"I can look back with thankfulness on the nearly three years which I have spent on this side the Atlantic, from the evident efficacy of the gospel mission on which I have been engaged. Many seals to my ministry have been graciously afforded in individual cases, and I think my visit has been the means of leading many, especially the young, to clearer views of the religion of the New Testament, and to a firmer and more intelligent attachment to the rules of our own Society, than they ever felt before. So far from having at all unsettled their Quakerism, my ministry has been the means, under the Divine blessing, of inducing many of them, especially of the young men, to renounce the habits of the world, and, as a token of their allegiance to the Saviour, to adopt the plain dress and language, which undoubtedly becomes our Christian profession."

On his return to England, Joseph John made quite a triumphal return to Earlham,

arriving in his brother Samuel's coach and four. Mrs. Cunningham says :—

"John (Gurney)[1] would have his chair placed by the hall door, and sat there, I believe, for about two hours. Dear Anna went up and down in great agitation. Aunt Catherine and Rachel Fowler were walking about and watching every noise. At last the large carriage drove up, and who can describe the joy? In the text-book which he constantly used there happened to be the words on the day he left home—'He that goeth forth weeping and bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with joy, bringing his sheaves with him,' and by a strange coincidence the text which greeted his return was—'He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still: then are they glad because they be quiet; so He bringeth them unto their desired haven.' The next morning, when the family assembled for reading and prayer, and the beloved master had again taken his place as minister, Aunt Fry's song of praise and thanksgiving was delightful."

Mrs. Fry often recalled afterwards the exclamation of an old friend, who saw the happy united circle which gathered at Earlham at this time—"What! all this, and heaven besides!"

"What shall I say," wrote young Anna

[1] John, eldest son of Samuel Gurney, in very feeble health, was now living with his sister Elizabeth in a small house close to Earlham Church, in daily intercourse with his uncle's family.

Gurney, "of the three long years of my father's absence? I believe I may truly say I scarcely lost the sense of our separation *for a moment*."

Mrs. Cunningham wrote — "Anna hardly knows how to leave her father's side: we are sure, if it be possible, to find those two together."

One of the Ham House nieces writes :—

"Earlham and its inhabitants never looked more fascinating than they do now. It is a picture to see the aunts about, and delightful to hear them talk together of past days—all so full of cheerfulness. Our Aunt Fry amuses herself amongst the trees and flowers. Our Aunt Cunningham flits to and fro. Our Aunt Buxton talks to every one with childish pleasure and flow of spirits. Our Aunt Catherine is soon overdone: the large party is too interesting for her. At the head of the family group is our Uncle Joseph, full of calm dignity, delightful to look at, saying droll things as in old times, and showing his nine books of sketches brought home from the West Indies with great pleasure. His mind seems deepened since his long journey. Our Aunt Cunningham read us the LXII. Psalm, which is a good picture of him. In the mornings we read family letters all together. After luncheon we disperse, some to Norwich to pay visits, others to walk, or drive, or write. The Buxtons leave for Northrepps to-day, and we all follow to-morrow in our Upton coach and four."

MRS. FRY *to her Son* WILLIAM.

"*Earlham*, 1840.—I have remembered thy labours of love and thy desire to promote what is good, with thy exemplary fulfilment of thy various duties, and it reminds me of the young man spoken of in the Scriptures, who had kept the commandments from his youth up—how his Lord looked upon and loved him, but bade him sell all and follow Him. And my desire for my much-loved son is, that thou mayest give up *all* for His love, entirely give thyself to the service of thy Saviour, that He may be made to thee wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.

"Since I have been at Earlham, I have been enjoying the remarkable influence of thy Uncle Joseph's company: his state of mind is indeed remarkable, so beaming, so full of peace and love."

Mrs. Fry's diary says:—

"*Upton, Oct.* 6, 1840.—I returned from my Norfolk expedition on Second day evening. It was a deeply interesting one, and the account our dearest brother gave of his journey in his ministry was highly instructive, and combined with such deep Christian counsel, and his holy examples and enlargement of spirit made me deeply feel that the Lord had fully answered my deep petitions for him, offered years ago. For Samuel also, how my heart used to crave for spiritual blessings; how I used to weep for them, and strive according to my ability! And what men they have turned out!

"I was brought into very near and tender love and

unity in my Norfolk visit, not only with dearest Joseph, but also with my sisters Catherine, Chenda, and Hannah, and dearest Fowell and Francis, and some of my nephews and nieces, and Anna Gurney at Northrepps Cottage. Indeed it was like days that are passed, when a large party of us took a beautiful drive and walk on a fine bright day by the sea, over the fine heathy land upon the little hills. Surely the sun shone upon us in every way. And the next day at Northrepps Hall we had a glorious meeting; numbers of the gentry came to my brother Buxton's; and the truth flowed from Joseph's lips in ministry and prayer. The anointing, I believe, was also poured forth upon me in similar services, only very concentrated in the ministry."

In November 1840 Joseph John Gurney writes :—

"The extensive and arduous pilgrimage to America by land and sea has now passed away as a dream. I am at sweet, dear old Earlham, in health and peace, Catherine with us in favourable health and spirits, and John Henry and Anna my daily comfort."

In this autumn, the Irish famine was causing great suffering. Samuel Gurney writes to his son Samuel :—

"*Upton, Dec.* 1, 1840.—The present case of Ireland amounts to famine, and I cannot see how the want can be met, however it may be alleviated. All ought to make a sacrifice; not a pittance out of their income,

but by making a hole in their property. Thy uncle Joseph John Gurney and I have given £500 each to the subscription."

In the following year the Niger Expedition set forth. Samuel Gurney gave a large farewell dinner on the occasion at Ham House.

MRS. SAMUEL GURNEY *to her Sister-in-law*, ELIZABETH GURNEY.

"*Upton, March* 23, 1841.—I wish you had been with us last night. It was certainly a rare assemblage of interested and devoted men, and one which in all probability will never come together again. We can hardly anticipate anything so bright as a similar meeting, with the ranks unthinned, on their return from a glorious expedition. This would indeed be a triumph for the planners and executers of the mighty project, which we may hail as one of the noblest ever set on foot. So much seems involved in its success or failure. May we never have to apply the latter term to the Niger Expedition.

"The room filled rapidly. Our Uncle Buxton introduced people and led them up to our mother. The table was in the shape of a T, and our father sat in the middle. Our father made a good speech, and then Sir Robert Inglis and Sir Edward Parry. Afterwards, in the drawing-room, there was a short meeting, at which our father read 1 Thess. i. very impressively. Then our Aunt Fry gave an address, concluding by a touching prayer for those who were about to set forth and those who were to be left desolate. It was a very

striking and an impressive scene, where the young, the strong, those who had borne the burden and heat of the day, and those who were about to enter on their new life, were alike bowed under the solemn truths of the Gospel. Many were the good wishes Mrs. Fry received afterwards."



HAM HOUSE, UPTON (FRONT).[1]

A picture of Mrs. Cunningham's life at this time is given in a letter from Mrs. Johnston to her aunt, Mrs. Fry.

"*Lowestoft, April* 3, 1840.—A wonderful sight to me, as ever, is our dear Aunt Cunningham. She had

[1] From a sketch by Elizabeth Gurney, Madame de Bunsen.

been up at half-past five, breakfasted before eight, out immediately in her district, whence she had not returned when we arrived about one. Not one whit tired was she—'such a comfort it is to be able to *spin about*,' as she truly says. Away she went for another long walk with us till just dinner-time. Greetings in the market-places abounded certainly, for I think they speak to everybody they meet—inquiries, advice, good wishes, &c., &c. After dinner she and I went off to her women's meeting, a most interesting select party, which she manages, draws out, and edifies with her own peculiar talent. I could only regret that her audience was only about twenty. We returned to tea. They have everything in nice order and comfort. She looks so neat, and takes such thorough care of herself, as to excite my truest admiration. Then the place is charming—the house, and its views of the sea and glorious shipping; and her wonderful powers of singing, drawing, and walking are indeed great. I thought Uncle Gurney ought to know the extraordinary amount of good and happiness that his presents to them are the means of procuring for many. Money in their hands tells in the most curious manner, whether they use it in giving, spending, or lending."

Sir T. Fowell Buxton had written of Lowestoft:—

"No other place is like it—the wonderful activity, the thoughtful kindness, the parental care over everybody, all marked with generosity and true charity; the watch over the children when we walked through the town was amusing, with smiles and loving words."

A glimpse of another of the Gurney homes at this time is given by Mrs. Cunningham herself when she writes from Runcton Hall :—

"*August* 30, 1840.—It always fills me with interesting associations to visit this place, and its beauty and finish now especially strike me. With his children, Dan has the happy art of uniting indulgence and strictness. He is very particular with them, and will be master, but at the same time makes them at ease with him by his extreme kindness and affection. After dinner, all eight assembled round the table, and, as is their habit on Sundays, sang hymns together. Every child has a sweet voice, and they take different parts. My brother himself sang with much feeling 'Here we meet to part again, in heaven we part no more.' . . . The spirit of their blessed departed mother seemed to be with us."

And in the same month, she writes from Cromer, shortly after Sir T. Fowell Buxton had purchased the Runton Hills in that neighbourhood :—

"After luncheon we all assembled to take an excursion together to see Fowell's new estate at Runton. The day was brilliant, the country in perfection, with all the glow of a rich ingathering harvest. As we approached, we were charmed with the brilliant colouring of the fine purple heath, yellow bracken, and dark green of the oaks, while a perfectly blue sea was sprinkled with many ships. The little village and

churches lay at our feet. Really enchanting was the scene, as our dear brother, with his map in his hand, said, 'And this is mine: this scene, this valley, is mine!'

"Great was his delight in showing us his possession, and much did we enjoy ourselves—dear Lady Buxton climbing up and down the hills with activity and pleasure, Priscilla Johnston and little Andrew as gay as possible, and the sweet young trio—Chenda, Anna, and Bessy—the ornaments of the scene, radiant with delight."

XII

IN LABOURS OF LOVE

"People miss, ah! what opportunity, what kindness, what wealth of goodwill, because their hearts are lazy; not opening and responding quickly at the moment to the moment's touch. It is the want of love that makes us fail, not want of will to do right.

"We can most of us sympathise, but to understand is a subtler quality. Unselfish sympathy, that forgets itself and does not obtrude, is the sweetest and rarest of all."—ANNE THACKERAY.

MRS. FRY'S visit to the Continent in the preceding year led to her being beset in 1841 by endless letters imploring her to visit places where she had not yet been, or to return and confirm her work in those she had already visited. Those who wrote to urge her return included the Queen and Princess William of Prussia, and at the end of July she set out, accompanied by Joseph John Gurney, his daughter Anna, and her niece Elizabeth (daughter of her brother Samuel), who had travelled with her before. The last-named wrote from the Hague:—

"(*August* 5, 1841.)—Our aunt had preceded us to the residence of Princess Frederic, and when Anna and

I arrived, we found her seated by the Princess, with the little Princess and Prince Frederic at her feet. The baby of five weeks old was brought in on a cushion, and our aunt kissed it and gave it her blessing. . . . 'Don't forget your little Prince,' said Prince Frederic of four years old, as he escorted us to the carriage."

"(*August* 8.)—I never heard our aunt speak more boldly or more lovingly than she did at the meeting today. When she rose, after our uncle had spoken, every eye was fixed upon her, and she did give them a most touching and home appeal, expressing her fear that with many of them the world was first, religion second, and that this would not do—that all their profession, amiability, kindness, was not enough, and would avail them nothing. I need not say that this was mingled with such a stream of love and tender interest, that there were few dry eyes present. It was some time before the meeting dispersed, such love seemed to flow from everybody towards our beloved aunt. We went afterwards to the Palace, to the King, Queen, and their daughter Princess Sophia. Our aunt, as it were, introduced our uncle to the King, mentioning his slavery work, which our uncle then laid before him. The King afterwards asked our aunt of her private history, and how she came to think of the things which had so much occupied her—'If she had so many children, how could she leave them to attend to the prisons?' As the King made a move to go, our aunt asked permission to mention her wish for the King and Queen—'that their reign might be marked by

three things: that their prisons might be so improved that punishment might tend to the reformation of the prisoners; that the Scriptures might be freely read in their schools; and that every slave in their dominions might be freed.' 'This,' she said, 'is my wish for the King and Queen.' The King shook her again by the hand, and wished it might be so, adding, 'God bless you, Mrs. Fry, and bless all your endeavours for good.'"

To her husband Mrs. Fry wrote:—

"*Amsterdam.*—Our interview at the Hague with the King and Queen was an interesting event in life. I wore a dark plain satin, with a new fawn-coloured silk shawl. . . . The King, a lively, pleasant, gentlemanlike man, was in regimentals. The Queen, who is sister to the Emperor of Russia, was a fine stately woman, in a white morning dress, and the Princess was dressed like her. The King began a familiar and pleasant conversation with me about my prison work. I told him briefly the history of it, and both he and the Queen appeared interested. I then said that my brother had visited the West Indies, and would be glad to tell the King and Queen the result of his observations in those islands. This he did wonderfully well, showing the happy results of freedom. He also represented the sad effect of the enlistment of the Dutch soldiers on the Gold Coast, and how it furthered slavery; which so touched the King that he means to put a stop to it.

"I then began again to speak, and most seriously laid

before the King the sad effect of having no religious training in the Government schools and no religious instruction. He seemed to feel it, but 'what could one man do in opposition to the law?' We then showed him how it could be done. Our serious conversation was mixed with cheerfulness, even pleasantry. I was helped to speak very boldly, though respectfully. So did my brother Joseph. I concluded by speaking on subjects of philanthropy, also strongly laying before the King the state of prisons in the Netherlands, and expressing my earnest hope that his reign would be marked by their reformation, and by the liberation of the slaves in his colonies.

"The King then took me by the hand and said he hoped God would bless me. Then, in a little private conversation with the Queen, I expressed my desire that the blessing of the Almighty might rest on the King, the Queen, and their children and children's children. It was a pleasant and satisfactory interview, which I trust may not be in vain in the Lord.

"The next day Joseph and I visited the Princess of Orange, with whom we had had a pleasant conversation on many points. On the same morning I visited Princess Frederick, sister to the King of Prussia, just out of her confinement, and found her like other members of that superior family. My brother had also a satisfactory interview with the Prince of Orange, and appears to have made much more way with the Government than last time, so we may hope that much good may result."

Elizabeth Gurney continues :—

"*Hamburgh, August* 18.—At Bremen we had a very large meeting. I wish you could have heard Pastor Mallet's address. 'Your name has long been a word of beauty to us,' he said to our aunt."

"*Copenhagen, August* 25.—In the morning Mrs. Browne came to take our aunt alone to the Queen, who had come in from the country to receive her. Soon afterwards Anna and I were told that the Queen had sent a carriage to fetch us. We found her, with her maids of honour and our own party, in the infant school, and very gracious in interpreting to us what the children said. It was interesting to see the mistress take her by the hand, and talk to her with familiarity, combined with the deepest admiration and respect. The Queen then took us all over the house, and afterwards made us sit down with her in the mistress's parlour, saying that it would please the mistress to have us all sit there. The Queen then invited us to dine with her the next day, and begged our aunt to make use of a room in the Palace if she wished to hold any large meetings, and desired us to ask for everything we wanted at the hotel, as we were all living here as her guests. She also begged my aunt and uncle to use all their influence with the King on the subject of prisons, slavery, and the persecution of the Baptists, saying she considered their coming here as a blessing to the nation."

"*August* 26.—Nearly the whole of to-day has been spent in the prisons, which are in a very neglected state as to dirt, and the only religious book we saw all

day was a Jew's prayer-book. Yet I think they were better than our aunt expected, though we saw two poor men who had lost their senses from grief. The saddest sight, however, was that of two Baptist ministers, brothers, imprisoned in separate cells entirely for their religious views."

"*August* 27.—We were ordered to the palace of Charlottenlund, where the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel resides with his wife, who is sister of Christian VII. We found them surrounded by three agreeable daughters and two pretty grandchildren. The princesses took us into the garden, and to their boudoir to show us their drawings, and then up to the nursery to see the eldest princess's little baby. . . . All afternoon our room was crowded, and in the evening we had an immense party, which our aunt addressed on the subject of prisons. Our uncle followed, and, in a spirited and concise speech, contrasted slavery with emancipation, and gave a vivid description of his journey through their Danish islands."

"*August* 29.—At nine o'clock our aunt and uncle went to meet the poor persecuted Baptists in their own little room where they are allowed to assemble, and a very interesting meeting they had with them, encouraging them to persevere and sympathising with them in their trials. At eleven o'clock we set out for the palace of Sorgenfrei, where we were warmly welcomed by the Queen, and my aunt and uncle were soon closeted with her and the King in her little boudoir, and I know that they felt the two hours they spent there well worth

coming from England for. When they emerged, all were looking happy, and our uncle and aunt conveyed to us by their looks that all was comfortable. After an early dinner, we were obliged to leave, as we were ordered to be with the Queen Dowager by three. We found her in her palace of Fredricsburg, a nice, quiet old lady, full of love and benignity; she received us standing, but was very gracious. To our uncle and aunt she poured out her heart on her afflictions, and sweet were the words of consolation they both had to offer her. 'Que Dieu vous bénisse, mes très chères enfants,' she said as she shook hands with us. In the evening we had a meeting of farewell to our friends, ending with a lovely prayer from my aunt."

"(*August* 30.)—Business abounded as the day advanced, and it became doubtful whether we should be able to leave by the afternoon packet—three visits before breakfast was over, then finishing documents for the King, whilst a large committee about prisons was gathering in the *table-d'hôte* room, and our own room also filling. . . . By dint of the greatest efforts on our uncle's part, a good committee of ladies and gentlemen was formed in two hours; but people talked at such a pace that it was tremendously hard work. Then our uncle's letters to the King had to be copied, and then came callers without end, and at twelve we had to be with the Queen at the town palace of Marienburg. Here we found her just arrived and surrounded by her ladies, and were again most kindly welcomed, and sat with her in the King's boudoir, a pretty room surrounded with good paintings. I wish you could

have heard our aunt's final address to the Queen, and seen how deeply it was felt, not only by her Majesty, but by the Princesses and ladies present. The poor Queen was most deeply affected. Then my uncle added a few sentences in French, expressing thanks for the generous way in which they had been received, and adding his wishes for the whole royal family. I am sure there was not a dry eye in the room as the Queen kissed us, hardly able to utter a word. 'Priez pour Danemark; que Dieu vous bénisse tous,' was all she could say, and her poor ladies were as bad. They came with us to the door, and we drove off without saying much. They followed us with waving handkerchiefs from the palace windows, until we had left the square. Many dined with us before we left, but several ladies, young and old, dropped off from the table drowned in tears. . . . At three we left Copenhagen: strange has been our sojourn there, and most interesting."

"*Pyrmont, Sept.* 5.—The meeting was in the Friends' Meeting-house. Many attended—a strange society, ladies elegantly dressed, peasants in bright costume, men with pipes, but all attentive and deeply interested. In the evening there was a large gathering at our hotel. Madame Behrens, the Jewess, was delighted to show us her little daughter Elizabeth, born soon after we were here last year, and named after my aunt."

MRS. FRY *to her Son* WILLIAM.

"*Pyrmont*, 1841.—We ended very satisfactorily at Hamburg, with a large company in the evening at the

hotel. A lady's committee was formed for visiting the prisons, and I weightily laid before them once more the subject of religious liberty and toleration. We expressed our entire disapprobation of religious intolerance, and I am not without a hope that it may please Providence to bless our labours, and that in many of the Free Towns of Germany liberty of conscience will be granted.

"We slept at a large town in the Hanoverian dominion, and, to our surprise, met at the hotel an invitation to see the prison next morning. We found three valuable pastors waiting for us, and many ladies, and the chaplain of the prison offered to collect the prisoners in the chapel. From three to four hundred assembled, and we had an interesting meeting. I think many ladies will now visit the prisons.

"These openings of Providence, unsought for, are very striking, and the love and unity we meet with from those who serve the same Lord. As we were going out of the town, a pine-apple and flowers were put into the carriage. Here, at Pyrmont, we have a most cordial reception from Friends, people appear *very* glad to see us, even at the hotel, where we had been before."

Mrs. Fry used often afterwards to describe to her grandchildren her visit to a prison in Hanover.

"I found there more than a thousand prisoners (mostly confined for small crimes), loaded with heavy chains. I was so touched by their misery that it

tempted me to represent the cruelty and injustice of their treatment to the Government. A few weeks after, when I visited the prison again, I found, to my surprise and pleasure, that my remonstrance had been listened to, and the chains taken off all the prisoners except one most unruly man. I suppose they knew through whom they were freed from their chains, for I can never forget their heartfelt expressions of joy and gratitude at seeing me."

On another occasion she said :—

"When I visited the prison the second time, I could not help being rather amused, though at the same time grieved, when I remarked a number of little leaden images of the Virgin. Mentioning that they were not there when I was there before, I was told that, after my departure, the prisoners had been so impressed by the importance of religion that they had each *bought a Virgin!*"

A vivid picture of Elizabeth Fry in her visits to foreign prisons is given in Mrs. T. Geldart's "Pathway of Love."

"See her tall figure, in her simple but always tasteful dress, sitting in the prison chapel amidst convicts in a foreign land, with six or eight companions besides the governor; at the bottom of the room a cluster of gensdarmes and turnkeys, and in the middle of the chapel rough depraved-looking men in their prison dress. Being permitted to address them, she opened

her discourse with an account of the conversion of Mary Magdalene,[1] of her loving much because she had much forgiven, and spoke in a strain of encouragement and hope to the penitent sinners.

"The hard men had never heard such tones before, they may have brought back the spirit of the mother's cradle-song to their hearts, or the dream of childhood in its comparative innocence. They listened with intense interest and with earnest wonder, and many a tear fell from the eye of the hardened sinner."

The story of the journey is continued by Elizabeth Gurney :—

"*Hirschberg in Silesia, Sept.* 17.—The first object in reaching Berlin was to accomplish a good letter to the King of Hanover, in which my aunt fully and openly expressed her mind to his Majesty, and was bold in acknowledging the discontent of his people, and pointing out the importance of redressing grievances before his blind son came to the throne. He never had the truth so plainly told him before, I fully believe.

"A large meeting was held in the evening. . . . All seem delighted with my uncle, and astonished that three

[1] Mrs. Fry frequently spoke in prisons on this subject. Thomas Carlyle used to tell of having once been with Elizabeth Fry in Newgate, where "she read the story of Mary Magdalen in those silver tones of hers : it went from the heart, and therefore to the heart : there was nothing theatrical about it. Mrs. Fry and one or two Quakeresses who were with her looked like a little spot of purity in a great sweltering mass of corruption." See "Journals of Caroline Fox."

such persons as my aunt, my father, and my uncle should be found in one family. Every one seemed touched by our aunt's address, expressing at the end her extreme interest in the people of this town, and reminding them of the great loss they had sustained in the death of their most estimable King, saying how since her visit last year she had been called into much sympathy with them in his end, and that she had joined with them in thanksgivings that such a successor had been found to take his place."

"*September* 13.—The Crown Prince of Bavaria, nephew of the Queen of Prussia, was amongst other callers. Our aunt was delighted with him, and he appeared interested in seeing her. . . . In the evening, at a large soiree, the tale of emancipation and prison discipline was again addressed to an attentive audience."

"*Schmiedeberg, Sept.* 19.—We moved from Hirschberg yesterday to be near Fischbach. Our little hotel is built over a running stream, which sounds deliciously this hot day; close by is the old grey church, from which the solemn chaunt of the Lutheran worship is borne to us on the breeze; and the hills in the background, and the peaceful valleys, all add to the beauty of the scene. The peasants seldom wear shoes and stockings, yet their head-dresses are elegant, with flowing bands of muslin and ribands. They are a remarkably civil and interesting people, and always willing to enter into conversation. But I have run on thus far without entering upon the strange and eventful life we are leading.

"The morning after our arrival we received a note from Fischbach from Princess William, full of welcome, and overflowing with pleasure at the thought of seeing our aunt again; and at two o'clock you might have seen us behind our four good post-horses on our way to Fischbach. On driving across a moat into a fine old court, we were met at the hall door by Mademoiselle Obstfelder, who left us in a room whilst she let the Princess know of our arrival. But soon we were sent for, and received with hearty kisses and in a most gracious manner. The Countess Réden was there, talking English perfectly—an excellent christian lady belonging to one of the first families in Silesia. Whilst we were sitting with Princess William, her daughter Marie came in, a very sweet and lovely girl.[1] The King arrives to-day. Re-entering the drawing-room, we found Prince William with his sons Waldemar and Adalbert, and Prince Charles of Prussia. We dined at four, the royal family walking down first. The dining-room was separated from the house, but connected with it by a covered walk: its large windows opened into a gay garden, with the blue mountains behind. Our aunt sat by Countess Réden, who served as interpreter to the Princess, and made herself most agreeable. After the tables were cleared, the elders took their seat at one end, and all the rest had a good game at battledore and shuttlecock, about twenty playing at once. A walk in the garden was next proposed, and we rambled about with Princess Marie till the arrival of the Queen of Prussia was announced

[1] Afterwards Queen of Bavaria.

—in an open phaeton and four, with outriders. A great stiffness of etiquette then seemed to fall upon the party, and the whole royal family stood round the door. The Queen had only arrived from Breslau that day, and this was her first visit. All the other ladies bowed and knelt to kiss her hand, but our aunt stood upright and unbending, though she received none the less warm kiss for all that. The Queen then graciously crossed the room to shake hands with me. I think there were ten of the royal family present, all apparently subject to such strict rules of etiquette, that I was glad I was not one of them. At seven we left, having felt it most pleasant and interesting to be thus thrown into this family group. I wish that you could see Princess William, Countess Réden, and our aunt together—such a trio; and with something alike in the manner of all three."

"*Hirschburg, Sept.* 20.—The three royal residences, Fischbach, Erdmansdorf, and Schildau, are palaces of beauty. . . . Countess Réden is truly a wonderful person, so beaming with goodness. Many of the magnificent mountains belong to 'die Gräfin,' as she is called here—a complete mother in Israel, which is especially manifested by her being the counsellor and protector of four hundred poor Tyrolese, who fled from their country in 1838 on account of religious persecution, and settled in a lovely valley close to Erdmansdorf, under the protection of the late King, in little Swiss cottages which he built for them, having sent his chaplain Strauss to the Tyrol to inquire into their religion before he would allow them to come.

Countess Réden, who was a near friend of the late King, and is a friend of all the present royal family, did all she could for them, established a school for them, and is considered the very life of the party. She lives in the lovely château of Buchwald, the land for six miles round belonging to her—a beautiful combination of lake, mountain, and woodland scenery. Her husband died many years ago, but her sister lives with her.

"It was arranged by the Queen and Princess Frederic of the Netherlands (sister of the King of Prussia) that we should be at their palaces in the morning; so at eleven we started for the King's palace at Erdmansdorf. The King was not expected to arrive from Warsaw till the next day. Erdmansdorf is a truly picturesque spot, and the view from the balcony in front of the house is down a clearing of the valley arranged as a beautiful garden, with waterfalls, fountains, lakes, walks, and statues, which in its contrast with the mountains is unspeakably lovely. Here, with a lady in waiting, and the Countess Réden and her sister, we sat waiting for the Queen, who, as soon as she appeared, took our aunt, our uncle, and the Countess Réden into the next room. . . . Our aunt's part of the visit went off most satisfactorily, the Queen looked so pleased and gracious, and spoke with such heart of her wish to join the Countess Réden's reunion in the evening. For the Countess was bent upon my aunt and uncle having a meeting with her 'Tyrolese,' and had sent sixty miles for an interpreter to be at her residence, Buchwald, at the time appointed for the meeting.

"On leaving Erdmansdorf we went direct to Schildau, perhaps the prettiest of the royal residences. It was the gift of the late King to his daughter, Princess Frederic of the Netherlands. Here we found Prince Frederic (brother of the King of the Netherlands) whom we had visited at the Hague, and Prince Charles. We all stood for some time talking in the verandah, which overlooks the garden, bright with dahlias, with the fine mountain called Schneekopf in front. The Princess, who was much attached to her father, the late King, had felt much returning here, as she had not been here since his death, and she poured out her heart to our aunt, her eyes filled with tears. Then a walk round the garden was proposed, the Princess giving her arm to our aunt. On our return, Prince Frederic brought us a fine plate of peaches, with which we seated ourselves again in the verandah. A conversation on common philanthropic objects followed. Afterwards our aunt said very sweetly and solemnly, 'Whilst I have been walking in this lovely garden and beautiful palace, I have been thinking of the text —"The Lord has given thee of the fatness of the land and of the dew of heaven," and in my mind I have applied it to our dear Prince and Princess. He has indeed given you of the fatness of the land, and may He, through the richness of His mercy, grant you also the dew of heaven.' Afterwards the royal couple rose and affectionately parted with us. 'I often think, dearest Mrs. Fry,' said the Princess, 'when I look at my little baby, of your words to it at the Hague— "May it be blessed and prove a blessing to others!"'

"Our next point was Buchwald, where we were to

finish the day. Countess Réden and her sister met us at the top of the flight of steps that leads to the house, and gave us a hearty kiss of welcome, and we were introduced to her guests, the Princess of Holstein-Richtofien and her daughter, Count Stolberg and his niece, Countess Helen Stolberg. At three we dined on trout and roebuck, &c. Afterwards, whilst our aunt had her rest, we strolled about the grounds with Countess Réden, who interested us extremely by her wonderful anecdotes, and by her tales of her husband, who founded the Bible Society in Silesia, which is now such a large concern, 54,000 copies of the Bible having been distributed. We returned from the end of the garden by water, the boatman rowing us across, and entering into the pleasure that she had in showing off every new view of 'my dear Buchland,' as she called it. In the evening, when many of the Countess's friends had come, my aunt told the story of her early life, which the Countess interpreted, and which was received with the deepest interest.

"The next day was the Sabbath. My uncle prepared a document for the King after our little Meeting, in which thanks were returned for past mercies, and help implored for the weighty labours of the day. At eleven we started again from our inn for Buchwald: it was a fresh autumnal morning, and the country looked lovelier than ever. On reaching Buchwald, we found the Princess Czartoryski, terribly altered by illness, but she made an effort to go on with us to Fischbach. Countess Réden had brought two interpreters, Moravian Brethren, with her. 'What would the Princess like me to tell her about?' asked

my aunt as she was seated in an arm-chair, and it was agreed that the story of her own life had been so delightful the evening before, that she should tell it again. This she did, and by her own way of putting in a little here and there, she made it into the most impressive and touching of sermons. My uncle then asked the Princess to permit him to say a few words, which ended in a vivid description of some of the time he spent in the West Indies. And afterwards our aunt spoke again on prevention of crime, and the necessity for watchfulness over servants, and on reading the Scriptures; but in her own way, which strikes home to everybody without hurting any one.

"We returned to our inn at Schmiedberg, enjoyed our dinner, had a little reading, copied my uncle's letter to the King, and at six started again for Buchwald. The Fischbach party arrived soon after us. As the party began to assemble for my aunt's meeting, gentlemen from the court gave notice that the King and Queen were both coming. My uncle was not well, and my aunt deeply felt the weight of the meeting, which was in Countess Réden's large dining-room, gradually filled by Tyrolese peasants till it was crowded. Our uncle and aunt were placed in the middle of the room before a table. 'Now, dear Mrs. Fry,' said Countess Réden, 'we will begin with psalm-singing: then you shall speak, then your brother, and then we will have another psalm.' The psalm was very sweetly chanted, the King and royal family joining. Then from her seat our aunt spoke, addressing herself to the Tyrolese, who stood opposite. 'I have been thinking,' she said with great sweetness, 'of the text,

"I was a stranger, and ye took me in, naked, and ye clothed me, sick and in prison, and ye visited me," and I have applied it in my heart to your case, and the story of the late beloved King's dealings with you,' and, as she went on, she united the peasants and the royal family in a way equally touching and interesting to both. As she expressed her wishes and prayers for those in the most exalted station in the country, the King was moved to tears. Then our uncle spoke as to the duty of the king on the throne and the peasant in the cottage equally and readily to acknowledge Christ as their master and guide. Another psalm, 'Lobet den Herr,' followed, and all was ended.

"After the meeting was over, there was much pleasant conversation, the King standing in the middle of the room and talking most pleasantly to our aunt."

"*Dresden, Sept.* 23.—It was hard work for our uncle and aunt to accomplish their letter to the King and Queen, but it was finished, and I think a plainer document can seldom have reached their hands. Countess Réden, as friend and counsellor, came in to hear it read, and gave it her entire approval; after which we drove off with it to the King at Erdmansdorf. We passed through the delicious little valley where the Tyrolese reside, their pretty châlets looking quite in the right place perched on the fir-clad hills, or lower down in the valley surrounded by cattle and goats. On reaching Erdmansdorf, our uncle and aunt were taken upstairs, and my cousin and I spent the time in the garden till, after two hours, we were summoned. The King and Queen were then taking a most affec-

tionate leave of our uncle and aunt, with whom we drove on to Fischbach. They told us that their Majesties had listened to the reading of the letter with deep attention, and a conversation followed, which concluded by our aunt reading a few verses in the Bible, and offering most solemn prayer for them.

"We were late for the dinner at Fischbach, but as it was the King who had kept us, no apology was necessary. Only the house party and the Countess Réden were present. Afterwards we drove with Prince Frederic to see the view from his favourite 'hut,' and on our return our uncle addressed the party in French, our aunt adding a few words of blessing and of prayer—'that, with the prospect of never meeting again on earth, they might all prepare to meet in heaven.' It was evident that all felt her words deeply, but felt too much for speech. 'How happy I am to think that our last moments together were spent in prayer,' said Princess Marie, as the whole party crossed the courtyard and bridge to see us off. Then they stood watching the carriage till it was out of sight, and we looked back at the castle, with the Prussian eagle flying from the top, till we could see it no longer.

"On the next day we arrived early at Jauer, where it had been the earnest wish of the royal family that our aunt should visit the prison. Here everything was in the most exquisite order, and it seemed almost a perfect prison till we were taken to some sad scenes that made our hearts ache. We had heard before of Kreusse, the Gasparoni of the woods about Erdmansdorf, and of his follower Schulz, and found them in separate cells, chained in the most awful manner—

their hands tied to an iron bar three-quarters of a yard long, and communicating with a heavy iron round the neck by an immense chain; their legs also heavily chained, and fastened to the floor. Schulz had two great spikes as well, like those on a slave collar, only longer. These chains they had worn since January, and they had never been taken off night or day. Their aspect, certainly, was that of beasts rather than men; but then they were almost driven to despair by the cruelty of their torture: of course our aunt will represent this, and it will be altered.

"The prisoners were all assembled in the chapel, and the minister addressed them after they had sung a psalm; then our uncle and aunt spoke so impressively and touchingly, that even the jailor—his hands full of great keys—had his eyes filled with tears. It was a singular evidence of the love which, somehow, is always attracted towards our aunt, that though we only dined at this place, the maids were all in tears when we left, following us into the street with bunches of flowers and with audible blessings."

"*Cassel, Sept.* 27.—It has been a great interest to see Luther's birthplace at Eisleben, having visited so many of his haunts before."

In the first days of October the travellers returned to England, where it was a shock to her family to see how sadly worn Mrs. Fry seemed with all her fatigues; though she wrote afterwards that it was "quite an advantage to have come home so broken in health," such

"tender love and sweetness had it drawn forth" from her beloved ones.

JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY *to* ELIZABETH FRY.

"*Norwich*, (*April* 4, 1842).—My heart and mind have been much drawn to thee in tender love and sympathy. I rest in the sweet hope that thou wilt yet be strengthened in mind and body to do the Lord's work when and where He pleases, and be enabled to bear that measure of searching and proving which may be permitted to fall to thy lot. It is good for us to lie low, and patiently to wait until we receive the Divine sanction for arising in the Lord's own power for His service. In the meantime I hope that nothing will discourage thee, but that much peace, and even joy in the Holy Ghost, will be thy portion. I can truly say that all I have seen and known of late years confirms my sense of the importance and excellence of unbiassed, genuine, Quaker views and practices. But may we be preserved from the shoals on either side, for there is neither life nor safety to be known in them."

In this year Joseph John Gurney felt it his duty to espouse the Total Abstinence cause, and lend it all the weight he could by his own example.

In the spring, the King of Prussia came to London, to stand in person as sponsor to the infant Prince of Wales. By his desire, Mrs. Fry was invited to meet him at luncheon at

the Mansion House. A young girl, a relation, writes :—

"The King went on First day morning to St. Paul's, and afterwards lunched at the Mansion House, where he particularly wished to meet Cousin Fry; so she went, and was warmly greeted. The luncheon was a cold one. Cousin Fry sat by the King, the Lord Mayor being on the other side of him. Cousin Elizabeth leant back and said to the Lord Mayor, 'We must have no toasts to-day.'—'Oh, Ma'am,' said the Lord Mayor, 'we must have one to the Queen, and one to the King.'—'No; remember it is First day; we must not have any to-day,' said Cousin Fry.

"The King overheard, and said, 'Yes, Mrs. Fry, you are quite right; we must have no toasts to-day.'

"'Then wilt thou strengthen the Lord Mayor's hands?' said Cousin Fry to the King. 'No, Ma'am, his hands do not need strengthening; a word from you is quite enough.' And the King told Cousin Fry that she was the best friend he had in the world, and that he should not think of leaving England till he had paid her a visit at her own house.

"The next day, Second day, the King went with our cousin Elizabeth Fry and Samuel Gurney to see Newgate, in which he was very much interested. Cousin Elizabeth Fry read out of some book to the prisoners, and afterwards a psalm, and then prayed very touchingly, the King and the prisoners kneeling around her, all *equally* in tears."

Mrs. Fry herself wrote afterwards :—

"(*February* 1, 1842.)—My sister Gurney and I set off at eleven o'clock to meet the King of Prussia at Newgate. I proceeded with the Lady Mayoress to the prison, where we were met by many gentlemen. My dear brother and sister Gurney, and Susannah Corder, being with me, was a great comfort. We waited so long for the King that I feared he would not come; however, at last he arrived, and the Lady Mayoress and I, accompanied by the Sheriffs, went to meet him at the door of the prison. He appeared much pleased to meet our little party, and gave me his arm, and we proceeded into the prison and up to the end of one of the long wards, where everything was prepared. The poor women—about sixty of them—sat round a table, with many of our Ladies' Committee, and some others; also a number of gentlemen following the King. After we were seated, the King on my right hand, the Lady Mayoress on my left, I expressed my desire that the attention of none, particularly of the poor prisoners, might be diverted from attending to our reading by the company there, however interesting, but that we should remember that the King of kings and Lord of lords was present, in whose fear we should abide, and seek to profit by what we heard. I then read Romans xii. I dwelt on the mercies of God being the strong inducement to serve Him, and no longer to be conformed to this world. Then I finished the chapter, afterwards impressing our all being members of one body, poor and rich, high and low, all one in Christ, and members one of another. I then related the case of a poor prisoner who became truly converted, and became such a holy

example; then I enlarged on love, and forgiving one another, showing how Christians must love their enemies, &c. After a solemn pause, to my deep humiliation, and in the cross, I believed it my duty to kneel down before this curious, interesting, and mixed company, for I felt that my God must be served the same everywhere and amongst all people, whatever reproach it brought me into. I first prayed for the conversion of prisoners and sinners generally, and that a blessing might rest on the labours of those in authority, as well as the more humble labourers for their conversion; next I prayed for the King of Prussia, his Queen, his kingdom, that it might be more and more as the city set on the hill that could not be hid, that religion in its purity, simplicity, and power might more and more break forth, and that every cloud that obscured it might be removed; then for us all, that we might be of the number of the redeemed, and eventually unite with them in heaven, in a never-ending song of praise. All this prayer was truly offered in the name and for the sake of the dear Saviour, that it might be heard and answered. I only mention the subject, but by no means the words. The King then again gave me his arm, and we walked down together.

"There were difficulties raised about the King's going to Upton, but he chose to persevere. I went with the Lady Mayoress and the Sheriffs, the King with his own people. We arrived first. I had to hasten to take off my cloak, and then went down to meet the King at the carriage-door, with my husband and seven of our sons and sons-in-law. I then walked with him into the drawing-room, where all was in beautiful order

—neat, and adorned with flowers. I presented to the King our eight daughters and daughters-in-law (Rachel only away), our seven sons and eldest grandson, my brother and sister Buxton, Sir Henry and Lady Pelly, and my sister Elizabeth Fry—my brother and sister Gurney he had known before—and afterwards presented twenty-five of our grandchildren. We had a solemn silence before our meal, which was handsome and fit for a king, yet not extravagant. I sat by the King, who appeared to enjoy his dinner, perfectly at his ease, and very happy with us. We went into the drawing-room after another solemn silence, and a few words which I uttered in supplication for the King and Queen. We found a deputation of Friends with an address to read to him; this was done, and the King appeared to feel it much: then we had to part. The King expressed his desire that blessings might continue to rest on our house."

In April, though very unfit for it in health, Mrs. Fry took a great part in a sale at the Mansion House in aid of the British Ladies' Society.

"*Upton, (May* 8, 1842).—On Third day, the Lady Mayoress and I paid interesting and satisfactory visits to the Queen Dowager, the Duchess of Kent, and the Duchess of Gloucester. I went with my heart lifted up for help, and strength, and direction, that the visits might prove useful, and that I might be kept humble, watchful, and faithful to my Lord. I have fears for myself in visiting palaces rather than prisons, and

going after the rich rather than the poor, lest my eyes should become blinded, or I should fall away in anything from the simple pure standard of truth and righteousness. We first called on the Duchess of Kent, and had interesting conversation about our dear young Queen, Prince Albert, and their little ones. We spoke of the sale, my foreign journey, the King of the Belgians, and other matters. I desired wherever I could to throw in a hint of a spiritual kind, and was enabled to do it. I gave the Duchess some papers with a note to Prince Albert, requesting him to lay the suffering state of the Waldenses from their fresh persecutions before the Queen.

"We next visited the Queen Dowager, and met her sister, and the Duchess of Saxe-Weimar with her children. We had a delightful time, much lively and edifying conversation upon the state of religion in Europe, particularly amongst the higher classes, and the great advancement of late years in the conduct and conversation of the great in this world."

XIII

THE FIFTH PHASE OF EARLHAM

"She never found fault with you, never implied
You wrong by her right, and yet men at her side
Grew nobler, girls purer, as through the whole town
The children were gladder that pulled at her gown;
None knelt at her feet, confessed lovers in thrall,
They knelt more to God than before, that was all:
If you praised her as charming, some asked what you meant,
But the charm of her presence was felt—when she went."

E. BARRETT-BROWNING.

IN October 1841, Joseph John Gurney was married, for the third time, to Eliza Paul Kirkbride.[1]

The third Mrs. J. J. Gurney was of a most bright, genial, affectionate disposition, and soon became endeared to every member of her husband's family. Born of a Quaker family, and strictly brought up in accordance with the tenets of the Society of Friends, she was free from all narrowness and illiberality. She had been early engaged to John L. Howell, a young man of great promise, who died (1828) before their marriage, and, while full of this great

[1] Fifth daughter of Joseph and Mary Paul Kirkbride, born in Philadelphia, April 6, 1800.

sorrow, had made an intimate friendship with Hannah Backhouse of Darlington, a minister who had come on a "mission of gospel love" to the United States. In 1836 she visited her friend in England, and then saw Earlham for the first time.[1] Upon her return to America in July 1837, Joseph John Gurney crossed in the same vessel, and her experience was of great use to him in his tour. When preaching in Philadelphia and its neighbourhood, he made his home with Miss Kirkbride's uncle, John Paul, and after his return he continued to correspond with her. In the autumn of 1840 she returned to England to pay another long visit to the Backhouses, and on October 28, 1841, she was married to Joseph John Gurney in the Friends' Meeting-house at Darlington. It was an immense family circle into which she was cordially welcomed, for though the only permanent inmates of Earlham itself were her husband's two children, John Henry and Anna, and his sister Catherine, she acquired no less than one hundred and nineteen nephews and nieces by her marriage.

"She possessed the happy faculty of drawing out the latent powers of others, and her conversation was rich with the ripened fruits of her large experience,

[1] See p. 90.

and marked with the christian charity that thinketh no evil. She 'opened her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue was the law of kindness.' Her heart instinctively prompted her to share with others whatever good she might possess, and when, as so often happened, she had guests whose conversation she thought would especially interest or edify her neighbours, they were freely invited to partake with her of the intellectual feast."[1]

Soon after the marriage of Joseph John and Eliza Gurney, Catherine Gurney wrote to them :—

"1841.—My mind and heart are so full towards you, that I do not incline to turn to other interests till I have expressed to you the happy impression left from my intercourse with you, and the true solid comfort I have in thee, my beloved sister. I am so glad to feel such a capability of loving thee and being intimate with thee. It is not for us to extol the creature, but it is good to love and value one another in its first subordination, and allowable sometimes to communicate our approbation and sympathy, to stimulate and animate one another on our way; and in entering a new period of life and sphere of duty, encouragement from those we love is a cordial. What a remarkable fulfilment of the promise of a 'hundredfold now in this present life' is your connection, and the whole history of your being brought together. I have no doubt that great

[1] Memoir and Correspondence of Eliza P. Gurney, edited by Richard F. Mott.



good will arise from it in various ways. The savour of your united influence will be thoroughly felt, not only in our own circle of relations, but in many others, I fully believe. For the sake of real good to be done and spread, I hope you will not be too exclusive in your plans about visiting. I told thee, dear Eliza, my regrets at Joseph's strict line and rule about dinner visits—it throws such a shackle on the intercourse with some first-rate society in Norwich—and I am very sorry that two such bright and polished instruments as you both are should be under what seems to me such needless bondage. This is my view, and I know that I have a particular dislike to rules and restrictions of this kind. I like liberty and following the common ways of society, unless a positive conscientious objection interferes with it. However, it is not for me to advise, or hardly to give an opinion to those whom I truly feel above and beyond me, as I do both of you; and if you differ from me, I shall be sure you must have good and substantial reasons that I do not understand nor appreciate."

ELIZA PAUL GURNEY *to* HANNAH BACKHOUSE.

"*Earlham, October* 29, 1841.—I have been longing to tell thee of our sweet and marvellously peaceful arrival here last evening. Nothing could exceed the perfectly familiar home-like feeling that was in mercy given me on entering this abode of rest and happiness, for such I assuredly believe I shall find it, through the tender compassion and unmerited loving-kindness of our gracious Lord. Bright, beaming, and cordial beyond description was the cheering and heart-tender-

ing welcome we received from these most precious children, whom I feel to be gifts of inestimable value.

"This morning, in our family reading, I was constrained to beseech that a rich blessing might be poured upon this gathered household, that the mantle of those who had gone before us into glory, with a double portion of their spirit, might descend on some of us, enabling us to discharge our relative and varied duties to the honour of our Lord, that we might walk in the light of His countenance, and in His name rejoice all the day. A hallowed feeling seemed to cover us, and after our private reading in our lodging-room, we had a sweet call from William Forster. Then we took a short walk, had a sight of the beautiful greenhouse (my bridal gift), and since luncheon we have enjoyed a social call from Anna Forster. To-morrow our dearest sister Fry comes to us, and Catherine on Second day."

Katherine Fry writes :—

"Earlham at this time may be compared to a landscape with an autumnal glow upon it, clothed in rich colour, warmed by a bright sun. But mists unperceived were gathering in the distance, the days were shortening, the trees were soon to lose their many-tinted leaves, and a cold winter was to set in."

"Joseph John Gurney's attachment to 'dear old Earlham,' as he used to call it, became stronger as in his later years greater leisure gave him more time for the peaceful enjoyment of it. How often we have seen him in the early morning pacing his favourite holly-walk with his old Greek Testament in his hand,

his whole face lighting up with genuine pleasure as some well-known passage seemed to rise before him in a new point of view. How have we seen him of a summer evening sitting at ease upon a garden-seat, delighting in the shade of his beloved oak-tree, the beauty and fragrance of the flower-beds, whilst finishing old sketches or listening to reading. At such seasons he would overflow with grateful expressions—'My cup is full; what can I render to the Lord for all His benefits?'"[1]

ELIZA GURNEY *to* HANNAH BACKHOUSE.

"*Earlham, August* 20, 1842.—Dearest Joseph and I often contrast our comparatively smooth path with thine, and conclude we are thorough idlers; yet we trust we are numbered among those servants who 'stand and wait,' and are really willing to leave our delightful ceiled house if it is required of us. We had some excellent service on our journey round the coast, and as to myself, I feel as if I had nothing to do but quietly study my alphabet. Whether I shall ever get beyond this seems rather doubtful, and I can truly say I have not much anxiety about it; but I do heartily and increasingly desire that an abundant portion of preserving grace may be bestowed upon me, and that I may be kept from hour to hour in the coolness, the integrity, the wisdom, and the stability of the truth, for how innumerable are the temptations to swerve from it in one direction or other."

Mrs. Fry's increasing ill-health during this

[1] See the Introduction to J. J. Gurney's Journal.

autumn demanded a total absence from the neighbourhood of London and its inevitable demands upon her strength. Her brother-in-law, Mr. Hoare, lent her his house — Cliff House — at Cromer, with its delightful sea-views. This was a great enjoyment, and its scenes were connected with happy days of childhood. Her sister, Mrs. Catherine Gurney, was with her, and Northrepps Cottage and Hall, Sheringham, and Cromer Hall, with their beloved inmates, were within easy distance. Here, from her retirement, Mrs. Fry worked ceaselessly to procure the ordering of matrons to accompany great numbers of female convicts on their voyages of transportation. She was also able to do much in the place itself.

ELIZA GURNEY *to* MARY ANNA LONGSTRETH.

"*Earlham, August* 31, 1842.—We very much enjoyed our stay at Cromer, especially the daily intercourse which it afforded with our precious sister, Elizabeth Fry, who was our near neighbour. She, as you know, is always engaged in endeavouring in some way or other to benefit her fellow-creatures, and very sweet it is to be able to be co-workers with her for a season in her labours of love. There are a great many sailors at Cromer, and we had some extremely interesting meetings with them (not exactly religious meetings),

which commenced in a very simple way. At certain seasons of the year, not having anything to do, they are often lounging about the cliff for hours together; and one day, looking over a tract which seemed peculiarly applicable to them, I proposed to dear Joseph that we should ask them to come into our large dining-room in the evening, and read it to them. He, being always ready to uphold me in every good word and work, immediately agreed, and so we strolled about the cliff and invited them in as we happened to meet with them scattered about in little companies. Quite a large number came, and I read to them the tract called 'The Two Seamen,' to which they listened with the most profound attention, and afterwards Joseph addressed them very suitably, when they departed apparently well satisfied with the opportunity. On mentioning it to our sister Fry, and also that we intended having them in very soon again, she seemed much pleased with the plan, and said she would like to be with us when we met next time. Accordingly a few evenings afterwards we had the room nearly full, and it was an occasion certainly not to be forgotten. The most profound silence reigned while I read to them a very impressive tract entitled 'The Roll-Call, or How will you answer it?' Then Joseph spoke to them, and dear Elizabeth addressed them very sweetly, and then appeared in solemn and most striking application. It was a time of unusual interest, and one which I cannot at all do justice to by my imperfect mode of description, the sailors were so deeply impressed by the whole thing. We had one or two very interesting meetings afterwards, but I think this was the most

striking, there was such great solemnity from the first, and the tract, which perhaps you have read, seemed so completely to rivet their attention. Then, when Joseph in a solemn manner exhorted them to be prepared for that great day wherein ten thousand times ten thousand would be summoned to appear before the judgment-seat of Christ to hear the last roll called, the most profound solemnity prevailed, and I could almost fancy that I heard the general response, 'How shall I answer it?' But I must not fill my sheet about Cromer, or I could tell you many interesting anecdotes—our visits to the cottages of the coast-guardsmen, establishing a library for sailors, &c."

ELIZA GURNEY *to her Sister*, JULIA CLARKE.

"*Earlham, Nov.* 25, 1842.—The delightful atmosphere which I continually breathe of love and purity, in which the spirit of defamation, of envy, of selfishness, has never found an entrance, is an atmosphere I have all my life longed for, and had quite despaired of obtaining—one in which I have continually to guard against the evil propensities of my own haughty heart, that I may not feel it a home atmosphere, that I may not appear an odd one in this precious circle.

"I think thou wilt like to hear how each day passes, that thou mayest be able to picture us. We rise about eight. At a quarter before nine the bell rings for family reading, and all the servants being collected, we make quite a little congregation. Either Joseph or John Henry reads the New Testament, and I often read a psalm or a few verses out of Priscilla Gurney's

collection. Then we all sally forth for a walk till breakfast is on the table, and afterwards my dearest Joseph and I adjourn to our beautiful sitting-room for our own private reading. Before this, however, I always go into the housekeeper's room and order dinner. Then Joseph and I take a long walk, sometimes in the garden, sometimes in the park. By the time we reach home the letters have come; these read, we go into our respective sitting-rooms, write letters, read, or employ ourselves as we like till luncheon at one, after which I often accompany Joseph to Norwich, and while he is engaged for an hour or two at the bank, I visit the jail or hospital, or perhaps make calls on the sick; and thus my time passes pleasantly till he is ready to return. We dine at six, and afterwards adjourn to the drawing-room, where we settle for a comfortable evening, having always some book on hand, which we go on reading, let who may be here, unless they are only guests for the day. John Henry is often our reader, when Joseph employs himself with his pencil, and Anna and I with our needles. On First day evening, at half-past eight the hall-bell is rung, and the Earlham cottagers, amounting, with the servants, to about forty persons, assemble in the anteroom, where we read to them, and often have an interesting little meeting afterwards."

A family sorrow met Mrs. Fry on her return home from Norfolk.

"Her lovely little grand-daughter Harriet Streatfeild, between seven and eight years old, was dead. She

accompanied her bereaved daughter to the funeral, and nearly twenty of her children and grandchildren followed to the tomb the first to be taken away—with the exception of her own little Elizabeth—of her forty-six descendants. Mrs. Fry stood by her daughter's side at the grave in East Ham churchyard. When the service was over, an impressive pause ensued; then, as the mourners prepared to move away, might be heard her gentle voice—'a solemn breathing sound'—as she addressed the bereaved mother—'It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good.'

"At the family gathering in the evening, after 2 Corinthians v. had been read, Mrs. Fry addressed a heart-searching exhortation to her 'children, grandchildren, and all the dear ones present,' to be ready when the next summons should come. Many other things were spoken by her. Then she prayed for all the three generations present, a soul-touching prayer, committing all to God."[1]

As her health revived in the spring of 1843, Mrs. Fry felt it her duty to pay one more visit to the Continent, especially to Paris, where she believed that she had work to complete, and friends "to build up in faith and hope." Her eldest daughter went to watch over her, and ward off all fatigue possible, and her brother Joseph John with his wife, and Josiah Forster, who were going on a more prolonged missionary journey, were also her companions.

[1] Memoir.

MRS. FRY *to her Son* WILLIAM.

"*Paris*, 1843.—You are all often very present with me in my prayers, and the remembrance of our last evening together at Upton is very sweet to me. May our love abound more and more, and our spiritual bond be increased by our abiding more constantly in Christ. I thankfully believe I am in my right place here in Paris, where I find a call for service in various ways. The Protestants attend our meetings in numbers, both the religious and the philanthropic, and we have had some private times of importance with individuals."

Mrs. Fry's Memoir tells how—

"On the 25th April, she waited by appointment on the Duchess of Orleans at the Tuileries; but finding some difficulty in fully conveying her meaning, her daughter was sent for to interpret. In a letter to her sister, she describes herself ushered into an immense drawing-room, the size and heavy crimson and gold magnificence of which exceeded any room she had ever seen. On a sofa about half way up the room was seated her mother; by her side a young lady in deep mourning, over whose black and white cap hung a large long crape scarf or veil that reached the ground on either side, her figure tall and elegant, her face and features small and delicate, her eyes blue and her complexion very fair—a lovely blush came and went as she spoke. From her dress and appearance none could for a moment doubt that it was the widow of the heir of France. Opposite to her sat an elderly lady, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburgh, her stepmother, who

had brought her up from childhood. These three were the only occupants of that vast saloon; the walls were hung with crimson velvet, embroidered in heavy gold columns, with vine leaves twisted round, and other things magnificent in proportion. The conversation at first was upon the Duchess of Orleans' affliction. They had each a Bible in their hand. Mrs. Fry read to them a few verses, and commented on them, on affliction and its peaceable fruits afterwards. They then spoke of the children of the House of Orleans, and the importance of their education and early foundation in real christian faith; the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburgh, an eminently devoted pious woman, deeply responded to these sentiments. It was an hour and a half before this interesting conversation came to a close.[1]

"Thursday was a dinner at M. Guizot's. Seated by her celebrated host, this dinner was felt by Mrs. Fry to be an occasion of great responsibility. She was encouraged by his courteous attention to speak to him unreservedly on the subjects which had so long been near her heart. It was no common ordeal for a woman, weak even in her strength, to encounter reasoning powers and capabilities such as his; their motives of action arising probably from far different sources, but curiously meeting at the same point; hers, from deep-rooted benevolence, directed by piety in its most spiritual form; his, from reflection, observation, and statesman-like policy, guided by philanthropy based on philosophy and established conviction—yet in the

[1] Mrs. Fry was again summoned later to visit the Duchess of Orleans, and with the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburgh she had many interesting interviews.

aggregate the results the same, an intense desire to benefit and exalt human nature and arrest the progress of moral and social evil, and an equal interest in ascertaining the most likely modes of effecting the desired end. They spoke of crime in its origin, its consequences, and the measures to be adopted for its prevention; of the treatment of criminals; of education; and of Scriptural instruction. Here Mrs. Fry unhesitatingly urged the diffusion of Scriptural truth, and the universal circulation of the Scriptures, as the most potent means within human reach of controlling the power of sin and shedding light upon the darkness of superstition and infidelity."[1]

The time at Paris passed rapidly in meetings with Protestant pasteurs, and in visits to institutions both Protestant and Catholic. In her journal Mrs. Fry writes:—

"*Paris, (May* 21).—My birthday—sixty-three! My God has not forgotten to be gracious, nor hath He shut up His tender mercies from me.

"The last week has been an interesting one. We were first sent for by the King. My brother, sister, and I paid rather a remarkable visit to him, the Queen, and Madame Adelaïde. To my surprise and pleasure, yesterday there arrived from the Queen a most beautiful Bible with fine engravings, without note or comment, given me as a mark of her satisfaction in our visit."

Mrs. Fry returned to England in the begin-

[1] Memoir.

ning of June, but her brother continued his mission travels to the South of France. On the Rhone steamer he fell in with the Abbé Coquereau, who went to St. Helena to fetch the remains of Napoleon I.

"I asked him if it was true that the Emperor became religious before he died. This he fully confirmed, having, as he said, received from those who were present full evidence of it. The Emperor declared he was of the Apostolic Roman Catholic Church; ordered an altar to be prepared for him in spite of Bertrand's unwillingness; confessed to a priest, who spent many hours in private with him shortly before he died; received the Communion, extreme unction, and other forms of that Church. I inquired whether all this was matter of form, or whether he really confessed his faith in Jesus Christ as the Saviour of the world. The Abbé declared that he did so fully and clearly."

Joseph John Gurney revisited the Quaker colony at Congeniès, where he had been years before.

"We have begun our family visit in good earnest. Seven sittings this morning. I believe they were not entered upon by either of us without some preparatory baptism of secret depression; but so far we can acknowledge that the Lord has been graciously with us on each successive occasion, not withholding a measure of His own anointing. There are several simple-hearted Friends here; but it was in a family

of Methodists, father, mother, and six sons (the aged grandmother being the only Friend of the party), that there was the most remarkable flow of the heavenly oil. The eldest son was on his bed of sickness; once a soldier, now evidently a child of the Lord."

The party crossed France to Switzerland.

"*Geneva*, (*July* 25).—The *déjeûner* with the pastors and others yesterday was certainly a highly interesting and satisfactory occasion. All prejudices seemed melted away, and hearty brotherly love was the general feeling. We had some intimate conversation with the Baroness de Staël, who made us a kind call. In the evening, at Colonel Tronchin's, we met about fifty people. We walked to the châlet which the Colonel has built as a refuge for convalescent invalids, presided over by a Protestant sister of charity. It is a lovely spot and contains nineteen female patients. Colonel Tronchin is a man of large property, who seems abundantly willing to spend and be spent for the advancement of the kingdom of Christ."

"*Zurich* (*September*).—We went, guided by our young friend Barbara Usteri, to call on Louisa Lavater, the single daughter of the honoured writer and preacher of that name. After a life devoted to the service of his Redeemer, he was shot in 1801 by one of Massena's soldiers at Zurich, and died after a year of suffering. Gessner, his son-in-law, was antistes to the clergy here for many years, and died in great peace, at a very advanced age, only last week. Louisa

Lavater is a refined and interesting woman, but very infirm. She received our visit and Gospel message with joy. We then went to her elder sister, the widow of Gessner, whom we found content, and even rejoicing in the Lord in her bereavement, in the belief of her husband's happiness. We afterwards called on Gessner's daughter, the wife of our friend Usteri, and the mother of four pleasing daughters and three sons. She greatly feels her father's death, and was much affected by the words of ministry which we addressed to her. The evening has been very pleasantly spent at the country-house, by the lake, of our friends the Eschers. There we met two country pastors, evangelical men, and some pious ladies. We enjoyed the beauty of the place and the company of our friends, and the evening concluded with the reading of 1 John ii., followed by silence and ministry. Lovely looked the lake, and bright the clean white dwellings of the people, under the moonlight, on our return home."

"*Stuttgart, (August* 19).—This afternoon our friend Koster called to inform us that we were to visit the King and Queen of Würtemberg at the country palace of Rosenstein at six o'clock; a remarkable opening after many delays and doubts.

"A pleasant drive through the beautiful pleasure grounds brought us to the palace of Rosenstein, and we were soon introduced into the drawing-room, where a glittering company of courtiers rather puzzled us, for we knew not which was the King. At last we were ushered into a balcony overlooking the garden and river, where we soon found that we were with the

King, the Queen, the Crown Prince, and two unmarried Princesses. We spoke to them in French and English on the slave trade, the abolition of slavery in our colonies, and prison discipline; Ludwigsburg; the cellular system; the Eastern Penitentiary at Philadelphia; and above all, the importance of promoting christian instruction at the University of Tübingen and in the schools. The King spoke of the change for the better in Tübingen by the introduction of orthodox preachers, and seemed much interested in the subject. My dear wife then proposed to the Queen our sitting down in silence with the family, which was immediately assented to. I was led to address them in French, explaining the object of our journey, and our lively interest in their family, as well as in the people over whom the King reigned; dwelling on Christianity as the only true means of making man happy, and expressing our desire that Divine grace, even the good Spirit of the Lord, might be bestowed upon them all, to qualify them for the fulfilment of their great responsibilities, and to prepare them for a blessed eternity. My wife afterwards knelt down in fervent supplication. At the conclusion the King rose, and shook hands warmly with us, expressing his thanks for the visit. We also exchanged kind greetings with the Queen and her son and daughters. I left my book on the West Indies with the King, and the Essay on Love to God with the Queen. Thus ended our interview, in testimony of our long-felt concern towards this royal family; the interview was short, but we humbly trust that the impression left is a good one, and that He who led into the service will bless it."

Soon after Joseph John Gurney's return to England, his dear daughter Anna—"the Flower of Earlham," as many affectionately called her—was married to John Church Backhouse of Blackwall, near Darlington. "Her wedding-day was indeed," he writes, "most happy, though I shed tears of heart-felt grief when I had parted with my child." Her cousin, Priscilla Johnston, wrote long afterwards :—

"A picture of her rises before me as I saw her on her wedding-day. Her pale, elevated look when she first entered the Meeting; her happy smile afterwards; her charming demeanour through the day, thoughtful of every one, full of feeling, yet perfectly herself—the stay of all others."

ELIZA GURNEY *to her Stepdaughter*, ANNA BACKHOUSE.

"*Earlham, Nov.* 15, 1843.—We miss thee exceedingly, my sweet child; indeed, I never knew how dear thou wert to me before, though of one thing I was always assured, that no daughter ever behaved with more perfect propriety and sweetness than thou hast done to me since I came into this family. And I need not say how deeply sensible I have always been of thy constant faithfulness to one who has indeed been the most indulgent as well as the most watchful of parents to thee. His own testimony to thy unvarying attention is of itself a sweet reward for thy devotedness. And now that thou art entering on a new career, and wilt

have new duties to perform and new difficulties to contend with, what can I desire for thee but that the same preserving and preventing grace which shines so conspicuously in thy beloved father's course may be eminently and continually spread like a shield around his precious child; that, in the beautiful spirit of meekness and humility which adorn him beyond any other Christian I ever knew, thou mayst be enabled to fill thy new and interesting position with true dignity, and ever so let thy light shine before men that others, seeing thy good works, may glorify thy Father which is in heaven."

Fifty-five relations had been present at the wedding-feast at Earlham, but the gentle voice and loving counsel of Mrs. Fry were missing. She was already in a very failing state. "Sorrow upon sorrow" had fallen upon her, and she was fast waning heavenwards. In the following autumn, too, her utmost sympathies were drawn out by the serious illness of her dear brother Fowell Buxton, and with feeble and trembling hand she still wrote:—

ELIZABETH FRY *to* HANNAH BUXTON.

"*December* 24, 1844.—How much I dwell with you in spirit! how near you are to my heart! what nearness of unity I feel with you! May we continually find our Lord's grace to be sufficient for us in our sorrows and in our joys, and in all our temptations!—a shelter from the storm and a shadow from the heat in our most

blessed Redeemer, even when the blast of the terrible one may be as a storm against the wall! I was yesterday in a deeply low state when I went to Meeting. I walked by faith, not by sight; but my Lord, I believe, was near to help me. Dearest Fowell, how he would have helped me! He has been a true brother to me in natural bonds and in Christ. May we eventually all be gathered together where we may behold the King in His beauty and the land that is afar off, and experience that all our afflictions worked for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. . . . I am, thine and dearest Fowell's attached sister."

Feeling that her active work must be now entirely over, Mrs. Fry had written to the Committee of the Ladies' British Society:—

"*Upton Lane, Dec.* 1, 1844.—Amidst the many sorrows that have lately been permitted for me to pass through and bodily sufferings, I still feel a deep and lively interest in the cause of the poor prisoners, and earnest is my prayer that the God of all grace may be near to help you to be steadfast in the important christian work of seeking to help the poor wanderers to return, repent, live, that they may know Christ to be their Saviour, Redeemer, and Hope. May the Holy Spirit of God direct your steps, strengthen your hearts, and enable you to glorify our Holy Head in doing and suffering even to the end; and when the end comes, through a Saviour's love, may we be received into glory and everlasting rest and peace. I hope to be remembered in your prayers."

To her "dearest Fowell and Hannah" she writes :—

"*February* 8, 1845.—I must try to express a little of the near love and unity I feel with you and for you. This morning, on my early waking, how much I felt bound to and made one with you. Dearest Fowell, how much we have been one in heart, and how much one in our objects. Though our callings may have been various, and thine much more extensive than mine, we have partaken of the sweet unity of the Spirit. May we, whilst here, whether called to *do* or to *suffer*, be each other's joy in the Lord, and, when the end comes, through a Saviour's love and merits, may we behold our King in His beauty, and rejoice in His presence for ever. For thee, dearest Hannah, I feel just the same desire, but as Fowell and myself are brought so low together, it made me feel fresh desire that we may also rejoice together. My love to you and your children and your children's children is *great*, and earnest my desire and prayer that grace, mercy, and peace may rest upon you in time and to all eternity.—I am, your tender, loving, grateful sister,

"Elizabeth Fry."

In 1844 Joseph John and Eliza Gurney made another tour "of gospel love" in France.

Eliza Paul Gurney *to her Aunt*, H. Paul.

"*Bordeaux*, *April* 21, 1844.—Thou wast probably aware that my husband did not accomplish the whole of his prospect of religious service last summer, and

therefore retained his certificates; but our dear sister Fry's state was so very uncertain, and her sufferings at times so great, it seemed impossible to think of setting out the middle of Third month, which we had looked to. However, just at that time a decided improvement took place, and as it was strongly her own wish that he should pursue his prospect, after spending a few days in her neighbourhood, we set out accompanied by Josiah Forster. At Rouen and Boulogne we had meetings, and spent ten very interesting days in Paris. The Baroness de Staël, the Countess Pelét, and the Baroness Mallet and her daughters were among our kindest friends. My husband had three or four meetings for worship, and, in unison with Josiah Forster, George Alexander, and John Scoble, held a large anti-slavery meeting. But the most interesting circumstance of our Paris sojourn was a precious interview which we had with the Duchess of Orleans, whose son, thou knowest, is heir to the throne. She is a truly pious Protestant, though surrounded by Catholics, and one of the most delicate and lovely-looking young creatures I ever saw. It is often difficult to obtain access to her, and we applied for an interview without much hope of success, but the answer was, 'She would see us with pleasure,' appointing the day. When the time arrived, we drove to the Tuileries, and were taken from one apartment to another, resting a little while in each, till at last we were shown into the most magnificent drawing-room I ever saw, and in a little while a graceful, slender figure, clothed in mourning, entered the room, and walking up to us, took my hand in both of hers, and in the warmest manner exclaimed, 'My

dear madame, I am very glad to see you!' She then welcomed my husband and Josiah in the kindest manner, and seating me beside her on the sofa, requested them to 'help themselves to chairs.' After a little friendly conversation we asked for silence, which was readily granted, and a memorable opportunity we had. She thanked us heartily with tears in her eyes, kissed me most affectionately, and we parted from this interesting creature in true love, and with a feeling of interest excited in our heart which will not, I believe, be soon destroyed. May she and her two lovely boys experience preservation in the exposed and elevated position which they occupy! and this, I believe, is the fervent desire of her heart. But, of course, they will be educated as Catholics, which is, I do not doubt, a real sorrow to her.

"The evening we left Paris we had a leave-taking party of about seventy of our friends, and a very satisfactory opportunity it proved, ending in a thorough Quaker meeting. Since we left Paris, we have had many meetings in the west and south, our congregations varying exceedingly, sometimes the great of this world, sometimes the lowly. The little flock at Saumur was extremely primitive. It met in our hotel, and after Josiah Forster had explained the object of our mission, there was a profound silence, which was presently broken by a neat-looking woman in a peasant's costume exclaiming with some earnestness, though rather timidly, 'I suppose Monsieur le pasteur will commence presently?' It was rather a droll beginning, but we had a truly sweet and refreshing meeting notwithstanding."

ELIZA GURNEY *to* THOMAS WISTAR.

"*Earlham, June* 29, 1844.—After two months spent on the Continent entirely separated from Friends, it has been very pleasant to find ourselves among our own people again, and we could freely acknowledge that, although we had felt sweet unity with many spiritually-minded people under different names, there is nothing so completely to our taste, so restful to our spirits, so congenial to our hearts, as a true, simple-minded Quaker after all."

ELIZA GURNEY *to* T. W. CLARKE.

"*Earlham, June* 29, 1844.—After holding fourteen public meetings, we reached Norwich just in time for our own Quarterly Meeting. We had about an hour to revel in the flowery loveliness of our own sweet home before the Select Meeting began, and never did two little children enjoy anything more. Just as we reached the park gates, the sun shone out most brilliantly, gilding the trees, the river, and the lawn, and making the whole a perfect fairy scene. For the first time I felt what a true cross it would be to me to leave Earlham, this most indulgent and happy home, so full of charm, and now endeared to me by numberless associations."

A letter from Anna, Mrs. Backhouse, describes her first return to her old home after her marriage:—

"*Earlham, (March* 3, 1845).—John Henry's most welcome voice greeted us at the Norfolk Hotel, and we

were soon bundled—baby, maids, luggage, and all—into the Earlham carriage. Happily baby awoke as we drove up to the door, and was in an excellent mind, and ready for the seizure which ensued; three or four maids quarrelling about him in the hall, and every one calling loud for him as soon as we got upstairs. We



NORWICH FROM BISHOP'S BRIDGE.

found Aunt Fry and Louisa, Aunt Catherine, and my father and mother all at dinner. But I must not attempt to say how they rejoiced over Jacky, or to give more than a very slight account of our visit. Aunt Fry and her suite were at Earlham for two or three weeks of our stay, and I had a delightful opportunity

of being with her. She is very sweet, but certainly her power of character is very much weakened by protracted suffering. Dearest Aunt Catherine, though feeble, was very nicely on the whole. She extremely enjoyed baby, who was charmed with *her*. . . . It was the greatest treat to see my father and his grandson together, especially when Papa was resting in the afternoon on the bed and baby came to him."

Writing of a visit to Earlham in this year, Baron Bunsen says :—

"Earlham is the image of a home of peace, activity in all good, intelligence and refinement in happiness. The simple Bible-reading with which the day begins in Mr. Gurney's house, short and earnest, accompanied by deeply-thought comments of his own, will not easily be forgotten."

XIV

SUNSETS

"Era già l'ora che volge il disio
Ai naviganti e intenerisce il core,
Lo di ì han detto à dolci amici addio."—DANTE.

"To woo us unto heaven her life was lent,
To wean us from this earth her death was sent."
COUNTRY CHURCHYARD EPITAPH, 1678.

MRS. FRY was in very failing health; her sweet voice and loving counsel were now generally missing at family gatherings. She, whom George Richmond had described as "an alp amongst women," was now bent by illness. She was watched over by one or other of her daughters, being often in great suffering, and yet able to pour out a wonderful stream of rejoicing, a perfect flood of faith and hope. "My dear Rachel," she said one day during severe illness to the daughter who was with her, "I can say one thing: Since my heart was touched at seventeen years old, I believe I never have awakened from sleep, in sickness or in health, by day or by night, without my first waking

thought being how I might best serve my Lord." At another time she said touchingly, "How I feel for the poor when very ill, in a state like my own, for instance, when good ladies go to see them. Religious truths are often so injudiciously brought forward;" and she went on to dwell upon "the exquisite tenderness of the Saviour's ministrations, His manner and tone to sinners." In great suffering she often repeated—

> "Come what come may,
> Time and hour run, through the roughest day."

Besides her children, her gentle sister Hannah, Lady Buxton, was often with her, and a great comfort. At one time there seemed no hope of her ever leaving Upton Lane again, but in the spring she was able to be moved to Bath, where Sir Fowell and Lady Buxton were near her, he also bowed by ever-increasing infirmity. Whilst at Bath, however, Mrs. Fry felt deeply the decline and death of her sister-in-law, Elizabeth Fry, with whom she had made many ministerial tours, and by whom she had year after year sat side by side in the Meeting-house at Plaistow. In August a house was taken at Walmer for Mrs. Fry by her devoted son William; but there was another office of love for that beloved one to per-

form by his mother, singularly suited to the bond of love and sympathy which united them, and eminently fitted to be—as it proved—his last.

"She had long and earnestly desired again to attend the Meeting for worship at Plaistow. It was proposed from Sunday to Sunday, but the difficult process of dressing was never accomplished till long after eleven o'clock, the hour when the Meeting assembled. An attempt was made on the 28th of July, but totally failed. Her disappointment was extreme, and the hold it took of her spirits so grievous, that it was resolved to make the effort at any cost the following Sunday. Her son William undertook to carry out her wishes. Drawn by himself and a younger son in her wheeled chair, she was taken up to the Meeting a few minutes after the Friends had assembled, followed by her husband, her children, and attendants. Her son William seated himself closely by her side, and a retinue of her sons and daughters around her. The silence that prevailed was singularly solemn. After some time, in a clear voice, she addressed the Meeting. The prominent subject of her address was the death of the righteous. She expressed the deepest thankfulness, alluding to her sister-in-law Elizabeth Fry, for the mercies vouchsafed to 'one who, having laboured long amongst them, had been called from time to eternity.' She quoted the text, 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they cease from their labours, and their works do follow them.' She dwelt on the purposes of affliction, on the utter weakness and infirmity of the flesh. She tenderly

exhorted the young—'the little children amongst us.' She urged the need of devotedness of heart and steadiness of purpose; she raised a song of praise for the eternal hope offered to the Christian, and concluded with those words in Isaiah—'Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty, they shall behold the land that is very far off.' Prayer was soon afterwards offered by her in much the same strain. One of those dearest to her was joined with her in that solemn act, who was never to worship with her again, till, before the throne and the Lamb, they should unite in that ineffable song of praise which stays not day nor night for ever."[1]

Her failing state threw its shadow into many of the Norfolk homes of her dear ones. From Earlham, Joseph John Gurney wrote:—

"I have been roaming over this sweet earthly paradise, for almost such does it appear this lovely morning: the sky is clear, the air fresh, the grass sparkling with dew, the flowers radiant. . . . Continually do I bear my precious sister on my mind. It seems as if she could not rise out of her affliction as in the days of old, and the consideration of her enfeebled state is often very affecting to me. And yet, while so much unbroken peace is permitted her, and given to all of us respecting her, mourning would be unseemly."

Mrs. Fry's removal to Walmer was accomplished more easily than was hoped. She wrote from thence:—

[1] Memoir.

"I walk in a low valley, still I believe I may say the everlasting arm is underneath, and the Lord is near to me. I pass through deep waters, but I trust, as the Lord is near to me, they will not overflow me. I need all your prayers in my low estate: I think the death of my sister and of dear little Gurney have been almost too much for me."

The death of her little grandson, Gurney Reynolds, on the 18th of July, was only the first of a series of sorrows. On the 15th of August, the lovely little Juliana Fry, second daughter of her son William, died after a few hours' illness. Then came the terrible news that scarlet fever had broken out at Plashet manor-house, the home of William Fry. The children were removed to Plashet Cottage, left desolate by the recent death of Elizabeth Fry, one after another being carried back to the manor-house as they sickened, and the servants who succumbed successively were taken to Guy's Hospital. But the beloved head of the house had the fever dangerously.

"All stood aghast at these fresh tidings, and with breathless suspense awaited the account from day to day, from hour to hour. 'He surely will not be taken. So fearful an overthrow, so terrible a blow cannot be coming.' Thus spoke hope and natural affection; but there was a response from the inmost heart of those who had watched his life and conversation, his

growth in religion, the simple earnestness of his piety —'Is not his Master calling for him?'

"For about a week, hopes were entertained that this most precious life would be spared to his family, but the fiat had gone forth and the summons given. On the day of the funeral of his little Juliana, he had asked to have his door open, that he might see the coffin as it was borne by, and then, to the nursing sister by his side he exclaimed, 'I shall go to her, but she shall not return to me.'

"The fever ran its course; the excitement attending it came and went, but there was no recovery. He was calm, even cheerful; there appeared to be little if any suffering; he perfectly knew his danger, saying that he should like to recover, if it were right, but that he was quite willing to leave it in God's hand. When one remarked to him how great a mercy it was that sustaining patience had been granted him, he held up his hand with a great effort and most emphatically replied, 'God has never forsaken me, no, not for a moment, and He never will.' As his last day commenced upon earth, with the window wide open by his bedside and the sweet morning air blowing freshly in, he spoke of the fair view to be seen from it, and listened with interest as the scene was described to him, the grey tints passing from the garden and terrace, and leaving them in light and sunshine. He spoke of his place, of his family, of his many blessings. Some little effort exhausting him, a stimulant was given. As he recovered, with a bright smile he exclaimed, 'God is so good!' These were his last words."[1]

[1] Memoir.

"Can our mother hear this and live?" was the natural exclamation of her children. But though she wept abundantly, almost unceasingly, she was able after the first to dwell so entirely on the unseen world, as to make the parting far less bitter than was feared. Such of her thoughts as could cling to earth were occupied also by his widow and children, of whom, in a very few days, the eldest, Emma, had rejoined her father. A grand-daughter visiting Mrs. Fry was surprised to find how cheerful and resigned she could still be under such a cloud of sorrow.

"'Christians ought to be cheerful in affliction,' she said, and, with a smile on her face, went on to speak of the present happiness of her dear son and grandchildren, and, though tears sometimes filled her eyes, her countenance would become almost radiant as she exclaimed, 'And they have entered into *everlasting* life.'"

After the loss of her son William, Joseph John Gurney, to her great comfort, sent Mrs. Fry Coleridge's lines:—

"An heir of heaven, henceforth I fear not death,
In Christ I live, in Christ I draw the breath
Of the true life. Let earth, sea, sky,
Make war against me, on my breast I don
Their mighty Maker's seal; they vainly try
To end my life, who can but end my woe.

Is that a death-bed where a Christian lies?
Yes! but not *his*—'tis death itself there dies."

To her daughter-in-law, Mrs. William Fry, Mrs. Fry wrote on the day of his funeral :—

"*Ramsgate.*—May God comfort us by His Holy Spirit in this our very deep tribulation. Such a loss is no common one to wife, children, father, mother, brothers, sisters; but remember, my loved child, that we humbly trust he is for ever at rest in Jesus, and let us in faith follow him as he followed Christ, and then all will be well, and we shall rejoin the beloved of our hearts in rest, peace, and glory.

"I feel as if I could do anything for thee and thy beloved children, and I trust that the Lord Himself may be very near to help and comfort thee. If it should please the Almighty to raise me up again, may I prove a true, constant, and most faithful mother to thee and thy children. What would I not do for this! May the peace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with us all in this deep sorrow, is the prayer of thy most tender, sympathising, and loving mother, E. FRY."

In the beginning of December a dear niece, Catherine Hoare, was also called away from earth a very few days after her infant son; and about the same time her son-in-law William Streatfeild, who had taken the terrible fever at Plashet, was obliged to leave England for Madeira with his wife—her dear daughter Hannah.

"Mrs. Fry was still generally carried downstairs in a chair about noon, and wheeled from room to room: she was dressed as usual, sometimes joining her family at table, and was able to look occasionally at a book. She now attended Meeting once on the Sabbath, her ministry often very beautiful, and not at all partaking of the sort of infirmity which clouded all earthly matters. She enjoyed occasional visits from her friends, and conversed upon various topics.

"On one of these occasions, to a friend who found her very ill and low, and who expressed a hope that she might yet be better, she said, 'I have not yet seen how it will terminate. Sometimes I have thought that perhaps I may be partially raised up, but I lay no stress upon it. . . . I have passed through deep baptisms of spirit in this illness. I may say, unworthy as I am to say it, that I have had to drink in my small measure of the Saviour's cup when He said, 'My God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?' Some of my friends have thought there was a danger of my being exalted, but I believe the danger has been on the opposite side, of my being too low.' She afterwards said, with much sweetness, 'I feel that He is gracious and full of compassion, and that He will not leave me destitute; and I trust He will never suffer me to dishonour His holy name.' On another occasion, the same friend being again with her, she expressed her belief that her illness was permitted for some special purpose, adding, 'I have had to look over all my life, and review all the engagements I have been led into.' . . . Soon afterwards she said, 'My life has been one of great vicissitude: mine has been a hidden path,

hidden from every human eye. I have had deep humiliations to pass through. I can truly say I have wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way, and found no city to dwell in; and yet how wonderfully I have been sustained. I have passed through many and great dangers, many ways; I have been tried with the applause of the world, and none know how great a trial that has been, and the deep humiliations of it; and yet *I fully believe it is not nearly so dangerous as being made much of in religious society*. There is a snare even in religious unity, if we are not on the watch. I have sometimes felt that it was not so dangerous to be made much of in the world as by those whom we think highly of in our own Society. The more I have been made much of by the world, the more I have been inwardly humbled.' She added, 'I could often adopt the words of Sir Francis Bacon—'When I have ascended before men, I have descended in humiliation before God.'"[1]

The spring brought with it conflicting interests. The marriage which united her nephew Fowell Buxton and her niece Rachel Gurney was followed by the close of her dear brother Sir T. Fowell Buxton's beautiful and noble life. Joseph John Gurney wrote:—

"(*Feb.* 19.)—Last week we were at Northrepps, and deeply interesting was it to be with those there, and to unite in watching the sick, probably the dying, bed

[1] Memoir.

of our beloved and honoured brother. There was nothing which could fairly be called suffering; and as to his mind, his sweetness, amiability, cheerfulness, and good-humour were really delightful, especially as it is accompanied by a lively sense of, and firm hold on, the love of God in Christ Jesus. When his wife expressed her conviction that he had this firm hold on Christ himself, he answered, 'Yes, indeed I have, unto eternal life.' Many delightful little peeps of this kind, of the Sun of Righteousness, through the cloud of bodily infirmity, have been graciously bestowed. He was much himself on Sixth day morning when we took our leave, clasping my hand, and seeming to enjoy my standing by his bedside. I reminded him of the declaration that 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the good things the Lord hath in store for those that love Him,' expressing my firm belief that these joys were assuredly laid up for him—even for him. His whole soul seemed to respond to me. This probably may be my last interview with one whom I have greatly loved, esteemed, and admired for nearly half a century, and between whom and myself there has never, as far as I remember, passed a single cloud, and scarcely the shadow of one."

"*(Feb.* 22.)—Early on Fifth day morning we received the tidings of the death of our dearest brother. He was seized with spasm on his breath, which lasted for an hour or two, during which he was much engaged in prayer. For a time he was happily relieved, and then fell asleep to wake no more, sinking gradually, softly,

and in the end imperceptibly, into death: gently dealt with to the last—a death of perfect quietness and peace.

"Our dear friend Josiah Forster arrived by coach the same morning, and we all went quietly to Meeting together. It was, I thought, a refreshing, sustaining time of reverent waiting on the Lord and prayer: something of that retirement of soul which dearest Fowell himself used to call 'divine silence.' After an early dinner, my dearest wife and I, and Anna Forster[1] (the sole survivor of that dear, delightful family), went to Northrepps. Our meeting was truly affecting, but the grief into which we came was natural, and we spent a comfortable evening. In the course of a very precious family sitting, I was much engaged in thanksgiving and prayer, recounting the characteristic points in the life and experience of our beloved departed one."

Priscilla Johnston, Sir T. Fowell Buxton's eldest daughter, wrote on the day after his death to her aunt, Richenda Cunningham:—

"*Northrepps Hall, February* 20.—Our precious, honoured, beloved father is gone! He died in perfect peace about ten o'clock last night—we all and Anna Gurney having been round his bed for hours, an unspeakably solemn and blessed evening. From six o'clock there was perfect stillness, and none could say when the last soft breath was drawn and he slept in

[1] Eldest sister of Fowell Buxton. See vol. i. pp. 124, 138.

Jesus. You will send for my boy and tell him. Let him fancy the scene. My mother, Chenda, Edward, and Charles on the fire side of the bed; Fowell and Rachel and Anna Gurney at the foot; Andrew lying by him on the window side, and I kneeling next to him. Surely you and uncle will come: the day is to be Thursday, and what we wish is that you should bring our boy with you. We have had much prayer; my mother is hardly ever from it, and we shall take more comfort than we do. I believe our Lord is with us, and ever will be."

Fowell Buxton was laid, amid the tears of multitudes of true mourners, in the ruined church at Overstrand.

"And by his grave in peace and perfect beauty,
With the sweet heaven above,
Fit emblems of life, of work, and duty
Transfigured into love."

ELIZABETH FRY *to* HANNAH, LADY BUXTON.

"*Upton, February* 22, 1845.—I live with you in heart by night and day, my tenderly beloved sister. The text 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord' ever rises before me. I am with you in spirit. And though I feel it an overwhelming cup, there is sweetness mixed with it, as through the faith that is the evidence of things not seen we behold him at rest in Jesus. How I should have valued being with you, but a more afflicting lot is my portion. I must particularly suffer according to the will of God. May grace be given us, dearest sister, to do this in every estate, even the lowest,

and may our Heavenly Father be near thee and thine as helper, comforter, and continual support. My feeling for thee is more than I can express in words. My husband and some of our sons hope to be at the last solemn scene."

Joseph John Gurney's journal says :—

"*Earlham*, 1845.—Fowell's death was one of perfect quietness and peace. So fell the forest oak, but truly without a crash, yet never to be replaced in this world, for men in general, by comparison, are but saplings.

"Samuel's visit to us has been like sunshine bursting through the clouds."

Mrs. Fry had now only one earnest earthly wish. It was that she might see Earlham and the scenes of her childhood once more, and, with her husband and her daughter Louisa, she accomplished it. At Earlham she spent several weeks with her brother Joseph John, his wife Eliza, and her own dear sister Catherine, and thither many friends of every grade came to visit her. She was also drawn into the Meeting at Norwich in her wheeled chair, and ministered from it in wonderful life and power to those who were present; her memory of Scripture and her power of applying it in no degree failing her. Then she was for ten days at

Northrepps, where her sister Hannah and she met as fellow-mourners, close participators both in the greatness of their sorrows and the vastness of their consolation.

Hannah, Lady Buxton, wrote :—

"*Northrepps, April* 7, 1845.—I am struck by my sister's heavenly, patient, forbearing spirit.

"She has spoken of many as being in constant prayer for them. I asked her how this could be—how had she time to pray so much? 'Why, it is always on my heart; I think even in sleep the heart is lifted up;' putting it to me as the common experience, 'Is it not so?' Her state, if I may venture to say so, is one of living in communion with Christ, in Him. 'What should I be without Him? I have never known despondency; whatever my depths of suffering in mind or body, still the confidence has never left me that all was and would be well, if not in time, in eternity. I have been so comforted by the sense of the glory and happiness of those taken, that it has been a preparation for the sorrows.'

"I asked her view of the state after death. 'My mind is, that there is a tabernacle provided.' I said it was a pain to me that we did not wish to depart. 'Not at all to me,' she said; 'it is given to us to wish to remain; it is evidently intended, and right we should, and shows a much more wholesome and right state of mind than to wish to leave this world.'"

Mrs. Fry used pathetically to say at this time that she had been "undermined by exces-



sive love," an expression touchingly significant of the secret spell of Elizabeth Fry—the spell which unlocked the hearts of kings to her, and caused the prisoners' chains to fall off at her approach. She had been no professional philanthropist, too much absorbed in humanity at large to care for the human item, but the public work had been, as it were, only the overflow of her woman's heart, the expression of the fulness that remained after children, grandchildren, brothers, friends, had been loved with an intensity which to her own eyes seemed "excessive," almost sinful. This marvellous tenderness it was, thrilling in the tones of a voice whose natural music would have been almost sufficient to melt and convince, which had been the key to her influence and power—this, and her sweet humility of soul, her child-like, single-eyed devotedness.[1]

When reading the Bible with her grandchildren she said one day :—

"'I consider the Epistle to the Ephesians to be the most valuable and interesting of any.' Reading ch. iv. 7, she said, 'There is much division in the Church now respecting the universality of the grace of God, and many say that only to a few is it given, that only a few are called; but how does this verse prove the contrary.

[1] See notes by her great-grand-daughter Elizabeth Rachel Chapman.



Unto *every one* of us is given grace, according to the measure of the gift of Christ!'"

Before leaving Norfolk, Mrs. Fry went for a few days to Runcton—her brother Daniel's home.



RUNCTON HALL.

"Her children from Lynn met her and stayed with her there. She had not been at Runcton since death had last entered that pleasant dwelling; she had greatly loved the mother and daughter[1] who had successively gladdened and adorned it, and she had deeply mourned their loss, so that in her weakened state of spirits, sorrowful associations mingled with the enjoyment she

[1] Lady Cowper.

experienced in being again with her brother and his children. She liked their cordial, glowing welcome, and the affectionate attentions of that young party. It was pleasant to see them occupied alternately in preparing for her the little offices of love. The old servants vied in attention to her, whilst those who were married away or lived in the village pressed to see her and obtain a word of counsel or kindness. Before she left, she heard of the intended marriage of her youngest son. Nothing could be more agreeable to her than the prospect of this event; towards this, her last-born child, her motherly care had been peculiarly extended. She very much liked her future daughter-in-law, and her being a member of the Society of Friends afforded her no small gratification. It was indeed a boon for all who loved her to feel that thus she returned home under a ray of sunshine, and that the brightness of this event to her feelings was permitted a little to enlighten the last few months of her home-life."

After her return to Upton Lane, Mrs. Fry was well enough to attend several important meetings of Friends, and even to take her old part in them, ministering and praying in her full rich voice, which filled the house. On the 3rd of June, write the Committee of the Society:—

"Contrary to usual custom, the place of Meeting fixed on was not in London, but at Plaistow in Essex;

[1] Memoir.

and the large number of Friends who gathered round Mrs. Fry upon that occasion proved how gladly they came to her, when she could no longer with ease be conveyed to them. The enfeebled state of her bodily frame seemed to have left the powers of her mind unshackled, and she took, though in a sitting posture, almost her usual part in repeatedly addressing the Meeting. She urged, with increased pathos and affection, the objects of philanthropy and Christian benevolence, with which her life had been identified. After the Meeting, and at her own desire, several members of the Committee, and other friends, assembled at her house. They were welcomed by her with the greatest benignity and kindness, and in her intercourse with them, strong were the indications of the heavenly teaching through which her subdued and sanctified spirit had been called to pass. Her affectionate salutation in parting unconsciously closed, in regard to most of them, the intercourse which they delighted to hold with her, but which can no more be renewed on this side of the eternal world."

On June 26th Mrs. Fry's youngest son Harry was married to Miss Lucy Sheppard. On their return to Upton Lane she was able to invite a very large party of relations and intimate friends to meet them.

"She received her guests in a room opening into the flower garden, and thence was wheeled to the terrace: a very large family circle surrounded her, many connections and others of her friends. It was a beautiful

scene,—the last social family meeting at which she presided; and although infirm and broken in health, she looked and seemed herself.

"In an easy-chair, under the large marquee, she entered into an animated discourse on various and important topics with the group around her, the Chevalier Bunsen, M. Merle d'Aubigné, Sir Henry Pelly, Josiah Forster, her brother Samuel Gurney, and others of her friends."[1]

On the 5th of August another marriage took place which was productive of the deepest interest and pleasure to her. Elizabeth Gurney, the daughter of her dear brother Samuel, frequently her companion in work at home and abroad, was married to Ernest, second son of the Chevalier Bunsen, who had long been one of her most valued friends. On the day before the marriage she wrote to Samuel Gurney:—

"I have had you much on my mind in the night, and desire for you and myself amid the various weighty cares which we may have just now, that these words of Scripture may be deeply impressed on our minds, 'Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, make your requests known unto God; and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ our Lord.' . . . Earnest are my prayers

[1] Memoir.

that the God of Peace may be with you and our dear Elizabeth and her beloved one, guiding by His counsel, comforting by His love, and enabling you to cast yourselves and your whole care upon Him who careth for you and yours."

In the following week Mrs. Fry was moved to Arklow House at Ramsgate.

"A house on Mount Albion had been prepared for her. A spacious bed-chamber adjoining the drawing-room, with pleasant views of the sea, in which she delighted, added to her hourly enjoyment and comfort. She found objects there well suited to her tastes. She distributed tracts when she drove into the country or went upon the pier in a Bath-chair. Seafaring men have a certain openness of character which makes them more easy of access than others. They would gladly receive her little offerings and listen to her remarks. She was also anxious to ascertain the state of the Coastguard Libraries, whether they required renewing, and were properly used.

"The party were scarcely established at Ramsgate when the family of her beloved son William came to them, and remained for some weeks. She delighted in them all; but little Willie Fry was something to her, almost beyond anything left in the world. He read the Bible to her every morning on her awakening. She strove to impress upon his young mind the value and the beauty of the christian life: she endeavoured to cultivate in him a taste for natural objects: she encouraged drawing and similar pursuits. Partly his

name, partly his character—so much resembling his father's in early boyhood—excited her tenderest love.

"Her prayer for her daughter and her children, the evening before their departure, was beautiful, comprehensive, and touching; and so she commended them whom she was no more to see in the flesh to Him who has promised to be 'a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless.' Her eldest son and her daughter, Mrs. Foster Reynolds, with their families, were near her in the town, and the daily intercourse with them was also a source of much comfort and pleasure to her."

To Lady Buxton she wrote :—

"*Ramsgate, August* 8, 1845.—Thy sweet letter, my dearest sister, ought to have been answered before, but I am so really ill I can do very little,—'cast down, but not destroyed.' I humbly trust this is my case, through the upholding power of Him whose tender mercies are over all His works. But cast down I am in body, mind, and spirit, though I humbly trust that there is a purpose in it. I remember the words—'That which I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.' I desire to abide steadfast in that faith which is the evidence of things *not seen*. Pray for me that this may be the case. I have loved my Lord, and sought to give up all for His name's sake. I trust that *He* will keep me from making shipwreck at last. Into His hands then I must commit myself, and all for whom I travail in spirit. . . . I can hardly tell thee how much my mind is set on thy visit."

Lady Buxton, with her daughter Richenda, went to Mrs. Fry on September 17. Lady Buxton wrote :—

"*Ramsgate, Oct.* 17.—My religious communication with my beloved sister has been most precious. Several mornings I sat by her bedside after she woke and read to her. Her mind was clear and powerful in spiritual things, enlarging with comprehension of their truth in various passages. Her heart was extremely in the things of God.

"I read to her a short passage in Baptist Noel's little book on the Presence of God, and asked her what was her own experience on this point. She said that she believed she lived ever in the sense of His presence; that she was never separated from Him in spirit; ever looking to Him, ever in communion, ever seeking to be preserved, taught, and strengthened. 'What should I be without this?' she said. 'I could not live. I must die, or go out of my mind.' She spoke of entire confidence in Christ for preservation unto the end; she knew His power, His compassion, His faithfulness. He was her hope—her assurance of hope. She expressed the desire that He should know all her most secret faults. 'Oh, I could not conceal anything from Him.' She seemed also in unfailing peace, unshaken in the knowledge that the kingdom was her inheritance, through the unmerited, unbounded love of Christ. I believe she had no doubt or fear whatever, yet her desire and expectation were rather to remain here and serve yet longer. Her mind was still occupied with doing good, continually forming plans for dis-

tributing books and benefiting the sailors and people around her.

"She heard with full mind and relish any accounts of good going on. Her heart was full of desire after the progress of good in the world, or in any she loved. She received with thankfulness the smallest instance of this. Her sympathy, too, was ready for all. A poor Friend called apparently in affliction; we did not know her, but it was lovely to see the feeling she excited in my sister—'I see she is in sorrow; *how* I feel for her.'"

After Lady Buxton left, Mrs. Fry's youngest son and his bride came to her, then several other members of her family.

"On the 14th of September, with a large party of her children, she attended the small Meeting at Drapers, about four miles from Ramsgate. On this occasion she preached a most powerful and remarkable sermon on the nearness of death, and the necessity for immediate preparation and repentance; for she believed to some of that small congregation it was the eleventh hour of the day."

Her brother Samuel and his wife were with her after this, and after they left, her daughter Rachel came.

"The next Sunday she went as usual to Meeting. On her return, she asked some of the party, who from circumstances had been precluded from accompanying her, and had attended their own place of worship, if

they had had 'a comfortable church,'—her general question when she met any of her children under similar circumstances. Then, without waiting to be asked, she said they had had 'a very remarkable Meeting, such a peculiarly solemn time;' that she had been so impressed by the 'need of working whilst it was day, to be ready for the Master's summons, come when He might.' Here the subject dropped, but she reverted to it more than once during the day. Those who were present described the occasion as a very peculiar one. She had urged the question, 'Are we all now ready? If the Master should this day call us, is the work completely finished? Have we anything left to do?' Solemnly, almost awfully, reiterating the question, 'Are we prepared?'"[1]

Daily, hourly, now her weakness increased; but as the end approached the great terror of death, which had beset her through life, seemed to pass away.

"On one occasion her Bible opened at the text, 'Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you.' She entered with lively interest into the subject, and mentioned other passages of somewhat similar import, which were sought for and read. She dwelt upon the participation of the disciple in the sufferings of his Lord. She expressed herself with peculiar power, in a manner startling to the hearer. Through all her conflicts, she had seemed to

[1] Memoir.

cling to something like the hope, almost expectation, that the western sky would be bright, that her sun would not set behind clouds; but now she made no allusion to any idea of the kind. The high privilege of *suffering* as a member of Christ was now the point she most dwelt upon. The world even in its beauty and pleasantness, even in the regenerated aspect which it bears to the Christian, appeared to have lost nearly all attraction for her. She had long done the will of God, which to her active mind was comparatively an easy duty; now she seemed to have completely learned the far harder lesson of being willing to endure it."

And so the days passed—for her in prayer and humble teaching, for those around her in loving watchfulness, till October 11, when she had a seizure, followed by many hours of insensibility. On the following morning she was again partially conscious, and said to her maid, "Oh, Mary, dear Mary, I am very ill; pray for me; it is a strife, but I am safe." Three hours later, when one of her daughters was sitting by her, she said slowly, "Oh, my dear Lord, help and keep Thy servant." These were her last words, and, after a few more hours of unconsciousness, she saw the King in His beauty.

"So when her hour
Was come, her children round her, she prepared
To meet the Lord she loved. She whose long life
Was lived for Him; whose earliest waking thought

Was every morn for Him ; whose gathering years
Were crowned with deeds of mercy ; whose dear name,
In every clime, thousands of rescued souls
Uttered with tremulous lips and full of praise ;
Whose thought was always how to raise to hope
The poor, the sick, the fallen ; how to strike
The fetters from the prisoner and the slave,
And save the piteous childish lives the State
Had left to utter ruin—she no less
Knew the Divine despondency which marks
The saintly soul. 'Pray for me,' said her voice ;
'It is a strife, but I am safe.'"[1]

KATHERINE FRY *to her Sister*
HANNAH STREATFEILD, *in Madeira.*

"*Mount Albion, Ramsgate, Oct.* 15, 1845.—It seems almost impossible, my most tenderly beloved sister, to convey to thee a sufficiently warm expression of love and deep sympathy in the pains of absence. At the same time, dearest Hannah, you have lost *nothing* by absence. Our precious mother continued much in her usual state till the evening of the 11th, Saturday, when her final seizure took place . . . and after that she was scarcely conscious. Many arrived too late: the following evening, thirteen of her children were here. . . . What my feelings are I can scarcely tell. I do *believe* the truths of religion and that she is in glory, but I cannot sit and thread phrases as you do beads. Neither do I repine, nor wish her back again; but I feel utterly cast down—solitary. . . . Of all her children, Frank Cresswell, Rachel, and I alone were permitted to witness the close: the rest were *mercifully spared.*"

[1] Lewis Morris.

Next to her own home circle, the loss was most deeply felt at her old home of Earlham. Yet Joseph John Gurney wrote :—

"Overwhelming as this stroke would have been two years ago, we are now mercifully enabled to receive it in great quietness of mind. Betsy's long-continued and, of late, increasing infirmity, though with very precious alternations of hope, and, on her part, of great brightness, have gradually weaned us from that close dependence on her to which many of us were prone. Most dearly have I been bound to this beloved sister ever since I knew anything; and our being brought into the same religious course has rendered that bond one of peculiar intimacy and tenderness. We are quiet under the blow, yet somewhat stunned."

Her niece, Priscilla Johnston, writes :—

"We cannot expect the next generation to *believe* what we know of the treasure she was. . . . They may form some idea of her outward acts and capacities; they cannot know what she was personally. After seeing her in some difficult works, my feeling was, marvellous as were her gifts, the real wonder was in her *Grace*, her extraordinary power of loving and caring for others; the flow of the oil which in almost all others is by drops, in her was a rich ready stream, able to take in the meanest, the most unattractive, the most unrepaying; her power of condescending to the little interests of others, combined with her greatness, her high natural powers of mind, and her magnitude

of action. We who tasted of it can never forget it, but I feel it vain to hope that our children will ever fully take it in."

Elizabeth Fry was buried from her own home in the quiet Friends' burial-place at Barking, where her humble tomb may still be seen in the little green enclosure with its lilacs and laburnums, surrounded by the graves of many of her beloved ones.

"In the grey of early morning, the loved, the revered was brought for the last time, for a few short hours, to her home of many years. Vast numbers of persons attended the funeral. The procession passed between the grounds of Plashet House, her once happy home, and those of Plashet Cottage. In the Friends' burying-ground at Barking her grave was prepared, close by that of her little child Elizabeth, whom she had loved and lost and tenderly mourned so many years before. There is no appointed funeral service amongst Friends. Solemn prayer was offered by her brother Joseph John Gurney, and a Meeting was held afterwards; but her immediate family were thankful to withdraw, and seek the shelter and recollections of Upton Lane."[1]

[1] Memoir. Mr. Joseph Fry lived till August 1861. In his prosperous days he had given Plashet Cottage to his sister Elizabeth for a nominal quit-rent of one shilling a year. On the ruin of the family, she was able to buy in the little house and its grounds, which she bequeathed to her brother, and it became the home of his many years of widowerhood.

"She rests in God's peace ; and her memory stirs
The air of earth as with an angel's wings,
And warms and moves the hearts of men like hers,
The sainted daughter of Hungarian kings.
United now, the Briton and the Hun,
Each in her own time faithful unto death,
Live sister souls ! in name and spirit one,
Thuringia's saint and our Elizabeth." [1]

Baroness Bunsen wrote :—

"I think you knew Mrs. Fry: if so, you will feel what it is to know that her eyes are closed, and that her voice will no more on earth 'vindicate the ways of God to man,' and effuse around that love to God and man which was her animating principle. We shall not look upon her like again, and must try to preserve the impression of her *majesty* of goodness, which it is a great privilege to have beheld. I never wished more for the possession of an accurate memory, which was once mine, than after hearing her exhort and pray."

"What your blessed aunt must have been," wrote Bunsen to his daughter-in-law Elizabeth, "for those who had the privilege of approaching her continually, can in some degree be felt even by those who only occasionally felt her influence, and were thus aware of the degree in which her whole self seemed to realise the love of God in man. She met everybody in human sympathy, but of sin seemed to take no cognisance, except in compassion." [2]

[1] J. Greenleaf Whittier.

[2] In memory of Mrs. Fry an Institution was founded in 1846 in Mare Street, Hackney, for the temporary reception of females discharged

ELIZA GURNEY *to* F. M. SHOEMAKER.

"*Earlham, Oct.* 30, 1845.—On First day, after our return from the funeral of our beloved sister Fry, my husband informed the cottagers who assemble at our family reading, that the next time we met he would have one of her little text-books for every one that came, as a little remembrance of her. We had a pretty large party the following First day, of course, and he distributed the books accordingly, bestowing a few that were left on those who had children at home too young to attend the reading. Our under-gardener, however, who has a large family, had one little boy about six years old for whom he had no book, which appears to have been greatly to his disappointment. We heard nothing about it until about a week afterwards, when we were informed the little fellow was dead. We went directly down to their pretty little cottage, and the poor afflicted mother gave the affecting particulars, first taking us into the room to see the remains. The pretty little curly-haired boy was neatly laid out in clean white linen, and on his breast, to our surprise, we saw a little red-morocco text-book. She then explained the reason for its being there: 'Please, ma'am, when we came back from the Hall on Sunday evening, my little boy was so distressed because there was no text-book for him; for you know, ma'am, I thought they would be more use to the older children. But he seemed so troubled about it all the next morning, that, as I knew my master had given the butler some to distribute, I took

from the metropolitan prisons. It is still known as the Elizabeth Fry Refuge."

the liberty to send him up to the Hall to ask if he might have one. You never saw any one so delighted as he was when he brought it home, dancing about for joy. He would not put it out of his hands for a moment, and one of the first things he did was to search for a text he had learned at school, and when he had found it, he read it over and over again, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." This was on the Monday, ma'am, and on Thursday morning he was a corpse. Poor little dear! he never let go of that book for a moment, even when he was in great pain, and I determined it should be buried with him, for I could not bear to have it taken away.'"

JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY *to his Daughter* ANNA.

"*Earlham*, (*April* 3, 1846).—. . . Enough for us that where Christ is in glory, there will be His followers, who are now struggling on in the Church militant; there *are* His saints who are already gathered from this passing scene to things invisible and eternal. Think of dearest Aunt Fry with us at this time last year; so decrepid, so oppressed, and yet so lively in the truth; now for ever released from the burdens of the flesh; for with her it did indeed become a sore burden. How gladsome, how easy, how tranquil her present condition."

Of his happy home at Earlham we find Joseph John Gurney writing in his journal:—

"After our breakfast I wander in our bright chrys-

anthemised garden. Who has the same pleasure in flowers that I have? Can it be that—

'From Paradise to Paradise my upward course extends,
My Paradise of flowers on earth in Heaven's Elysium ends?'"

In that summer Mrs. Backhouse writes:—

"I never saw my father more delighting in Earlham, then in its flowery beauty. One day I remember particularly; John Henry and Mary were there—the latter in youthful glee, her dog Keeper and my Johnny gambolling by her on the lawn, he walking about in his cloak and cap, his beautiful hair blowing about it, really taking hearty pleasure in this dear girl, and delighted to be able to do so, while everything glowed with sun and beauty, and his own countenance shone with heavenly peace."

In the late autumn of 1846 Joseph John Gurney paid a last visit to his dear daughter at Darlington, when it was observed how hard work and spiritual anxieties had made him a prematurely old man, though he was only fifty-nine.

On December 22 he had a fall from his pony in the rough streets of Norwich.

On December 27, as he was setting off with his family to Meeting, he heard of the death of his brother-in-law Samuel Hoare, but he went to the Meeting and gave an address. On his

return, he spoke of the deaths of Sir Fowell Buxton and Mrs. Fry, and in allusion to his fresh loss said, "We four were closely banded together in benevolent objects for many years, and I, who was the most delicate, am now the only one remaining: I feel this *seriously*." His old nurse, who had lived in the park for eighty years, had just died, and he walked down to her cottage, to look at her remains.

"An expression of sweet serenity dwelt upon his countenance as he stood by the coffin in her little chamber, and he seemed to have a sense of her rest and blessedness as he exclaimed, 'Poor old nurse! she seems to have passed away most peacefully. Oh, what a favour! may it be so with *me* when my time comes.' At the close of afternoon Meeting he prayed solemnly, adverting to the great uncertainty of all things temporal, and fervently petitioning that 'every hindering and obstructing thing might be done away, and we prepared, through the abounding riches of redeeming love, to join the countless company who surround the throne.' The deep and touching pathos of his voice, and the earnestness of the appeal, caused a thrilling sensation in many hearts, and the question arose, 'Can it be possible that that voice will never be heard more within these walls?' During the Scripture reading with the villagers at the Hall in the evening, he spoke of the awful consequences of delaying preparation for a dying hour, alluding to the two deaths which had just occurred, and ending with the words,

'Be ye also ready, for at such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh.' The very next day he became unwell; all that week he failed, and—almost without suffering—grew feebler till Saturday evening, when he said to his wife, 'I think I feel a little joyful,' and, with these words, fell into the sleep from which he never woke here."

Joseph John Gurney died on the 4th of January 1847, in his fifty-ninth year. At Norwich his death was a public sorrow. For the seven days between his death and burial, the half-closed shops of Norwich and the darkened windows of the private houses testified the feeling of the inhabitants. Every individual had his own story to tell of some public benefit, or of some benevolence shown to others or himself, and innumerable acts of beneficence, long forgotten amidst the crowd of more recent instances, were related and listened to with sorrowful interest.

The funeral was such a scene as has seldom been witnessed in Norfolk. It was as if the whole population of Norwich wished to follow him to the Friends' burial-ground in the Gildencroft.

ELIZA GURNEY *to* HANNAH BACKHOUSE.

"*Earlham, Jan.* 5, 1847.—They are very strange tidings that I am going to tell thee, and I scarcely

know how to put them on paper, yet I do not like thee to hear them first from another than myself. My precious husband is gone! gone with the redeemed of the Lord to Zion, with songs and everlasting joy upon his head. This blessed assurance is so sealed upon my spirit that at present I have only an appalling consciousness that something awful has happened. The full sense of all that I have lost in that most tenderly beloved one has not come over me, or rather is swallowed up in an overwhelming tide of gratitude to that adorable God and Saviour who dealt so mercifully with him to the end, shielding him from an immediate view of the dark valley, which he has always rather shrunk from entering, and gilding his approach to it with sunny gleams. Life has been remarkably bright and pleasant to him of late, and his health unusually good, enabling him to labour for the welfare of his fellow-beings with increased activity. But the fall from his horse, which I mentioned to thee, together with exposure to the cold, and possibly some other minor causes, combined to excite the system, and bring on the attack which gently let him down to the bed of death. I have long had a kind of undefined impression that his end was not far off, and now 'that which I feared has come upon me.'

"Last evening, about ten o'clock, without the least convulsive movement or the slightest groan, he fell asleep in Jesus, that blessed Saviour whom he loved and served so long and faithfully. I have not yet met the solemn fact that I am left alone; that, after five years' constant sweet companionship, I am de-

prived of one who was perhaps too much the joy of my heart and the delight of my eyes, whose Christian example was bright—may I not say faultless? I think I may to thee, because thou knew him well, and will not therefore set it down to undue partiality. The full sense of this desolating change is yet to come, but so far I have been marvellously sustained. The mercy that has enabled him to finish all the work that was assigned him, then gently gathering him to perfect peace and joy and blessedness, giving me strength to minister to all his temporal wants, both night and day, during this week of great infirmity, and enabling me to bear this awful blow, and not to faint under it—a blessed sense of this is now my portion. But oh! think of me, my dear, precious friend, in the dark days of solitude which must be mine, and pray for me that I may bear them patiently."

SAMUEL GURNEY *to his Son* SAMUEL.

"*Earlham, Jan.* 5, 1847.—I have to tell of the removal of your beloved and honoured uncle Joseph from works to rewards. We were united in such a peculiar degree of brotherly love, that it shakes all worldly things for me to the very foundation. It makes me fearful too of the high tide of pecuniary prosperity which pours into our hands for myself and for all of you."[1]

[1] The published works left by Joseph John Gurney were:—

1824.—"Observations on the Distinguishing Views and Practices of the Society of Friends."

"A Letter to a Friend on the Authority of Christianity."

His daughter Anna writes :—

"I have cause for deep thankfulness that my husband and my child are left to me; but it is impossible for words to describe how the zest of the pleasure of every constituent part of my home life is fled. The child's *feats* are so useless! the beauty of my home is so valueless! now that I cannot show them to him. This is a false feeling in degree, when I really consider it, and I do not wish to encourage it. But oh! the *heartache* of it! Then there is the loss itself. How can I describe that? I have lost that constant, faithful tenderness to which I could always go, which always seemed on the watch to help me. How different, for instance, is the pleasure of possession to that of his gifts! How I enjoyed the hundred pounds he sent me last winter to give away! But perhaps more than all I feel the loss of the minister, the religious counsellor, the upholder of the highest standard. . . . The days

1825.—"Essays on the Evidences, Doctrines, and Practical Operation of Christianity."

1827.—"A Report on the State of Ireland, made to the Lord Lieutenant."

1830.—"Biblical Notes and Dissertations, chiefly on the Doctrine of the Deity of Christ."

1833.—"An Essay on the Moral Character of our Lord Jesus Christ."
"Terms of Union."
"A Sketch of the Portable Evidence of Christianity."

1834.—"Essays on the Habitual Exercise of Love to God."

1840.—"Winter in the West Indies."

1843.—"The Papal and Hierarchical System compared with the Religion of the New Testament."

Works printed privately were "Letters to Mrs. Opie" and an "Autobiography:" and after Mr. Gurney's death "Chalmeriana, or Colloquies with Dr. Chalmers," was published.

after I heard he was gone seem like a strange dream, yet one I shall never forget. I felt wholly stunned, as if I could not yet receive my share of the event, but could only muse and wonder at it. The next day we went to Earlham. Oh, the faint, sick feeling of that arrival. Still, it was more a *crushing* than a sorrow. Dear John Henry met us at the door.

"I cannot describe my stay at Earlham, but must write of the loveliness of those dear remains. The clay was emphatically beautiful, almost heavenly—the noble forehead only reminding by its coldness that it was altered since my hand had passed over it before.

"He lay in his dressing-room—my old room. Most precious to me is the full belief that that beautiful form was the seed of the far more beautiful heavenly one; that even *that* precious form, so glorified, I may see again. The funeral was wonderfully interesting as a spectacle. The crowded roads, the mourning city, would have been most touching in any case; but that very sort of interest took off a little, to my feelings, from the settled solemnity of the day, except at the grave, where the silence was as peaceful as it was awful and profound."

After Joseph John's death Priscilla Johnston wrote:—

"*Jan.* 16, 1847.—I long to retain my last lovely image of him at his hall-door, his loving smile and his soft beautiful grey hair, with his black velvet cap, which made him look like a fine old Roman Catholic Archbishop.

"I am one of those who can recall the excessive

interest and pleasure of great dinners at Earlham. My cheerful noble father (Sir T. Fowell Buxton), even his blue coat and bright buttons, rises before me; Uncle Joseph's balmy genial influence, his unforgetting courtesy, his graceful pleasantry, his ever-ready hallowing of all things: then Uncle Hoare's steady support of all good; Aunt Fry's unction; and the gifts and graces of how many others—in the Bishop of Calcutta, Mr. Simeon, Mr. Tacey, Mr. Cunningham, Mr. Hankinson."

After the funeral:—

"In the evening, the dining-room was filled with chairs; all being settled, Uncle Gurney brought in poor Aunt Eliza, and said in the most feeling way, 'Among our other unspeakable losses, we miss the ready and the anointed tongue,' then that his 'beloved sister' had prepared a few memoranda of the latter days of his life, which (though often with a doubtful voice) he read. So heard, they were of fascinating interest; they described a peaceful, cheerful period; work curiously wound up; ministry kindling into the most fervent appeals and then suddenly arrested. His illness was almost painless and his death unconscious. Much have I left unmentioned. Anna's dignified, settled, yet bowed appearance; dearest Aunt Cunningham's lovely beaming spirit and countenance, able to receive at once the very freshness of the grief and of the consolation; Uncle Cunningham, Uncle and Aunt Gurney, our beloved friends Mr. and Mrs. Brightwen, and others."

Hannah, Lady Buxton, wrote afterwards :—

"Oh, what was he to others openly and in secret!—a friend of love, help, and sympathy. I wish to soar in my thoughts and dwell with the holy company above. . . . I often turn to the lovely picture of the friendship between him and my dear husband. . . . I turn to him as one eminently honoured of God, highly favoured with abundance of heavenly gifts. I dwell on his early as well as his mature life, with tenderest remembrance of the beauty of his spirit even from a child. And to have been born, kept all his life in heavenly places! how precious is the review, and now of his speedy transfer into the heavenly mansions!"

On hearing of the death of Mr. Gurney, Dr. Chalmers wrote to Mrs. Johnston :—

"For myself, I feel it to be a very great personal bereavement, standing as he did among the best and highest of my Christian friends, both in respect of intelligence and worth. . . . I associate with Mr. Gurney almost all the great and good men in England whom I had the happiness of knowing—your dear and venerable father, Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Clarkson, and Mr. Forster; add to these Mrs. Fry. It is only now that I learned, and from you, of Mr. Hoare's death, who, with Mrs. Hoare—one of the finest specimens of feminine Christianity I ever met—suffered so much from the death of their eldest son. What a lesson does the disappearance of all this society convey!"

In Norwich Cathedral Bishop Stanley said :—

"He who is removed from amongst us, and whose loss every member of our Church must deplore, it is true was not of our community; but who will be bold enough in intolerance to say that thereby, or in consequence thereof, his salvation was in jeopardy? Can we doubt of him whose peaceful life was one unwearied comment on evangelical charity in its fullest and most expanded sense,—of whom it may be said to the very letter, that when the eye saw him, it gave witness to him; because he delivered the poor that cried and the fatherless, their blessing came upon him, for he caused the hearts of all and each to sing for joy?"

Baron Bunsen wrote to Samuel Gurney:—

"*Jan.* 6, 1847.—I revered and loved Joseph John Gurney as an elder brother. There was in him a union of christian temper and deep piety with rare intelligence and fine acquirements. For many years I have loved and valued that combination of qualities; but the days spent with him at his house of Earlham, and the transactions and conversations which were the consequence of our intercourse at that time, treating of the question of peace with the United States, brought us much more closely together, so that I have had the greatest longing ever since to enjoy his elevating and cheerful presence another time with greater leisure. This wish has not been granted by Almighty Wisdom, but *he* is enjoying the happiness of those who behold God, before whose countenance he walked through this dark vale of life, and whose word and spirit were

his guide—in his writings, in his preaching, in his conversation, in his actions. We shall never see his like again. Your brother's memory will live on earth in his family, and amongst many Christians of all nations and creeds. He found the key which opens all the secrets of Faith, and he spoke the language of Love which opens all hearts. There was with him a living witness of the Holy Spirit, a certain majesty of christian gentleness and truth, which struck even persons who were not in the habit of seeing him. I cannot forget how Sir Robert Peel and Lord Aberdeen spoke of the impression he had made upon them when presenting the Peace petition for America, which had such a blessed effect."

Richenda, Mrs. Cunningham, wrote:—

"*Jan.* 7, 1847.—Out of the abundance of my heart my mouth was obliged to speak in thankfulness to God for the gift Eliza Gurney has been to us as a family; that through her instrumentality the latter years of the dear departed one had been gilded; that she had been raised up to minister to his every want, temporal and spiritual, to share his every sorrow, and to partake in his joys. Oh, what a blessing has it been to us that the evening of his life should have been thus cheered; that they have striven together for the faith of the Gospel; that they have been companions in labour, heirs together of the grace of life; that her tender watchfulness has guarded him from so much that might have hurt his tender spirit or injured his delicate frame! And such was her

love and devotedness to him, that we, as a family, were most thankful to give him up to her. And now, during the last solemn week of his life, how could we be thankful enough for her soothing, judicious care of him by night and by day, watching over him with intense solicitude, ministering with her own hands every alleviation that human heart or love could desire. A soft mantle seemed cast over him, hiding from him the death valley, and shielding him from the sorrow of parting with his beloved."

HANNAH, LADY BUXTON, *to* ELIZA, MRS. J. J. GURNEY.

"*Jan.* 12, 1847.—How are thee, my love, to be greeted this morning? It is now brought to thee that thee are alone, and all gone of thy darling, and with him all of life! I feel there is nothing to do but to be ready to suffer all the will of God concerning us: yet though I say this to thee, how hard it is to myself! But though it is hard to give up all, I do believe it is what we must all come to—to take up and bear the cross, the sorrow, the deep disappointments of life wholly, keeping back nothing, and giving up all, and so following Christ. But oh! I feel for thee in the empty house this morning, the place that is to know him no more—the room, the everything without him, only the shell left. The Lord alone can help thee to bear it in patience, submission, and love. . . . Let us joyfully take the spoiling of our portion here, knowing assuredly through unclouded mercy we have the enduring inheritance prepared, as we humbly trust, for us, into which our honoured loved ones have found entrance."

Not long after Joseph John Gurney's death Richenda Cunningham wrote :—

"*Feb.* 21, 1847.—The dear ones are all afresh brought to my mind, a tender remembrance, lovely in life and death, not now separated. What *flowers* have been cut off, all so beautiful in person as well as in mind—John, with all loveliness of figure and grace, ruddy of countenance, with a dove-like beaming dark-blue eye, and curling auburn hair; surely so beautiful a man was hardly ever seen before; then that mighty work of grace in him, that we could indeed say in Christ Jesus all things became new to him. Then, the exquisite saint Priscilla, small, delicate, brilliant in colouring, with her golden-auburn hair, little slim but beautifully formed figure, hazel eyes, and a countenance of benignity and devotion; having turned away her eyes from following vanity and the world, she offered herself a willing and complete sacrifice to the Lord, holiness unto Him being from an early age written on her forehead. My heart glows at the remembrance of her loveliness of person and spirit. Then comes the interesting, glowing Rachel; what words can portray her?—the depth of her affections, the richness of her mind, the ardour of her religion; and all this emanating from her attractive person. Though not tall, great loveliness of figure, fine flaxen hair curling over her face, with rather prominent, regular, and beautiful features and fine dark-blue eyes; nothing could be more interesting, nothing more engaging. These dear ones seem all brought before me in array this evening; and now the noble work of grace in them is perfected

beyond conception in heaven, and their (what appeared to us) perfect human bodies, mouldering in the dust, will be made like unto His glorious body in the perfection of beauty.

"How can my pen paint Louisa (Hoare), the Madonna, the mother in Israel, her queen-like dignity with her mellowed seriousness, the law of kindness that was on her lips, the finished intellect, with the wisdom that was from above! Oh, how lovely does she appear to me in remembrance!—the peculiar blush of red in her complexion giving great brilliancy to her dark eyes and simple light hair parted in front—a noble tall figure. Yes, her beautiful portrait is deeply engraved on my heart and memory, such an one the world rarely sees, and all dedicated to her God! And her noble husband—what a pair they were!—now reunited.

"And now to speak of Betsy and Joseph. All the world will acknowledge that the like of them has hardly been known upon this earth. They became polished instruments in the hands of the Lord. They adorned the Gospel which they preached. The loveliness of their characters beamed upon their countenances, and the mind that was in Christ dwelt largely in them. Their speech was always grace seasoned with salt. It was evident to all who knew them that they had been with Jesus, and the loveliness of His countenance was reflected upon them. To the Lord they all lived, and in the Lord they all died."



XV

THE FRAGMENTS THAT REMAINED

"The Founder of Christianity said, 'The kingdom of God is within you.' We may not only know the truth, but we may live even in this life in the very household and court of God."—JOHN INGLESANT.

"When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!"—HERRICK.

"ALL is gone of our intensely loved, all his work is arrested. It is the fall of the house," wrote his sister, Lady Buxton, after the death of Joseph John Gurney. Four of his seven sisters had gone before him, but in the old home of Earlham Mrs. Catherine Gurney still lived for a little while longer, a mother in Israel; and in that beloved home, Richenda, Mrs. Cunningham, and Hannah, Lady Buxton, still came and went, feeling after every visit as if another link was riveted in the chain which bound them to the house of many memories. Two sons survived, Daniel, the youngest, of Runcton, and Samuel, the second, of Ham House, still full of energy, though,

as he stood by the grave of his next brother, Joseph, "his hair even then silvered over, and the light of his eye subdued, those present were reminded of the last tree of the forest, and noble as the tree was, could but anticipate that its day too might not be very far off."

Samuel Gurney had entered the counting-house of his brother-in-law, Joseph Fry, at fourteen, and his whole after life had been devoted to business. After his marriage in 1808 with his cousin, Elizabeth Sheppard, the wealth which he inherited from his father-in-law and father had procured him rapid progress as a partner in the firm of Richardson, Overend, Gurney & Co., which for forty years was the greatest discounting house in the world, and one which during the panic of 1825 lent money to so many other houses, that it became known as "the Banker's Bank;" in 1856 it was calculated to hold deposits to the amount of eight millions.[1]

Happy as the domestic circumstances of Samuel Gurney were—his own immediate circle at Ham House never yet, with the exception of a little grandchild, having been visited by death—

[1] The commercial establishment which had been raised by Samuel Gurney to unexampled wealth and influence continued to occupy its great position as long as he lived. But after his death it was organised, in August 1865, as a joint-stock company, and failed for eleven millions on May 10, 1866.

it was a sore trial to his affectionate nature to feel that the friends and companions who had so long gone hand in hand with him on life's journey were gradually leaving him to tread it almost alone. Yet the bright example of



HAM HOUSE.[1]

their holy and self-denying lives animated and strengthened him on his way; and it seemed as if each in passing away had let his mantle fall upon him, so unwearied did he become in well-doing, his activity rather increasing than

[1] From a sketch by Elizabeth Gurney, afterwards Madame de Bunsen.

abating with years; for he did indeed strive to follow those who, through faith and patience, had inherited the promises.

It was perhaps in his paternal capacity that he shone most of all, when the Lombard Street banker returned to his Upton home, "welcomed by his children rejoicing in the very sound of his voice, and in the very name of *father*."

"We saw him at the end of a long dining-table at Ham House, smiling brightly around, and after seating his various guests, retaining one little fair-haired daughter by his side, and giving her the honour of cutting the tart or preparing the fruit.

"With unmixed pleasure was the sound of the carriage-wheels heard announcing the father's return from London; and little did some of the City men with whom he had so lately mingled imagine how anxious was Samuel Gurney to fulfil his home engagements, the promised walk in winter with his dear girls before the dinner-hour, or to join them in the survey of garden and park in the pleasant spring season."

This love for children was not confined to those of his own family. In the different schools, especially those belonging to the Society of which he was a member, his presence was ever hailed as a signal for some treat. One school especially, in the neighbourhood of London,

shared often in the hospitable kindness of the master of Ham House; and the boys who were punctual in returning to school on the day of its re-assembling were rewarded by an invitation to dine with him that day month, when his face used to beam with joy as he saw the lads running wild over the grounds, free from the restraints and discipline of school life, or joyfully rambling through his park and gardens.

His daughter Catherine, Lady Buxton, who with her large family passed the month of April 1847 at the Cedars close to Upton, writes:—

"How delightful were the scenes at dear charming Ham House—that beautiful radiant grandpapa leading a troop of boys, or conversing in kindest interest with the elder grandson, just emerging out of the boy, but too shy to be quite the man. Then how lovely the dear grandmother sitting on the lawn in the sunshine watching the pretty quartette of girls. One scene especially comes back to me in which I see her in her wicker chair-carriage, with the baby Evelyn in her long white clothes upon her lap, and three others clinging on behind; my father, with his bare white head and beautiful tender look of interest, leading the shaggy pony that drew them."

And again:—

"How delightful were the evenings at Ham House in our young days. Our father, however tired after a long day of business in Lombard Street, was always

ready to preside at our occupations, as we gathered round the great table.

"He often had a good play with the younger ones before we 'settled,' swinging them in the curtain, or romping on the floor in greatest merriment with the parrot or kitten, while Arabella—the mother cat—lay on the rug at our mother's feet.

"Then, he generally had a map spread before him, which he would study if not wanted for the moment, or a book of good prints. Or, in his unique style, for his reading was exquisite, he would read aloud some delightful book, whether light or important. He was very fond of science, and I well remember our great amusement at what we thought the fantastical ideas about steam. He laughed, and we laughed, at the idea of his going to Lombard Street up Whitechapel Road at ten miles an hour, behind some form of boiler.

"Then, before breakfast, how he used to take us about, the animals clustering round—the very tame kangaroos and peacocks, the dogs, as well as the horses and cows. He *could* be displeased with old Christopher Moore if a cow had not the best shelter and care. These must have been very early walks, as I think he always went off for Lombard Street in the whisky at nine."

It is remembered how, when visiting a school at Croydon, after impressing upon the boys the value of truth—"*Never* tell a lie"—he ended by saying, "Now if any boy would like a sixpence, let him hold up his hand."

On one occasion he made the terrible discovery that a forgery for a considerable amount had been committed upon the bank in Lombard Street, and there could be no doubt as to the culprit. The punishment for forgery was death.

"The crime was committed against society,—not a personal injury alone; and should it go unpunished? Was it right and just to turn such a man, devoid of principle and conscience, loose on the world again, uncondemned and unrespited? Yet what was the alternative? To prosecute was to sign his death-warrant. Mr. Gurney thought, and we may well believe he thought prayerfully ere he came to the decision, that he could not take the wretched man's life. Some hours passed away, and he spurned the thought of the 'legal murder' of one who might yet repent and live. One can picture his stately form, one seems to hear his firm step, as he advanced to the room where the culprit awaited his doom. 'We have thee under our power,' were Mr. Gurney's words, as he bent his scrutinising look on the man. 'By the law we must hang thee—but we will not do that; so,' opening the private door, 'be off to the Continent, and beware of ever returning.' The forger was then led out at the back-door into the street, and shortly afterwards left England. He finally took up his abode at Vevay, and was some years after drowned in the Lake of Geneva."[1]

This act of Mr. Gurney was severely blamed

[1] Memoir.

at the time, yet it eventually did much to bring about an alteration of the law. Another anecdote shows that, however benevolent, Mr. Gurney could be firm in the punishment of dishonesty.

"He frequently assisted young men to avail themselves of the advantages which the British and Foreign School Society offered to those desirous of becoming qualified as teachers. It is probable that his kindness was occasionally misplaced; and on one occasion, on his arrival in Lombard Street at his usual hour in the morning, he found a young man of respectable appearance awaiting him, who, as he had learned, had been making an improper use of the means provided for this purpose, and had proved himself, in fact, a complete impostor. Mr. Gurney at once apprised him that with the will to assist the deserving he had likewise the determination to punish the deceiver; and as soon as some affairs in business had been transacted, he told him of his true position. The youth begged for mercy, but in vain. 'No,' was the emphatic answer, 'thy crime is too great to be passed over;' and dismissing the policeman at the young man's earnest request, Mr. Gurney walked arm in arm with him to the Mansion House, stated his charge, and the result was his committal for three months to prison." [1]

The benevolent feelings of Mr. Gurney were strongly called forth by the suffering he wit-

[1] Memoir.

nessed during his tour in Ireland in the autumn of 1849. Indeed, when he found that, owing to the inability of the miserable population of Ballina to pay their rates, the furniture and beds of the union were about to be seized, he bought in the whole for £200, so that, being his own property, it might remain free from the creditors. But his charities and care for others were truly boundless. He sowed blessings wherever he went. An Irish newspaper says:—

"It was beautiful to see this excellent man, whose monetary transactions are said to exceed those of any single individual in the mighty British Empire, address himself to the task of questioning humble Irish school-children in the simplest elements of knowledge, with as much earnestness and interest as if his life had no other object than the good work of educating the poor."

Richmond, who painted no less than fifty portraits of the Gurney and Buxton family, used to say that Samuel Gurney's face was a most extraordinary mixture of shrewdness and benevolence—shrewdness which enabled him to make vast sums of money, benevolence which enabled him to spend them. Many rich men are generous, but it never failed to be observed of Samuel Gurney that he not only

gave his money, but his time, his most careful thought, to those who asked his help; and those who sought his advice could always be certain that he would think what they asked worth his careful consideration. He believed that a rich man could not do enough for his fellow-creatures; it was not generosity on his part, it was his simple duty to give to those who needed help.

The Rev. Henry Tacey of Swanton Morley said, speaking of Samuel Gurney as a man of business, "He is the only man I have seen who has passed through the burning fiery furnace without the smell of it in some way hanging about his garments."

"The early disciples of our Lord," wrote Samuel Gurney, "held their property in common. Christians of the present day have not felt it laid upon them to adopt the same practice; but I have often thought that a higher degree than exists, in *fellowship* in our good gifts of Providence, is desirable, and would be a mark of our Christian disposition one towards another. And the same Christian disposition should lead many more readily to receive and to partake of those good gifts of which we are but the stewards." With this view, before the days when the idea of allotments agitated rural

England, Samuel Gurney had bestowed as many as a hundred allotments round the Ham House Park upon his poorer neighbours.

One of the Societies to which Samuel Gurney was especially a friend was the "British and Foreign School Society," to which, after the death of William Allen in 1843, he became treasurer, his strong good sense, frank bearing, ready hand, and kindly heart[1] making him especially welcome in that office.

With all sick and suffering persons, be their class what it might, he had intensest sympathy. If at a railway station he saw any one with a sick child who looked poverty-stricken, he never could resist slipping money—generally gold—into their hands, with "Get something for the child." To the Roman Catholic poor at West Ham he sent money through their priest. He demurred to subscribing to the repair of the church, but presented it with a clock. Finding that a lady in the hotel he was staying in at Thun was very ill, and evidently unable to enjoy many comforts, he contrived that she should receive a cheque for £10 from him, though he had never seen her. Seeing some boys, evidently of gentle birth, fishing with bad rods, he gave them good ones. These are little

[1] Educational Record.

instances of thousand kindnesses which poured naturally from him daily.

One of his family writes :—

"What reminiscences remain with us of Christmas days at Ham House sixty years ago! Young ladies did not skate then, nor did they wear hats. It was before the time of Father Mathew, and temperance, and teetotalism. In those days, young ladies laughed, and young gentlemen too. Such laughter and fun is never heard now.

"What a joy too were the afternoons on the water in the garden—a canal that ran round it, made, as was said, by the great botanist Dr. Fothergill, who had lived there, for his rare water-plants. How merry were the party skating and sliding. Jugs of hot spiced ale were handed about upon the ice, and hot elder-wine, made from our own elderberries by our old servant Martha Hearne, who, as a girl, came originally from Sheringham, and remained at Upton till she died of old age. There were sledges on the ice, and small carts for the babies, and many lookers-on with dogs and ponies.

"When it became too dark to stay on the ice, my father would read us some famous old tale in the drawing-room, in his usual lively manner, till dinner, when we dined—about five-and-twenty—on Christmas fare, our cousins the Sheppards joining us, and the youngest of the party handing round plates full of new half-crowns, to which all liberally helped themselves. Then came many games, real blind-man's buff,

oranges and lemons, cat and mouse, &c., the elders retiring into the drawing-room, whilst James Hogg, the highly respected butler, cleared away, and moved the dining-table into the corner to give the young ones free space for their amusements."

Mr. Gurney's interest was warmly excited in 1848 by the then new African colony of Liberia,[1] "a Christian state which had sprung up on the shores of benighted Africa," which he believed ought to be supported by all Christian philanthropists. Lord Ashley was deeply interested in the subject, believing that if Liberia could extend her jurisdiction over the neighbouring territory, a notorious slave-mart, it would check the slave trade on the entire West Coast. Hearing that £2000 would probably effect this, Mr. Gurney at once promised to contribute half the sum on condition of the purchase of the territory of Galleras and its incorporation with Liberia being effected.

Among the various speeches of Samuel Gurney elicited by the Peace Convention was one which possesses peculiar claims to attention.

"*London, Sept.* 7, 1849.—In respect of my own country, I boldly assert my judgment, that unless she

[1] His name was given to a town of Galleras in 1851.

alters her course, bankruptcy will ultimately be the result. We have spent from fifteen to twenty millions annually for warlike purposes since the peace of 1815. Had that money been applied to the discharge of the National Debt, it would, by this time, have been nearly annihilated; but if our military expenditure be persisted in, and no reduction of our National Debt takes place at a period of our history certainly characterised by very fair prosperity and general political calm, how is it to be expected that the amount of revenue will be maintained in a time of adversity, which we must from time to time anticipate, in our future history? Should such adversity come upon us, I venture to predict that our revenues will not be maintained, nor the dividends paid, unless more efficient means be taken to prevent such a catastrophe in these days of prosperity and peace."

Mrs. Samuel Gurney was one of the strongest supporters of the Anti-Cruelty Society for the protection of animals, begun by Lord Erskine in 1809 and Richard Martin in 1822, and which had numbered Mrs. Fry, Joseph John Gurney, Wilberforce, Lushington, and Buxton amongst its warmest advocates. A medal was struck for and awarded to her.

All domestic animals were cherished at Ham House. Of her poultry Mrs. Gurney was very proud, but in that populous neighbourhood her chickens were constantly carried off. At last

a peacock was stolen also. A promise of £20 reward brought the exposure of the thief, but a difficulty was raised as to whether the bird—found in a house in Spitalfields—was really the one carried off from Ham House. "Bring him here," said Mrs. Gurney, "and if it is our bird, he will at once go to roost on his own branch on the cedar-tree." The experiment was tried, and the instinct of the peacock was not at fault.

For a time the widowed Mrs. Joseph John Gurney had continued to reside in the old home of Earlham.

ELIZA GURNEY *to* HANNAH C. BACKHOUSE.

"*Earlham, Feb.* 17, 1847.—For my own part, I am enabled to get through each day without being overwhelmed, though now and then the sense of loss and want pours in like a flood, and were it not that there is a voice mightier than the noise of many waters, the stream would indeed 'have gone over my soul.' But this Almighty voice has again and again proclaimed a calm, and ever enabled me for a little moment to rejoice in a blessed sense of my husband's deliverance from all adversity, and of his cloudless happiness, his perfect joy."

"*March* 1, 1847.—In the last few days I have felt something of the healing virtue of the Saviour's love, and of the mighty efficacy of His word when it pro-

claims a calm; a little courage has been given to go on, a little trust that I shall yet be enabled to bear life patiently, and to encounter all its roughness with some degree of Christian fortitude, and, above all, that I may be enabled to fulfil my stewardship, perform my various duties faithfully, and wait the appointed time until my change shall come. But the future is entirely concealed at present, nor do I try at all to penetrate into its hidden pages. 'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.'

"If I am mercifully permitted to keep under the shelter of my own dear home for the present year at least, I shall esteem it another proof of the tender loving-kindness of a pitying Father, who knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are dust.

"My letters from America are very touching to me, and after I had read them I was reminded of the words 'From the uttermost parts of the earth have we heard songs, even glory to the righteous;' but I said, 'My leanness, my leanness, woe is me!'"

ANNA BACKHOUSE *to* ELIZA GURNEY.

"*Blackwell, March* 1847.—I never think the remarks people make of the healing that time brings are very helpful, even if they are true. It seems better every way to endeavour to submit to the present weight of suffering, and to taste the consolation and help that are given to endure each day, rather than to look forward in any way. I cannot bear to look forward for thee, so that I can easily believe it is too much for thee to do so for thyself."

ANNA BACKHOUSE *to* JULIA K. CLARKE.

"*Blackwell, April* 28, 1847.—No one who did not know them well can quite imagine the extremely close dependence of my father and mother upon each other. They were seldom separated for more than an hour or two at a time. They shared every object together, small and great, and he would never do the least thing, if he could help it, without consulting her. Thou knows that amidst all his happiness he had often much to pass through. In every difficulty he reposed on my mother, so that her constant attention to him was needed; and I have often thought, while watching him when poorly in body and low in mind, that nothing could be more beautiful than to see how she cheered and animated him, and how he returned her care by the fondest and most dependent love. It almost seemed as if such a tie could not be broken. Thou can easily imagine how the remembrance of all this endears my dearest mother to us; how thankful it makes us that it was permitted to this precious one to have his last years so brightened by such a wife, as he himself says, 'A helper exactly adapted to all my necessities.'"

ANN F. BARCLAY *to* JULIA CLARKE.

"*Earlham, April* 24, 1847.—What dearest Cousin Eliza is to all of us, who for the last five years have been delighting in what *they* were unitedly to the whole family circle, thou must imagine, for I cannot describe it. She is indeed most tenderly cherished by us all, for her own and for his dear sake, who seems now to

have left her to our care and love in his absence. But oh! it makes one's heart ache to feel what the absence of that love and that beaming brightness of his presence must daily be to her stricken heart. Yet to be with her, to feel with her, and, I might say, to suffer with her, is a satisfaction; and whilst doing so, to be made sensible, in observing her meek submission, that day by day the Hand of Love which has dealt this fearful blow, is supporting her and giving her strength equal to her day. The balance is already perceived to be perfectly adjusted in a love which we may well trust, though we cannot fathom it. How much I should like thee to see her in her daily course! Especially would it touch and yet comfort thee to see her, with calm serenity, take *his* part with this large household every morning in the family Scripture readings, and on First day evenings, when it is further increased by the villagers, who collect in one of these spacious rooms. Then, with clear voice, and tranquil, serious manner, she reads what *he* used to read. And often in the ensuing silence does the hushed stillness seem to savour of the repose of his spirit, though affectingly united with the sense of his loss."

ELIZA GURNEY *to* ANN F. BARCLAY.

"*Earlham, May* 1847. — The duties which were once a pleasure are become a burthen, for there is none to give the look, the smile of cordial approbation, none to extend a hand of help, or even a word of kind encouragement. And then our stripped and desolate, and sometimes dry and useless, little meetings! How often have we sat together there in heavenly places in

Jesus Christ! How often his soul-awakening ministry quickened my lukewarm spirit! And often, too, when not a word was spoken, we have been united in living worship, for I could not help catching something of the glow and exercise of his dedicated soul. Yet there are seasons wherein the Heavenly Shepherd does still respect His weary heritage; and although the plaintive language may go forth, 'Thy prophets are gone, and the fathers, where are they?' we are given to feel 'the Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge.' I do desire to cherish a feeling of gratitude to the bounteous Giver for the bestowal of such a choice and precious gift for the five years and three months in which my cup of blessing overflowed—in which I believe I enjoyed a larger share of unmixed earthly happiness than often falls to the lot of any one. Then the beautiful finish to his work of faith and labour of love, the complete and perfect winding up of life, the tranquil, peaceful, and unclouded close! There seemed, indeed, to be nothing in the way—nothing to intercept the entrance of pure and gentle spirit into its own congenial home of love and joy. What more could I ask? For myself, I may and do desire a grateful, humble, dedicated heart, even that a portion of his spirit may descend upon me."

To HANNAH BACKHOUSE.

"*Earlham, May* 15, 1847.—At our reading this morning a sweet calm was spread over us, and as I read the fifth verse of the second chapter of Colossians, I felt a humble trust that it might be even so. But oh! may we be 'steadfast in our faith,' and, 'as we have

received Christ Jesus our Lord, so may we walk in Him, rooted and built up in Him, and established in the faith as we have been taught, abounding therein with thanksgiving.' I think I can earnestly desire this for myself and our whole household."

Another sorrow was impending in this year. Anna Backhouse, Joseph John Gurney's only daughter, was in such failing health, that her husband determined to take her and her children to Italy for the winter.

ELIZA GURNEY *to* HANNAH C. BACKHOUSE.

"*Earlham, Sept.* 18, 1847.—Thy sweet letter came just after our solemn reading yesterday morning, wherein I was constrained to return heartfelt thanksgiving for our most tenderly beloved one who had been gathered from the trials and conflicts of this changing scene, and earnestly to petition that the work of Divine grace might go on in our hearts, until we were prepared for a blessed reunion. I could not ask for the life of our darling child; I could only desire that He who knows what is best for any of us would take us into His own safe care and keeping, and finally perfect that which concerneth us to His own glory. . . . Dear child! her spirit is almost too heavenly to leave us much hope that she will linger in this sinful world a great while longer, so full is she of resignation and cheerful acquiescence to the Divine will. It is truly touching; and altogether this further stripping has afresh caused me to feel that 'I am bereaved,'

that life will soon contain but very few to bind me to it."

Anna Backhouse died, January 19, 1848, on board the man-of-war *Bulldog*, in the harbour of Palermo, during the Sicilian revolution. Her funeral took place at Palermo, but her remains were afterwards removed to Leghorn, and placed by those of her little child, buried there a short time before.

ELIZA GURNEY *to* HANNAH BACKHOUSE.

"*Earlham, Feb.* 2, 1848.—Oh, how sweet and heart-cheering it is to look above the gloom and sadness of the grave, to contemplate the joys of that reunion, the fulness of that song of praise which I could almost fancy I hear in the deep stillness of this dear stripped home! 'When shall I wake to find me there?' How wonderfully all my ties to earth are loosening. Surely I shall not be left in this wilderness alone!

"Her end was perfect peace, on board the vessel off Palermo. She had been very nicely the day before, but going on deck to inquire after Mary Ann (her maid), who had been uncomfortable in another vessel, she complained of shortness of breath, asked to be laid on the deck, said she was very comfortable, thought it a strange place to die in, kissed dear little Johnny[1] and told him to be a good boy and he would go to heaven, said she was going to Jesus and to her dearest father, and quietly and sweetly breathed her last. How like her life has her death been."

[1] John Henry Backhouse died 1869, just after coming of age.

To the Same.

"*Earlham, Feb.* 9, 1848.—I said that I should read the letter from Palermo to the servants and villagers in the evening, and when we went into the anteroom, to my surprise I found it filled—between fifty and sixty persons present. Nothing could exceed their profound attention, and the feeling they manifested almost prevented my getting on. But I was enabled to finish it, and a most interesting and solemn time we had."

The loosening of so many ties, and her strong sense of the cares of so large an establishment, decided Mrs. Joseph John Gurney to leave Earlham in 1848.

CATHERINE *to* ELIZA GURNEY.

"I do not like to think of the future as it regards Earlham, and can only trust that things will be ordered aright for all of us. How I do feel the force of those words, 'I have seen an end of all perfection;' but we must not omit as the contrast, 'Thy commandment is exceeding broad.' Nothing ever made me feel this so powerfully as the event of last year. Such a rooting up of earthly dependence."

ELIZA GURNEY *to her Sister-in-law* S. A. BACON.

"*Earlham*, 1848.—I do not yet see my way clearly to anything, but I think the probability is I shall remain at Earlham till the Sixth month, and then remove to the Grove, the dear old residence of Joseph Gurney, the father of Hannah Backhouse. It is a

sweet spot, only three miles from Earlham, and I have some deeply interesting associations with it, so that if I leave Earlham, I shall prefer going there; but I wish to be directed in every step. It would be a wrench indeed to tear myself away from the loved spot, but if it is in right ordering, it will all be made easy.

"At present peace rests in a remarkable manner on my tarriance here."

At the end of July 1848, Eliza Gurney removed from Earlham to the Grove,[1] formerly the home of her cousin and friend Mrs. Backhouse.

ELIZA P. GURNEY *to* HANNAH BACKHOUSE.

"*The Grove, Sept.* 3, 1848.—I took my last farewell of the grounds with my sister, who was deeply feeling the whole thing. So far I had not shed a single tear, though my heart was as heavy as lead; but when, on our return to the house, I saw William Forster standing at the hall-door, looking unutterably sad, I felt I could stout it out no longer, and completely broke down, which was a real relief to me, and made the actual drive off much easier. Still it was sad enough to turn my back for ever on that cherished home, the birth and death place of one far dearer to me than my own existence, even when that existence was much brighter than it can ever be again. Our drive was one of almost unbroken silence, but as soon as I

[1] The old Bacon furniture at Earlham was sold at this time. It was all bought by Samuel Gurney, and—including "the old clock on the stairs"—is now at Northrepps.

reached this dear spot, a gleam of comfort shot across my heart, accompanied with the conviction that it would indeed be a peaceable habitation and a quiet resting-place.

"During a wakeful night, it was bewildering to feel myself really in a new house, to know the event I had so long looked forward to with dread had actually taken place, and that the dwelling I had entered with feelings of cloudless happiness not quite seven years ago was closed on me for ever. But it is all in right ordering, and I must leave the things that are behind and endeavour to press forward towards the mark. Oh, if I may but attain to it at last and win the prize."

In 1847 Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham had been invited to stand sponsors to Francis William Buxton, one of the many grandsons of their beloved sister Hannah. Catherine, Lady Buxton, writes:—

"We went to Lowestoft on Saturday (Sept. 23), Uncle and Aunt Cunningham having accepted our proposal that they should stand for our baby, on condition that the ceremony should be at Lowestoft. The interest felt amongst many of their so remarkable circle was delightful—Aldersons, Whewells, schoolmistresses, servants, friends. The font was in a public position in the middle of the church, up which our dear Aunt Cunningham carried the baby, and held him all the time. Our uncle looked beautiful, and I loved to see the way in which he took the



child from our aunt. After service, she carried him down the church, showing him on all sides.

"We spent a delightful time in that unusual home; no other place is like it in its freedom, its wonderful activity, its thoughtful kindness, in the truly parental care over everybody. Everything is marked by generosity and truest charity. It was amusing, as we walked through the town, to see the greetings with the children, the smiles and loving words, varied by a hard shaking and sharp lecture to a vulgar girl swinging on a chain and showing her legs."

An event occurred about this time which was curiously emblematic of the singular reverence for holy things and the peculiar and unworldly character of Mr. Cunningham. One day, when he was reading family prayers, a servant burst in with—"Please, sir, your study's on fire."—"All right, James," said Mr. Cunningham very quietly, "but this is not the time to speak of such things," and, reverently and deliberately, he went on reading the chapter and the prayers which followed, to the end, leaving the fire to take care of itself. The study was completely burnt, but the fire did not spread to the rest of the house.

With Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham at Lowestoft lived for many years Anna Martin, who was afterwards the wife of the Rev. David

Hinderer, missionary in Western Africa, where for seventeen years she worked devotedly in Yoruba Land. Writing of her girlish life at Lowestoft, she says :—

"Dear Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham knew little of me then; they looked kindly at me often, as they did at every one, and he used often to ask me my name. I often thought if I might have a few little children in the Sunday-school to teach, it would be an immense pleasure. I was afraid to ask it, but having obtained my aunt's consent, when I was between twelve and thirteen, I ventured one Saturday, after passing dear Mrs. Cunningham three times, to make my request, fearing all the time that she would say I was too young and too small; but what was my joy when she smiled so kindly upon me (I shall never forget that smile, I have the most vivid remembrance of it), and told me to go to the school at eight o'clock the next morning, and she would give me a class. I was up early enough; a heavy snow was upon the ground, but that was nothing. I went, and six little ones were committed to my care; and thus commenced that intensely interesting work, to which, I may say, I more and more entirely devoted myself to the last Sunday of my time in that place.

"My introduction to the Sunday-school led to an introduction into the Vicarage. Dearest Mrs. Cunningham, with her natural kindness, wished me to go to tea on Sunday evenings sometimes; this grew into a regular custom, and one evening she asked me to go and sit with her while she was drawing; I read

to her, and then left. She then wished me to go every morning at ten o'clock, and see how things stood; and sometimes I remained there, at others I went away. I became very much occupied. Dear Mr. Cunningham employed me too. I copied for him, and became a district visitor. The more I had to do, the happier I was. My life was given for them; the very atmosphere was just the thing for me, and each day I only loved them more and more. In time I resided altogether under their roof. Oh, they were happy years. I found my way amongst the people: my love for the school-children found an entrance for me to the mothers' hearts, and I had many friends among high and low, rich and poor."

"It was a home of no common kind into which Anna Martin was so cordially admitted. There was a charm in Mrs. Cunningham's character which gave her a strong hold upon all with whom she came in contact, and they were many. The benevolence which has endeared the memory of her sister Elizabeth Fry shone brightly also in her, and was exercised, amongst other things, in a large hospitality, which made Lowestoft Vicarage in a peculiar degree an 'open house.' Not only was it constantly filled with friends from a distance, but the parishioners and neighbours walked in and out at pleasure, and the beautiful garden, laid out in terraces along the cliff, was treated as public property. Amidst the visitors, of whom there was an increasing stream, Mrs. Cunningham moved with sweet dignity, giving to each her unfailing welcome and sympathy. She and her venerable husband were endued

with a heavenly-mindedness which did not fail to attract and benefit many of those who came in contact with them. It was also a home in which idleness and self-indulgence found no encouragement, but where the example of Mrs. Cunningham's untiring energy stimulated the diligence of all who came within the range of her influence.

"Anna Martin herself contributed in no small degree to the enjoyment of the guests at the Vicarage. With them she was a general favourite, always ready and obliging, extremely bright and energetic, and remarkable for the power she had of adapting herself to different people and places, forgetting herself, and throwing herself into the interests of others. Her face and voice are inseparably connected with the 'Sunday hymn-singing' at the Vicarage, a famous institution in those days. Between the five-o'clock tea and the seven-o'clock evening service, it was the custom to assemble the household, the pupil-teachers, and others who formed the choir, and any others who liked to attend, in the drawing-room, to sing hymns and anthems. Mrs. Cunningham herself presided at the piano, and led the party with her high clear voice, her face beaming with faith and joy; a picture which must be treasured in memory by hundred of hearts. She insisted upon every one joining, allowing no excuse whatever.

"On the 14th of October 1852, Anna Martin was married to the Rev. David Hinderer, the African missionary. The fine old church at Lowestoft was thronged from end to end; the school-children, lining the path to the churchyard gate, scattered flowers

before the bride and bridegroom. These are commonplace incidents, but the wedding-breakfast was by no means commonplace. 'Everybody' was there; it was regarded almost as a public festival. . . . Amongst the speeches was one from Mrs. Cunningham herself. To her, with her hereditary connection with the Society of Friends, it was the most natural thing in the world to do; and her affectionate and impressive words were listened to in breathless silence."

Writing long afterwards, Mrs. Hinderer spoke of her friendship with Mr. Cunningham as—

"The precious gift of one so very, very dear to me, who has indeed been the friend of my youth, my minister in the Gospel, and my kind, faithful adviser and friend at all times, I never can say how much I feel I owe him, how I have loved him with the deepest respect, gratitude, and affection. It is my joy to believe that, unworthy as I am, I shall, through the merits of my Saviour, be permitted to meet him in the better land above, where sin, sorrow, and parting shall never come; and also be among the number of those of whom he will say, 'Here am I, and the children whom Thou hast given me.' My heart will cease to beat ere I can fail to think of this beloved and honoured minister, of his precious wife, who has also been my dear friend, and who gave me the call to that dear Vicarage; of all near and dear to them, all in which they were so deeply interested."

Before the home of Earlham was finally broken up, the mother-sister, Mrs. Catherine Gurney, had left it. She had a small house of her own at Lowestoft, but close to the Cunninghams—so near that they could come in and out at all hours of the day; and not only her dear sister Richenda, but her brother-in-law, Francis Cunningham, would always find a calm refuge from the parochial worries, which they always faced so brightly, in her little parlour, filled with precious though small memorials of her so wealthy past. Her nieces, but especially Rachel, Mrs. Cresswell, one of the daughters of Mrs. Fry, were frequently with her, feeling a lull in life in the supreme peace of her aged companionship. For she seemed, as a recent writer has described it, to "have reached a little quiet backwater in the river of life, where the pressure of the current could no longer reach her, would never reach her again."

Priscilla Johnston wrote in the summer of 1848:—

"Aunt Catherine is very, very infirm. Aunt Cunningham more surprising and more delicious than ever, her drawing-room like a fairy-land of pictures, flowers, and pretty things; her garden delightful, she skimming down the ninety steps many times a day; she



herself a sunbeam, brightly dressed, brightly looking, brightly speaking, singing, drawing."

MARY ANNE SCHIMMELPENNICK *to* CATHERINE GURNEY.

"It was indeed a heartfelt pleasure to receive thy kind and welcome letter. How strange, and yet how sweet it was, after the lapse of so many intervening years, and so long and varied a web of chequered light and shade, weal and woe, again to see that well-known handwriting which once I so dearly looked to as the solace of my daily life, and which vividly brought before me its varied remembrances of joy and discipline, in the accomplishment of the purpose for which our Father was pleased, in the early part of our lives, so much to place us together.

"Perhaps, too, it was the more vividly felt because I have been, at this very time (about my seventy-first birthday) calling to mind my past life, and I love to think, not only of that goodness and mercy which I believe often invited us in years that are past, but also of that which has followed, each of us in our separate paths, with guidance, with discipline, and with forgiveness; that, by leaning on Him who was meek and lowly of heart, we might indeed find rest unto our souls.

"How striking, how heart-affecting, and yet how consoling it is, at the close of a long life, to look back upon the course of God's dealings with us, and to recognise in a manner the end wrought out through the varied stages of our earthly pilgrimage; what each friendship, each trial, each pursuit was intended to accomplish; what strength each refreshment by the

way gave us, and how far it was used to His glory; what wisdom was imparted by such discipline, and whether His message of love and mercy had been left in our minds and pondered in our hearts; and what fruit it bore to life eternal. How encouraging and yet how humiliating is the review; humiliating, that we needed such reiterated chastisements, so much discipline from the hand and heart of Him who is love; and yet encouraging, since that very discipline shows that He will never leave us nor forsake us, but that this God is our God, that He who *has* been, *will* be our guide, even unto death, or rather through the passage of death to life eternal.

"In this review of the past I have strongly felt how much, as an instrument in His hands, I truly owe to you. With you, I think, my heart was first opened to the happy social feeling of human friendship; and the consequences of being with you were used as the means of concentrating my scattered and fluctuating wishes after the truth, though not then knowing where and how it might be found.

"How much, in everything that is of earth, do we, as creatures of time and sense, feel and see its temporal bearings and its temporal influences; and how much, too, do we feel its attendant evils and imperfections. But, as time proceeds, we see that the temporal part floats away down the stream of time, and that the eternal good abides, to be laid up as an everlasting treasure; that the evils which accompany every human thing, and which especially do so at an early period of ignorance and inexperience, mark not that the thing itself is evil, but that it should be wisely

pruned; that the plant no more grovel in the dust, but be trained on the Tree of Life to grow upward.

"No new fire can be kindled without sending forth so much smoke that we are apt to think the evil greater than the good; till some wise attendant come, who, instead of putting out the fire, brings the bellows to give it more of the breath of life, and more fuel (like more truth) to feed upon, and stir it well with reiterated blows to let the air, the breath of life, penetrate the very heart of the mass. And so, at last, this smoky little fire, which scarcely emitted a solitary spark of light, becomes a clear, steadfast, glowing flame, warming and enlightening all who draw near. Just so it is, I think, with the affections of early youth. Have patience, commit them to the Lord's discipline, and according to the strength of the fire, if it be trained as a servant, not as a master, will be the light and heat given forth.

"And how happy is it, dear Catherine, in every passing event of life, not only to have our spiritual eyes opened to secure the germ for eternity, but also, in every friendship and every social tie, to look, if we may so speak, through the present human state of being to the angelic spirit training within; and that we may be so favoured in all our ties as mutually to help each other, and thus, in the present inert chrysalis, to look to the future winged being, who is to burst from the fettering envelope, and soar in the glad sunbeams of life and light.

"Such, my ever dear and early friend, have been amongst my thoughts lately, as the dear and deep remembrances of Earlham, as it then was, rose before

my mind, with all the happy intercourse, and with all the sharp discipline, that belonged to that phase of my life.

"When I look back, I feel I owe you much, very much; but yet more do I feel—how can words express what I owe to Him who made it so much, both in sweetness and bitterness, and whose unfailing love and wisdom had a rich blessing to communicate alike through both.

"And now, my dear Catherine, that we, who have so often stood together hand and hand, and taken counsel together heart to heart in the beginning of our course, when as yet we knew not His voice who called us; now that we stand, as it were, on the verge of this mortal life, what can I wish for thee but what I wish for myself, and what the Church wishes for us all at the commencement of the ecclesiastical year; that our dear and faithful Lord may give us grace to cast away the works of darkness, and put upon us the armour of light, now in the time of this mortal life, in which His Son, our Saviour, came to visit us in great humility, that in the last day we may rise to life immortal, through Him who is our Redeemer, our High Priest, our King, our peace in this life, and our chief joy in that which is to come, and which is to us how near!

"Why hast thou not told me more of thyself? I wish I knew more of thy life. What are the flowers of truth thy heart refreshes itself with; what thy favourite books? If thou canst walk out; if natural scenery is as sweet to thee as it used to be, when yet thou didst not half so well know Him of whose truth and glory it spoke in living types? Art thou as fond

of water (an excellent type), and of salt (another equally good), as thou used to be? I will not ask thee to write, for I know full well that at our age the grasshopper is often a heavy burden. I will only say that thy remembrance is fresh and dear to me, and that there is no particular about thyself which would not be very interesting, if thou art inclined to tell it me.

"And now, dear Catherine, farewell. May our Lord bless thee, and be with thee, and may He be ever near to commune with us, and teach us in age as He invited us in youth. May He make us to lie down in green pastures, and lead us beside still waters. May He be with us in the valley of the shadow of death, and may His rod and His staff then support us. Goodness and mercy have followed us all the days of our life, and oh! what remains for us to desire, but that we may dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

SARAH GURNEY (afterwards Mrs. Head) *to her Aunt* CATHERINE GURNEY.

"*Upton, July* 28, 1849.—Yesterday we went by appointment to visit Queen Adelaide at Bushey—papa, mamma,[1] and I—arriving about two at her handsome old-fashioned house. . . . After luncheon, the Queen talked of the fearful storm of the night before, and said that she always felt happier and *safer* in a storm at sea than in one on land, because, human help being then utterly in vain, she had a more lively sense of being under the immediate care of God. She spoke also of the unpopularity which she and the King had

[1] Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Gurney.

to encounter at the time of the Reform; that they were hooted and hissed at Hounslow on their way from Windsor. The King was so annoyed, he refused to go that way again, but fearing that this might look like fear, she begged him to allow her to drive there herself, and—going with only Prince George, then a little boy—she met with nothing but kindness. . . . She showed us a tiny marble statue of her little daughter, who died at three months old, and told us about her.

"Afterwards we drove with the Queen and her suite, in little open carriages drawn by big bay ponies, to the pheasantry, a wood with lawns and gardens interspersed; and, when we returned to the house, the Queen showed us the gardens from her Bath-chair, papa and mamma walking by her side."

ELIZA P. GURNEY *to* HANNAH BACKHOUSE.

"*The Grove, Nov.* 1849. — Cousin Anna Gurney dined with us yesterday very agreeably, and I invited Lucy Aggs, Amelia Opie, and Anna Forster and her sister to meet her, which answered nicely. She came at three o'clock, on purpose that we might have a nice private chat together before the others arrived, and most sweet and affectionate she was. What a treat it is, in this little minny-minded world, to meet with a large-souled, generous, noble creature of whom you approve entirely! Just such is Cousin Anna. I never was more deeply impressed with the greatness of her character than during our intimate conversation yesterday. What a splendid Friend and minister she would have made, notwithstanding her lameness! Indeed, I

think her very helplessness would have added to the effect, giving an emphasis of interest to the whole. But alas! not many rich, not many mighty, not many noble seem to stumble into our path, or rather, I should say, seem willing to be led into it."

To the Same.

"I took my friends to Anderson Reid's and the jail, to both of which places R. Sturges has rather a concern to go. The whole weight of the service, however, fell upon me, most unexpectedly, and she said she believed she had gone on my account. I was much interested in two young women (one of them only eighteen) who are to be transported. They were exceedingly affected when I addressed them, and listened with great interest to a tract we read to them. In parting, I simply said, 'Farewell! I hope I may meet you next where there is no more sin and no more death; but remember, as death leaves us, judgment will find us;' and the poor creatures put up their aprons to their faces and sobbed aloud. I do not know when I have had such a sense of the awfulness of sin or of the exceeding greatness of redeeming love through Jesus Christ our Lord. We afterwards visited a debtor, whose heart was as hard as a stone, a fine ladylike-looking person, but very high, and justifying herself in the strongest terms. She was brought down, however, in degree by being reminded that, though man may judge wrongfully, there is One that searcheth the heart, who will render unto each of us according to our works—'Whither shall I flee from Thy spirit?'"

To the Same.

"*The Grove, Jan.* 15, 1850.—Some part of every day since Sixth day last has been devoted to poor old Sarah Racey's dying bed. It was really striking to see any one so calm and self-possessed at such a moment, for she is evidently passing through the dark valley, and is entirely sensible of it. We had quite a smiling time over the blessedness of putting off mortality, with all its sorrows, sufferings, and tribulations, and being clothed upon with immortality, its light and joy and peace and happiness. She echoed all I said about it, clasping her hands and looking really pleased, as if she were about to take a pleasant journey and liked to hear of the accommodations at the end of it. I could not understand myself to be so utterly unmoved by such a scene—death used to seem so awful to me. Has my heart grown colder, or is it that we learn to form a truer estimate of things as life goes on? Instead of being the end of pleasure and enjoyment, as we are apt to consider it in early life, we learn to think of it as the termination of sorrow and suffering, and the commencement of true happiness. She broke forth into praises and thanksgivings just before I left her, very touchingly exclaiming, with a voice broken by great oppression on her breathing, 'Oh yes, my Saviour is most merciful. He does not willingly afflict me. Blessed for ever be His worthy name!'"

ELIZA P. GURNEY. *Journal.*

"*The Grove, Jan.* 21, 1850.—Oh, were it not that

we are graciously permitted and invited to come with our emptiness to the fulness which is in Christ—aye, and with the burthen of our guilt and transgression to that atoning fountain of the everlasting covenant, what would become of any one of us? Help, Lord, or we perish for ever!

"There is something very sad, almost humiliating to me, in the idea of time blunting our feelings, so that we do not feel the same acute sorrow for the loss of those we so tenderly loved as we did in the earlier days of our bereavement, while suffering under the immediate pressure of the stroke, and while the wound is bleeding freshly from the sudden rending of the cherished tie. Yet surely this is the merciful ordering of Him whose name is Love—

'Sunk in self-consuming anguish,
Can the poor heart always ache?
No, the tortured nerve will languish,
Or the strings of life must break.'

"I have often been reminded latterly of these lines and have felt their truth; yet surely I have no cause to quarrel with my own heart for not being faithful to its sorrows, if I may so speak. They seem to be engraven upon it with an iron pen, and I believe death alone will ever obliterate them."

In 1849-50 Mrs. Joseph John Gurney was very much urged by her own family to return to America. Two especial causes had hitherto prevented her from doing so—her great affec-

tion for Mrs. Backhouse, and the failing state of Mrs. Catherine Gurney, her husband's sister and mother in one.

ELIZA GURNEY *to* HANNAH BACKHOUSE.

"*The Grove, Feb.* 11, 1850.—Chenda (Mrs. Cunningham) thinks my sister, Catherine Gurney, is very much coming round about my going to America, and that they are all resolved to look on the bright side and regard it only as a temporary separation, fully expecting to see me again next year, if life is granted. Thou must follow their example, if it should really seem best for me to go. But at present 'my eyes are holden,' and my faith is a little tried; the time for decision seems drawing so near, and there are so many arrangements that will have to be made about house, and servants, and horses, and everything. Yet I do trust I may be preserved from any undue anxiety; for a little faith is given me that light will arise from obscurity, and my darkness become as the noonday. Thou wilt not be surprised, however, that I feel the responsibility of the whole thing; and then I am so wonderfully left to my own devices as regards any human aid. Certainly it would not always be a comfort to me to believe that those tenderly beloved ones who are taken from us are cognisant of what is passing in their earthly homes. I should be quite beset with the notion that some of my hours of untold loneliness would cause disquiet and discomfort even there. One scarcely knows what to wish about it, for oh! the anguish which those words have given me: 'His

breath goeth forth; he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish.' 'Also their love and their hatred is now perished, neither have they any more a portion in anything that is done under the sun.' Oh, how these things have saddened my solitary heart! But there is one thing I will believe in, and that is recognition in a future state. What it would be to be welcomed into those joys which eye hath not seen nor ear heard by some of those redeemed ones whom we have dearly loved! . . . Surely, if we lived nearer to the Source of Light, we should have more frequent glimpses of the better land. The Apostle says, 'Ye are come unto Mount Zion, and to the city of the living God, the New Jerusalem, to an innumerable company of angels, and to the spirits of just men made perfect.' Why should we not, like Stephen, see the heavens opened, and Jesus standing on the right hand of the throne of God? Is it not because we do not walk in the Spirit as Stephen did?"

To the Same.

"*The Grove, March* 3, 1850.—I long to see thee, and the thought of it in Meeting this afternoon was accompanied by a feeling of true sweetness, and an earnest desire that we might know yet more of a living spiritual union; so that, whether we are permitted to spend many of our remaining days together, or whether the broad Atlantic shall roll between us, we may indeed be each other's joy in the Lord. After a season of unusual lowness, in which I have known something of being 'baptized into the cloud and into the sea,' partly perhaps from being left so solitary, this has

been a day of arising, wherein the new song has been put into my mouth, even praises unto our God. Indeed, so precious has been the sense of His love and power, that I thought, as I sat in profound quietness this afternoon, that if only a small portion of the peace which has filled my heart this day were graciously vouchsafed to me during the remainder of my pilgrimage, it would be of little consequence whether it was spent in England or America.

> 'Could I be cast where Thou art not,
> That were indeed a dreadful lot;
> But if, O God! Thou guid'st my way,
> 'Tis equal joy to go or stay.'

"This, I believe, is the sincere breathing of my heart, so thou need not be afraid to trust me; for thou knowest, as well as I do, that I can be no comfort to anybody out of my right allotment, and, setting aside all natural inclination and affectionate bias, I shall depend upon thy helping me to ascertain what my duty is."

Contemporary Journals at Lowestoft.

March 1, 1850.—Speaking of her symptoms, Mrs. Catherine said, "They may be dangerous and bring me to the end, but I do not fear. I have no wish to remain. I am weaned from life."

Speaking of the Sacrament, she said, "I do not wish for it. I want nothing outward. I have the reality; I have it in my heart."

One morning she said to her sister Richenda, "The night has been a most instructive one—such a vivid

sense of the contrast between temporal and eternal things—such light upon the truth—such a sense of the blessedness of being in Christ: through all irritation and suffering it gives peace—peace. It is worth while to suffer, to see and *know*."

Another morning she said, "Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life, but I think I have never been so peaceful and happy as in the night. Then I have the Lord only. I feel as if I dare not speak to any one but the Lord then. I cast myself entirely upon Him."

And again, "I hope—I hope that I am lying at the foot of the cross."

Mrs. J. J. Gurney came to see her, and prayed touchingly by her side, "Thou hast been her morning light, and will be her evening song."

On hearing of Mrs. Catherine Gurney's critical state, her cousin and life-long friend Mary Anne, Mrs. Schimmelpennick, had written:—

"*May* 28, 1850.—It was only last night, my very dear Catherine, that I received Mrs. Cresswell's letter, and oh! how shall I describe the feelings with which I read it? All Earlham once more lived before me, and through the haze of long-past years the tints seemed almost more vivid than those of youth, yet with deep pathos and heart-affecting memories, the store and precious treasury of age.

"My very dear Catherine, well do I remember the time when we entered together on the pilgrimage of

human responsible life. And now that road is travelled which once in prospect seemed an interminable vista, although, in looking back, life is but as a tale that is told; and we both, in far different scenes, but still united in one deep heart and spirit, now stand upon the verge, awaiting our call into that life where so much of our earthly as well as heavenly treasure is laid up, and where our Father is not only waiting to bless us with His own presence, but has prepared so sweet a welcome to us from so many we dearly loved, who are gone before.

"My dear Catherine, my heart seems still to cling to the remembrance of the beloved past, even in the nearing rays of the brighter picture. Dost thou remember how often for hours we have walked up and down the drawing-room or anteroom, or sat in thy room or mine, talking of the destiny of man, his hopes, his powers, his duties; and reasoning, as best we might, from our own stores, or Mr. Search's or others, upon a theme where all reason must fail, and where revelation can alone teach? Yet were not those sweet hours unblest or unproductive, since they effectually taught us that man does know, or can know, nothing of the centre of all truth if untaught by God. They were the strainings of the soul upwards, the beating of the eagle imprisoned in his cage of earth against the bars of his prison. How did we go on vainly wandering in a chaos of doubts, and involving ourselves in a labyrinth of speculation, till the same God who at first caused light to arise amid the darkness shone into our hearts to give us the knowledge of His truth, and light, and love, in the face of Jesus

Christ! How shall we sufficiently thank Him! He taught us the darkness and emptiness of our hearts, and then He illuminated that darkness and satisfied that hunger. He taught us in measure to trust Him, and oh! how has He repaid that trust by overflowing fulfilment!

"We sought light from reason, the candle lighted up by man for time. He bade us find it in revelation, the sunbeam kindled by God, enlightening for eternity as well as time. Truly have we experienced that there is light in the evening.

"Has not our Lord led us through all the steps of our pilgrimage, even now, until its close? We began in doubt, we end in certainty; we began by opinion, we end by experience; we began in conflict, we end in peace. Oh, shall we not end in joyful thanksgiving; and, when we compare the past with the present, feel that His gracious love and unmerited mercy have indeed encompassed us with songs of deliverance! . . .

"My dear Catherine, how love divine and human are the only two goods, communion with God, communion through Him with our fellow-men; most and closest with Him, next closest to that part of His Church with which He has seen fit to link us in His providence as helpers! And truly, as all real love has its root in God, so is it eternal. Those whom Jesus loved, He loved to the end; and those who love in Him, love unto the end likewise; for God is eternal, and all that is rooted in Him partakes of the permanence of that eternity. And I believe that till we are in eternity we shall neither fully know what we

are to our Lord Himself individually, nor what we are to Him as instruments to effect His purposes. For all the seed of the kingdom has life in itself, and goes on increasing, germinating, budding, blossoming, and sending forth fresh shoots through all our life; so that we often do not know half the value and importance of a truth till very many years after the voice from whose lips we first heard it sounds no more on earth. Mr. Pitchford, thy dear sister Mrs. Fry, the Moravians at Bath, and many others, have uttered truths, scattered seeds in my heart and mind, the full import of which, after nearly half a century, I am yet daily learning more of. And how great an unpaid debt of grateful love we owe to all our friends; yea, and to all our enemies too; for we owe most to those who have most often been the means of sending us to our Lord.

"And now, my ever dearly loved friend, God bless thee abundantly for all thy manifold kindness to me. May He repay thee an hundredfold. May He write deeply on our hearts all that has been according to His mind in our friendship, and pardon and blot out all that has been contrary to it; and may both the sweetness and the discipline be of all the things which, by all means and always, work together for our good. Bear me, thy old and early friend, on thy heart, as I deeply and affectionately bear thee on mine. And now, farewell! May our Lord ever hear thy prayer; and may He enlarge our hearts, enlarge us when we are in distress. The Lord will hear, for His dear Son's sake, when we call upon Him. We may commune in peace with our own hearts upon our beds;



for He has said, 'Peace, be still!' to the billows that once conflicted there; and instead of the enemy (the self-tormentor, Psalm viii.), the Comforter abides there. We may offer a sacrifice of righteousness, for He has provided it. He will lift up the light of His countenance upon us. He has put gladness into our hearts, more than into that of the children of this earth in their increase. For our corn is the bread from heaven, even angels' food; our wine, His faithful and cordial promises, and the communion of His life-giving blood; and our oil we believe to be the unction of the Holy One, which leads into all truth, and takes of the things of Him we love and shows them to us.

"Oh, my dear Catherine, let us, in conclusion, with heart and soul and spirit, say at the end of our course, 'I will both lay me down in peace and sleep; for Thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety.' 'As for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness.'

"The Spirit and the Bride of Christ say, Come! Let every one that heareth answer, Come! Amen, come, Lord Jesus; come, we implore Thee: with longing hearts we are now waiting for Thee. Come soon; O come!

"My very dear friend, farewell! Bear me on thy heart and spirit, as I do thee. Ever in true and deep affection, thine from early youth to hoary hairs,

"M. A. SCHIMMELPENNICK."

HANNAH, LADY BUXTON, *to* MRS. SCHIMMELPENNICK.

"*June* 25, 1850.—Our precious beloved sister is walking gently through the valley, and is spared much

conflict of body and (she says) of soul, 'without a cloud,' resting in the hollow of His hand. She can speak but little now. But on Saturday her mouth was opened to declare the great things God had done for her in Christ Jesus, her 'sole dependence,' her 'only hope,' and much more to this effect, inexpressibly to our consolation. She says she thinks never before did she so earnestly wish to depart and be with Christ; but she would not be impatient; she desires to wait His time. This time, we all think, will very soon come; it may be hours or days. To His holy keeping we commit her, where she is for ever in the everlasting covenant. It is a comfort to me to be with her, and very cheering to see the blessedness of faith in Christ. How I wish to rejoice in our many beloved ones gone before, and now ready to welcome their dearest sister."

Mrs. Catherine wished once more to dine with her family, and was carried down. The Cunninghams, Cresswells, and Lady Buxton were present. Afterwards they could hardly bear it, as she made a little farewell speech, addressing several of them by name. To Mr. Cresswell she expressed her overwhelming gratitude for his having long spared his wife[1] to be her nurse and helper. To Mr. Cunningham she said, "Oh, Francis, dear Francis, *what* have you not been to me! what a brother!

[1] Rachel, daughter of Elizabeth Fry.

what a friend! what a home you have given me! How I feel it, and oh, how grateful I am! Who ever had such brothers and sisters, and nephews and nieces!"

A few hours before her death—

"She seemed to have the most wonderful revelation and realisation of the glories of heaven. Her countenance was illuminated. She stretched herself forward, and lifted up her hands, clapping them together, as if in ecstasy. Her last words were—'I see Him *now*.' She ceased to breathe at 10 P.M. on June 26, 1850. There was no struggle, only 'she was not, for God took her.'"

XVI

THE LAST LEAVES ON THE TREE

"I feel about all things now as I do about the things that happen in a hotel after my trunk is packed to go home. I may be vexed and annoyed . . . but what of it? I am going home soon."—MRS. BEECHER STOWE.

LADY BUXTON wrote:—

"*June 26*, 1850.—So another of our band has fulfilled her course, and has accomplished her work here. . . . The change came on about three, and she sank rapidly. From this time she spoke only of Jesus, and her hope of salvation through Him. I cannot describe what it was to catch the precious enunciations, but the most wonderful thing was a sudden illumination that came over her dear face. Her eyes opened wide, her face turned up, her hands held as high as she could raise them, and then, with the most extraordinary expression of delight, clapping her hands, as if from extreme joy, she 'saw heaven opened.' She was so perfectly herself, that it added to the value of this remarkable evidence of her glorious inheritance being even now revealed to her. She said, 'I shall see Him as He is, face to face.' She continued speaking till about half-past nine, when the mind seemed to sleep, and the dear body to yield up the struggle; and in

quietness we waited for the gentle dismissal, and most gladly accepted it."

On the 6th of May 1850 Hannah Backhouse had died—"a mother in Israel, loved and venerated alike for her work's sake, the charm of her society, and for her kindly and affectionate nature." The loosening of this close tie to England had already caused Mrs. Joseph John Gurney to decide upon returning to her early home in America, at least for a time.

ELIZA GURNEY *to* MARY ANNA LONGSTRETH.

"*June* 17, 1850.—My way seems now open for a return to my own land, at least for a season, and it was deeply impressed upon my mind that this would be the case many months ago, even when dearest Hannah Backhouse was well as usual, though I never could believe it would be right for me to leave her, and my sister Catherine was strongly opposed to my going while *she* lived. Now the former is gathered home to her heavenly inheritance, and the latter is so far on her journey as to be wholly weaned from all earthly things, and I have already taken my leave of her, never expecting to see her again in mutability. Thou wilt easily believe that all this has not been passed through without much suffering; but it is my earnest desire to be more and more enabled to leave the things that are behind, and to press forward with renewed diligence toward the mark, looking solely unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith.

It is no light thing to me to think of returning to Philadelphia again, and I have always felt that I could not do it in my own way and time; but 'simply follow as I lead' is the command that seems to be given me, and in endeavouring to do so, whatever my outward allotment may be, I feel a sweet and consoling assurance that my mind will be kept in peace."

HANNAH, LADY BUXTON, *to* ELIZA P. GURNEY.

"*July* 17, 1850.—I do feel thou hast been most faithful, generous, sympathising, and helpful to us all, and we have all loved thee as a dear sister, an immense blessing and gift to our darling brother, and a comfort to us all. I trust thou wilt leave thy dear home and this country for a season, with deep thankfulness that the grace of God has so abounded as to have enabled thee to do His will amongst us, to glorify His grace and His name, and to be made a remarkable blessing, not to our dearest Joseph only, but to us and to a large circle. I cannot say, dearest Eliza, how deeply I feel this. Thou hast been truly a blessing to me, a comfort, an encouragement, a minister of the Gospel, and a distributer of good things, spiritual and temporal. With tears I feel what thou hast been, with gratitude that we have had thee, my love, and now I feel that thy duty lies with thy own land and thy own people, and for a season we are willing to give thee up, though we feel what that giving up is."

Soon after this, Mrs. Joseph John Gurney embarked for America, a number of Friends accompanying her to Liverpool, where her

honoured friend William Forster delivered a most touching farewell address before the ship left the dock.

HANNAH, LADY BUXTON, *to* ELIZA GURNEY.

"*Northrepps Hall, Oct.* 15, 1851.—This is my birthday—sixty-eight! Ten years older than either of our precious ones were. What would such a lengthened life have been had it been granted them? What labours of love, what efforts to do good and serve their Master's cause in the world! I feel it humbling to have been left, but if in remaining I may fulfil the holy will of God to the end, I shall indeed have to render thanks. The review of the last ten years, and of my whole life, does indeed lead me to feel that there is no hope but in Christ, through Him redemption and forgiveness of sins, and acceptance in the all-sufficiency of His righteousness. The day I was twenty, I remember we assembled a very large party to a picnic in the Sheringham woods. At this time how did youthful energy and spirits abound; now how changed—I alone at the head of another party of children and grandchildren at another picnic on the cliff at Trimingham. Everything made it most interesting to me, though now surrounded by life and prosperity, rather than sharing it. A lovely sight it was to-day above the bright blue sea, Edward and Fowell with their guns, dogs, and keepers; Catherine, Sarah, Chenda, the boys' tutor, and six children, all congregating for a luncheon under a sheltered edge. Thee, dearest Eliza, can fancy it, and how much I have to be thankful for."

To MR. CHARLES BUXTON.

"*Northrepps, Feb.* 19, 1852.—That this is not a day of solemnity and most tender thoughts and some bitterness,[1] I cannot say, but I have had a time of much sweetness in my own room, and with a delightful knowledge and feeling that death does not dissolve our ties, but in one way almost strengthens and perfects. Such intense love and oneness of spirit is manifestly left to us with those that are gone, that it seems to surpass the fellowship which we are permitted to taste while our union is under the veil of the flesh. It is most delightful to know the lasting nature of love. I really seem to know it to be unchanging; with my long experience I can turn to the dear ones of years and years gone by with an affection and delight I feel for you, my precious children. This is very pleasant, and gives us a glimpse into the power of everlasting love, in which we trust we shall for ever dwell. But are we not enjoying it now? Are we not His beloved ones? The question arises, do we love Him with all our heart and soul and strength? and though through the frailty of our nature we do, indeed, know that we do not, yet are we most heartily anxious so to love Him, and do we earnestly and constantly and perseveringly seek for that spirit which can alone give this love with every good and perfect gift? How short the time may be for seeking after God, I deeply feel at sixty-eight.

"As to ——, I hope Charles will thoroughly return good for evil. Nothing can be less our path of duty or wisdom than to act towards others as they do to us,

[1] The anniversary of her husband's death.

and not as we would they should do to us. Throughout life, in little as in great transactions, our Lord's standard is sure to be a safe and happy one, far, far more so than that which our naughty natures would set up."

The death of her eldest daughter, Priscilla, Mrs. Johnston, June 18, 1852,[1] again brought deepest sorrow to Lady Buxton. Mrs. Cunningham writes:—

"As her sainted, sorrowful mother sat by her side and saw sweet looks of peace overspreading her countenance, she said to her, 'My darling, an abundant entrance is ministered unto you in the everlasting kingdom.' Though death overshadowed her, she took it up, repeating with emphasis, 'Yes, an abundant entrance,' and in a minute more, 'Yes, I know it, an *abundant* entrance.' Her whole state was one of peaceful quietude, and at last her dear head sank down with ease upon the pillow on one side, her hair, so lovely, falling over her face, and she was gone!"

A fresh sad anxiety to Lady Buxton soon arose in the failing health of her only remaining sister, Mrs. Cunningham.

"*April* 5, 1853.—My most dear sister Richenda and her husband have been a weight on my heart, but she has seemed uniformly calm, trustful, and fearless as to their needs being supplied.

[1] Her husband, Andrew Johnston, was laid by her side at Overstrand, Aug. 29, 1862.

"Her comfort in music was truly a blessing. If restless, nothing was like going to the pianoforte, and if the maids came in to sing, she was sure to be relieved. It was a most soothing resource, and her drawing also.

"We read together our sister Fry's life. This was highly interesting to both of us, and very cheering were these hours spent in close sympathy and love towards those gone and one another. When she was tired of drawing, and we of reading, all her things were put away, and she turned to the piano. In the evening we read a book with Francis; she worked while we read. The maids came in, and they sang a variety of pretty things together, she taking some part herself. When they went to supper, we read the Bible together. At first we read Zechariah, then the sermons in the Acts, which so delightfully dwell on the resurrection of Christ. . . . Truly she is always athirst for God and delighting in His Word. How does she live in the Spirit, and with the Spirit enter into every blessed truth of the Gospel!

"On Good Friday (March 25) it was cold, rough weather, but she was set on going to Overstrand Church with us. Francis was to preach. It was an occasion of great and touching interest. The suffering and death of our Lord was vividly with us, softening and enlarging our hearts, I believe, in love and gratitude. Francis took the text, 'He was oppressed and He was afflicted.' He had not been in the church since the day of dearest Priscilla's funeral—this, and the speaking monument close to him, and the subject of the day, all touched him closely, and his sermon

was deeply interesting; the whole congregation was moved by it. We had solemnly to feel it, I especially my own losses, and now the exceeding frailty of these beloved ones, also of my beloved Cottage sister. . . . We stopped at the Cottage on our return, the first time my sister had entered it on this visit to us. How different from all former visits, when she was sure to run down the first morning before breakfast to catch a look at it. On Sunday (March 27) she again wished to attend the service at Overstrand. The church and resting-place roused her tenderest feelings, but especially as regards our last loss in Priscilla, who was as her own to her. I rather shrank from being brought into such close contact with my beloved ones gone, in connection with those spared whom I held by such uncertain tenure, but it would have been difficult to have a more satisfying service. Poor Sir Francis Palgrave was there also, in the pew with Anna. We three, Chenda, my sister Chenda, and myself sat in the gallery during the regular service, then before the Sacrament we moved down to the others. Truly it was a solemn time, all of us brought so low as to this world, but so full of the hope of the everlasting kingdom. As we gave thanks for the risen Saviour, we rejoiced in the hope of the glory of God set before us in Him, and the perfect union with those so tenderly beloved, whether in earth or heaven, through the risen Lord."

In the summer Lady Buxton went to France with her daughter Richenda and the Cunninghams, in the hope of benefiting Mrs.

Cunningham's health. Lady Buxton writes in her diary:—

"*June* 25, 1853.—We had an extremely rough passage. My sister could not, on coming down, get across the cabin, and sat down on a dressing-box by the door. She sat and sang in a low voice very sweetly, 'When the stormy winds do blow.' It was very touching to see and hear her, and so characteristic of herself, singing with melody in her heart under all the storms and crosses of life, and evidently made to sing by her simple and constant faith and love."

And later—

"To my sister Richenda any place seems a garden; no spot is barren to her; there is no wilderness in her life; her mind's eye sees flowers everywhere."

Mrs. Cunningham continued to fail through the next winter and summer.

HANNAH, LADY BUXTON. *Journal.*

"*Lowestoft, Dec.* 24, 1854.—Who knows if these beloved ones will be spared to me for another Christmas! My sister has had a very restless night. Francis is rather revived, and seems to keep close to the Saviour. Yesterday his whole soul seemed aspiring after heavenly things for himself and others. But he is very ill and low in spirits and manner. My sister is more cheerful—her heart fixed, trusting in the Lord. 'What a luxury for us three to be together,' she said this morning.

"It was a bright frosty day, the sea beautiful with ships, some dark, some brightly lit up by the sun. Mr. Ripley preached strikingly on 'The Sun of Righteousness has arisen with healing on his wings.' When I came in from church, I found my sister writing in her little room; her cough would not have allowed her to go to church. Francis came in and was most loving to her. . . . In the evening we had sweet singing of Christmas hymns, and Francis read some of 'Lady Huntingdon,' till we had a little service together. Francis prayed, and so did my sister, most beautifully, recognising the close of life as coming upon them, and her hungering after Christ and heavenly things."

"*Christmas Day.*—We were awakened at seven by sweet singing in the hall. Many of the household had assembled to sing to their dear master and mistress. She did not expect such a pleasure, and I felt it very affecting—these dear ones perhaps greeted thus for their last Christmas Day. All day my sister had been absent from her public duties, but she has been as industrious as usual. . . . Before dinner we read her journal of last Christmas Day. She seemed from it much the same as to-day, but she said, 'Oh, I am lower now.'"

Both the surviving sisters had the power of seeing sunshine everywhere. They never marred the enjoyment of those left to them by unavailing sorrow for those lost. They gathered the flowers which still lined their

pathway, and in their homes, both of Lowestoft and Northrepps, had still much simple and peaceful enjoyment.

Richenda Buxton writes from Northrepps Hall in 1855 :—

"*July* 10.—The place is in great beauty, flowers in rich abundance. Honeysuckles are still in flower, and the white Banksia rises over the gable; the annuals overflow the beds and are splendid in the bright sunshine. The scarlet lowry flew down to greet us from his stand opposite the drawing-room window when we reached home; the other parrots[1] and cockatoos were flying about in great glee. A pair of cockatoos are sitting on their two eggs in the box near the chimney; whenever the hen bird leaves the nest, her mate takes her place. The young cockatoos are delighted to follow us about the garden."

"*July* 12.—The hay is being made and the school-children are coming to play in it, and an express was sent to Cromer for plenty of strawberries and milk for their supper. This has been spread on the lawn, and, as usual, has quickly attracted the parrots. The scarlet lowrys are in the acacia, two cockatoos on the grass, and stealing bread and butter from the children; many others are walking and screaming around. . . . In the early mornings it was pretty to see the little girls reading on the terrace, and two cockatoos pecking at their feet."

[1] The parrots and cockatoos flew about in the woods at Northrepps, laying eggs and bringing up families there.

"*July* 30.—I sat some time under the chestnut-tree, much amused by watching five cockatoos in full gambols in the beech-tree; apparently the beech-nuts must be ripening by the attraction they seem to have. The scarlet lowry is getting tame; I coaxed him on to my finger, but he bit my hand. The large party of children are now at tea on the lawn, and the parrots are collecting on the trees around to share the children's meal, and some are sitting on the back of the green seat being fed by the little girls. Two new parrots have been added to the flock to-day. We put them in their cages out of doors. I have let the parroquets come out and join the others on the trees, which they have done with great satisfaction."

"*August* 3.—The little girls are now crowding round the cistern of water, while Francis is eagerly pumping, and a cockatoo is sitting on the edge of the tub drinking of the stream."

Richenda, Mrs. Cunningham, died peacefully, August 15, 1855, having been visited for the last time only two days before her death by her brother Samuel—her "prince of brothers," as she always called him. She is buried at Lowestoft.

"While we mourn for ourselves," writes Mrs. Hinderer from the mission-station at Ibadan, "it is sweet to think of that pure and beautiful spirit in the realms above, with her God and Saviour, where all is peace,

and joy, and love. I love to think of her, what she was here below, and what she must be now. I feel continually what a privilege it has been to me to have had such an example and such a friend; to have lived under her roof, and to have shared her counsel, advice, and affectionate love and interest. May every thought of her make me remember the account I must give of the privileges and blessings I have enjoyed, and stimulate me to follow her example in industry, perseverance, gentleness, meekness, and every Christian grace which shone so very brightly in her. I feel, in every step of my African career, how much I owe to her and to Mr. Cunningham, which can never be told.

"We may look far and wide for her equal. I do not know what shone more brightly in her; everything appeared in its full beauty and force. Her extraordinary powers, with her sweet humility and every Christian grace; her meekness, gentleness, forbearance, that loving charity which can scarcely be equalled. I never saw such pure generosity. I think I knew more of her gifts and helps while living with her than almost any one. Writing for her, and waiting upon her as I did, I could not help knowing her; and besides, she would speak to me about things and people in many a quiet hour over her drawing. Never did I see, nor can I expect to see again, such an exemplification of that charity which 'thinketh no evil;' always so willing and ready, and I may add determined, to look on the best side. In this evil world it was impossible such a kind heart should not be encroached or imposed upon. When talking one day of a person

who did not seem worthy of her kindness, she only tried to speak of what might be good and hopeful. I remember asking her if she did ever see any evil or wrong in anybody. She looked up from her drawing, a little amused, and smiling said, 'Why, yes, dear, I see it, but I like to shut one eye, and open the other only a very little way, when there is anything wrong; and besides, I like honey so much better than poison, that I like to seek only after the honey.' It is indeed a wonderful privilege to have been under the influence of such a spirit, and such a daily and hourly example."

Writing afterwards to Mr. Cunningham she says:—

"How constantly I feel what a blessing, help, and preparation your dear vicarage life was to me, with you and dear Mrs. Cunningham at the head, and all one saw, and learned, and felt then; the regular occupied life, the kindness and love which reigned there. Sorrow and care came, but there one saw how it was to be borne, and a cheerful, blessed spirit presided, loving and loved, all under the banner of Jesus: so much happiness existing, because in everything He was the honoured and beloved Head."

In the preceding February,[1] Elizabeth, the dear and honoured wife of Samuel Gurney, had died at Ham House. Her niece Katherine Fry writes:—

[1] February 14, 1855.

"The solemn scene at Ham House on her funeral day is impressed upon my mind. My father and I were immediately shown into the drawing-room and took our seats among the large company assembled there. The calm dignity of inexpressible sorrow stamped upon my beloved uncle's countenance as he sat upon a sofa, with his daughters round him, will ever remain in my memory. In the midst of the great assembly of the family, who sat round the room in perfect silence, lay all that was mortal of the sweet, much-loved mother, aunt, friend, and mistress. We silently entered our carriages and followed to the Friends' burial-ground at Barking."

Life never could be the same again to Samuel Gurney.

"At Earlham and Cromer, among his grandchildren, however, Mr. Gurney seemed to renew his youth. His appearance on the sands of the latter place has been described as very striking, when surrounded by the clusters of bright young faces, listening to their eager talk, and promising fishing-nets to one, and scientific apparatus to another, with an interest which beamed from his face, even saddened as it was."

In the visits of his married daughters to Ham House, he always urged that they should be accompanied by their little ones.

"Endless were the smaller proofs of thoughtful and considerate regard for others which draw out a mother's heart to the memory of such a grandfather. *Considera-*



tion, indeed, that blessed domestic virtue, the absence of which mars many a fair home picture, was a prevailing spirit at Ham House; and more, perhaps, than any other influence, maintained that quiet flow of peace which was so remarkable in Samuel Gurney's dwelling."

In July 1855, Eliza (Mrs. Joseph John) Gurney returned to Europe for a time, and established herself at Earlham Road near Norwich, in the former residence of her dear friend William Forster, who had died in the preceding year.

ELIZA GURNEY *to Friends in America.*

"*Ham House, August* 24.—We entered the Mersey in a dense fog, having sunk a schooner which ran against us, but a boat saved nine men and one poor frightened girl of thirteen—the whole ship's company. . . . Not very long after the pilot met us we saw a little boat hovering around us, and presently descried my noble brother Samuel Gurney, Sarah, Richenda Barclay, and young Edward Buxton, who had most kindly come the day before to Birkenhead to meet and conduct us to Ham House, where we are now most peacefully and comfortably settled.

"I have not said how truly affecting it was to me to see the pale and altered countenance of my much-loved brother; but he has the same sweet, gentle, loving spirit, and it is delightful to be with him again, even at this changed home, where a void is deeply felt at

every moment. John Henry[1] met us at the station, looking as beaming and sweet as possible. Nothing could possibly exceed the cordial welcome we received on every hand, and, what is best of all, the peace of my own mind has been unbroken."

The devoted attendance of Samuel Gurney upon his dying wife had seriously affected his health, and in the following year, he, who had been ever the strongest of the strong, began to fail. His physicians ordered him to spend the winter abroad, and he yielded with child-like submission, though it was a great sorrow to him to leave home.

"He took his last walk round the garden on the afternoon of his last day at home, still speaking calmly of the future and all its uncertainty. The morning dawn was bright, and the autumn sun illumined the varied tints of the trees, and, for the last time, the faint autumn song of the few remaining birds sounded in his ears. Still all was sweet and peaceful. The Bible was opened as usual, and once more his voice was heard in the solemn family worship; but his children who were present must have felt, and doubtless many of them did feel, that it might be for the last time in his English dwelling. He then visited the kitchen to bid adieu to his servants, shaking hands with each in turn, though the effort was almost too much. Yet, on going back to the drawing-room to

[1] Her stepson.

await the arrival of the carriage, he exerted himself in his usual considerate manner to comfort his old servant Martha, who sat weeping beside him on the sofa, and then, the moment of departure being come, he rose and crossed the threshold, never more to pass it alive. 'To *me*,' said a daughter who did not accompany the travellers, and who has described the parting scene, 'his death was *then;* nothing since has been so painful.'"

The travellers went to Nice, where several of Mr. Gurney's children joined him. One of his daughters wrote:—

"*Nice, Dec.* 23, 1855.—While the others were at church, my father and I have been reading in the Bible and bits of my uncle Joseph Gurney's Memoir. He is most peaceful and cheerfully happy. As we walked up and down the sunny terrace, I spoke of the exercise of patience it was to us his children not to see progress, and he said, 'We must be entirely submissive,' expressing his great peacefulness in leaving the future absolutely in the best ordering."

But it was soon apparent that Samuel Gurney's weakness was gradually increasing, and though—so great was his composure—a frightful carriage accident did not seem to make him worse, the hope of recovery grew daily less. In March, his sister Hannah, Lady Buxton, went out to see him once more. While at Nice she wrote:—

"Colonel Tronchin (of Geneva) told us the story of his first hearing Gospel truths explained. He went, as a matter of curiosity, to see a London prison, knowing nothing of Mrs. Fry's work. She happened to be there, reading Isaiah lviii. to the women in a recess. He did not see her face the whole time, nor for twelve years after, but he listened to her sweet voice giving the truths to the prisoners, and it sent a new life into his own heart."

As spring advanced, Samuel Gurney had one only wish; it was that he might return and die in his own home. The difficulties of the arduous journey were smoothed by the devotion of his children, but when they reached Paris the end came.

"On the last night of his life it might be said that an unusual covering of peace was over him. His tenderness to those around was unspeakable. 'It is peace, be still,' he often repeated; and when again and again disturbed by the distressing sickness, he very sweetly said, 'We must pray for a continuance of our "Peace, be still."' And truly it was as though the Saviour Himself were present in the swelling flood; for the calm was not of earth in that dying chamber.

"With his child-like trust and simple faith in entering the valley, it mattered little that the dying bed was in a foreign land, and that the spirit was to take its flight, not from the beloved Ham House home, but in the midst of a large hotel, in a great foreign metropolis. He once said distinctly, 'Though I pass

through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me;' and again he uttered his frequent expression, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' He was much tried at times by the sense of illness and exhaustion, and earnestly craved patience, saying, with deep submission of spirit, 'O Lord, let Thy will be done, notwithstanding my impatience.' The end was come; and with the everlasting arms underneath, and many of the children[1] whom he had loved gathered around his bed, and faithful servants watching for his last breath with fervent prayers, he entered into rest at a quarter before six on the 5th of June 1856.

"The rough passage was passed, the eternal haven was gained, and there was peace on the shore beyond. It was not permitted for him to reach the beloved earthly home. He who is infinite in wisdom saw fit to arrest his course and to remove His servant to a better home, 'a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'"[2]

Samuel Gurney left nine children and forty grandchildren behind him. On July 17 he was buried at Barking in presence of a vast company, brought from all parts by a feeling of spontaneous reverence for his character and worth. His niece Katherine Fry writes:—

"On our arrival at Ham House, we were immediately

[1] His eldest son only survived him little more than two months, and died Sept. 23, 1856.

[2] Memoir.

shown into the dining-room, in the centre of which was the coffin; around the room in double, triple, quadruple rows, sat a very large assembly in profound silence. The darkened light, the solemnity of heart-felt grief spread over the whole, was very impressive. The little rustle of our entrance over, silence again prevailed; no sound but occasionally that of suppressed weeping. The words of Scripture came powerfully to my mind as descriptive of the state of the company:—'I was dumb with silence, I opened not my mouth, because Thou didst it.' After a while the very text was quoted by one of the company, and we had some valuable Friends' ministry. . . . Soon the carriages came round, and we began to get in. The park seemed full of them, and the drive was bordered on both sides by detachments of the National, British, and other schools of the parish. On turning out of the gate, we saw the lane full of people, many in mourning, and many a tearful eye and quivering lip was among those poor women; but the singular sight was a long file of carriages extending half-way down the road to East Ham. There were, we afterwards heard, thirty-eight of them. They contained the clergy, Dissenting ministers, parish authorities, and principal inhabitants of West Ham and Stratford, and were preceded by a procession of men on foot. All these moved on before the hearse; when it moved they moved, when it rested they stood still. Those at the last never saw the beginning, those at the beginning never saw the last. It seemed one interminable line of carriages (eighty-eight in all), of which the hearse was about the middle; and *what* a man lay within it, whom we all were there assembled

to carry to his grave; and in grief and in love and in honour we did it, children, grandchildren, relations, friends, dependants, neighbours. There was no official, *anonymous* attendance; it was heart-felt participation in the interest of the occasion, and in the sorrow of so great a loss."

"The brother of Joseph John Gurney and Elizabeth Fry, the engagements of an active and commercial life had prevented his appearing so much before the public, but he was no less devoted, heart and hand, to the same works of charity and mercy. He, as well as they, had learnt the lesson of life in the school of Him who went about doing good. He had regarded his great wealth as a trust with which Providence had endowed him for the benefit of others. His charities amounted to little less, on an average, than £20,000 a year. Few plans of benevolence have been set on foot for the last twenty or thirty years in connection with which his name did not appear as a munificent contributor. But this was not all. His private bounty flowed into innumerable channels, unobserved by the public eye. His personal peculiarities will long be remembered—his fine stalwart frame, his hair white as snow, contrasting with a countenance still ruddy with health and beaming with habitual cheerfulness, his brusque manner, his loud and hearty voice, all expressive and eloquent characteristics of the man, a man greatly revered and beloved, and followed to the grave 'by devout men with great lamentation.'"[1]

[1] *Herald of Peace.*

"Indeed a prince and a ruler in Israel is gone from among us, great in wealth, great in position, great in mind, but greater far from the mode in which that mind, that position, that wealth, were devoted to the furtherance of the great interests of religion and



OBELISK TO SAMUEL GURNEY IN BROADWAY, STRATFORD.

humanity, and accompanied by a personal humility, truly indicative of a christian and catholic spirit.

"Although a member, and a most consistent one, of a peculiar section of the christian community, his own religious tenets were never allowed to interfere with

his works of benevolence, which were extended equally to the members of all religious denominations. Another of his distinguishing characteristics was his love of peace, which it was the great object of his life to promote."[1]

His efforts in the cause of infant education, most earnest and liberal, were commemorated in an obelisk thirty feet high, and two drinking fountains in Broadway at Stratford. At its inauguration many speeches were made by ministers, magistrates, clergymen, and artisans, but the most remarkable was that by a working man, who said :—

"The late Mr. Gurney never gave me money: I didn't want it; but he did something better. He erected schools, and laboured hard to provide a good and useful education for my children and the children of my brother workmen; and in doing this he conferred upon us a lasting and invaluable boon, which must ever endear his memory to our hearts."

The Chevalier Bunsen wrote to one of the family :—

"If the merchants of England, like those of Tyre, may be called princes, Samuel Gurney was indeed a prince, because he was not only a great merchant, but a complete and sincere Christian. His heart was not where his earthly treasure was; it was with his God

[1] From the *Essex Standard*, June 20, 1856.

and with humanity, especially with all in suffering amongst his brethren. Upton and those who dwell there will be blessed for the good which has been concentrated there for so many years."

The Rev. Frederick Perry, preaching in Plaistow Church after his death (June 18, 1856), said :—

"There were three salient points in his character observable to all. He was distinguished by catholicity of spirit, philanthropy, and beneficence. To all who were engaged in doing good, no matter how much they differed from his religious views, he cheerfully extended the right hand of fellowship by liberal gifts. He was eminent for philanthropy, not only to the bodies, but the souls of men. We have heard of his princely liberality in the late Irish famine, and his exertions in our neighbourhood. Not merely British and Foreign schools, but even our parochial Church schools have been bereft of a strong buttress. His advice was given as cheerfully as his money. He strove to promote the highest welfare of men. He felt the Bible to be one of the greatest boons from Heaven to man, and he accordingly devoted time and talent and wealth to send the Bible all over the world. I remember returning home with him one evening from a meeting of the Bible Society, where he had presided and spoken admirably. He talked to me of the grandeur of the design and the magnitude of the operations of the Society, and he repeated—to himself, as it were—'A glorious design!' His was indeed

a cosmopolitan philanthropy. His great beneficence and charity were performed so quietly and unostentatiously that they might have escaped detection were not every object of his bounty a witness. His was never a niggard stream, running only in one section of the christian Church, but wherever there was want or a cause to be helped, there his beneficence flowed. As a clergyman of the Church of England, I can testify that I never recommended an object of charity to him in vain. . . . To sum up all, he was a nobleman, though he wore no coronet; his patent of nobility was derived from God, and it was known and read of men."[1]

A short time before Samuel Gurney's death, one of his family was walking with an eminent London merchant, and talking with him of the rare instances of nobility and high principle which appeared amongst men.

"He raised his head significantly and said, 'Yes, I *have* seen a noble deed, and the man who did it is old Sam Gurney. You may have read about a trial, when one of the first silversmiths in the City, and a man of high esteem for his uprightness, was accused of forgery. The excitement as to the probable result of this inquiry was intense, and the opinions of men differed widely. On the morning of the decisive day, I chanced to hear that my friend Gurney was prepared to stand by the prisoner in the dock. I immediately

[1] "Memorials of Samuel Gurney," by Mrs. Thomas Geldart—appeared in 1857.

proceeded to Lombard Street, where I found him occupied with the vast interests of his business, and asked him hastily whether common report was true. Upon which he said, "After a most anxious investigation of the matter, I am firmly convinced of that man's innocence. I deem it my duty to express this publicly, and shall join him in the felon's dock." And most assuredly he went; nor could any one easily forget the intense sensation produced in the crowd of spectators when, on the prisoner being conducted to his place, the stately figure of Samuel Gurney presented itself to the public gaze by the side of the innocent silversmith.'"

This anecdote needs no comment.

In the autumn of 1856, Eliza Gurney made a tour "of Gospel Love" through those parts of Southern France and Northern Italy which she had visited several years before with her husband. She travelled with all Mrs. Fry's "concern" for the spiritual welfare of royal personages.

ELIZA GURNEY *to* ELIZA BARCLAY.

"*Genoa, Nov.* 12, 1856.—In the course of Fourth day, Christine (Alsop) incidentally heard that the Duchess of Orleans was in the neighbourhood, and as I had all along been under the impression I should see her somewhere, though I had no idea where she was, I concluded to write her a line and ask for an

interview the following day, when we found we should pass her door. Accordingly, at a quarter past eleven we were there—an unreasonable hour, to be sure, but we were bound to a certain stopping-place, and could not help it. A German lady met us in the drawing-room, and told us that she had written to appoint one o'clock for our call, and wished to know if we could not wait, as the Duchess was engaged with her drawing-master. I replied that I should be very sorry to disturb her, but that I believed we must be going on our way, and was about to leave a message, when she interrupted me, exclaiming, 'Oh, but she says she must see you; so if you cannot wait, she will be down directly.' In a very few minutes the sweet young creature appeared, looking extremely delicate, but gentle and lovely as ever. She led me to a seat on the sofa, and referred to our former interview with much interest and feeling; said she had read Sir Fowell Buxton's Life, and wished to know whether I could not recommend her some more such religious biographies. After conversing pleasantly for a short time, I asked for a few minutes' silence, which she willingly assented to, and immediately informed the German lady of my request. I think I may truly say they were moments of fervent prayer that words might be given to me suited to her need, and I trust they were not withheld; for as soon as I had ceased she seized my hand with affectionate earnestness, saying in broken English, 'Oh, my dear friend, how shall I thank you for all your good words and all your great kindness to me? Will you continue your prayers for me when we are far separated? for I do

so much need them.' She then inquired where we had been and where we were going, showing much interest about it, and saying, with great emphasis, 'I so like the Friends.' When I bade her farewell she said, 'And when do you go to England?' I told her I could not say exactly, but before very long. 'Then,' she said quickly, 'you will go to Claremont? The Queen will be glad to see you, and now you can tell her all about us.' We gave her some books, and we parted most affectionately, she telling us she believed a blessing would descend upon our mission."

To SARAH GURNEY.

"*Cannes, Nov.* 25, 1856.—On Fourth day morning a strange concern came over me; I felt it come in such a way I dare not turn from it. This was to ask for a religious interview with the Dowager Empress of Russia,[1] who is spending the winter at Nice. Robert Alsop called upon the Baron Majendorf, and saw the Baroness, who took the note which I had written, and said she would show it to her husband, but seemed very doubtful about his taking it to the Empress. The next morning he called again by appointment and saw the Baron, but found the note had not been delivered. Indeed, the Baron thought it was quite impossible to trouble her with notes from any one. Her Imperial

[1] The Empress Alexandra (Louisa Charlotte of Prussia), who had inherited the charm and beauty of her mother, Queen Louisa. She married, 1817, Nicolas Paulovitch, afterwards Nicolas I., who died Feb. 17, 1855, having said to her, "When I first saw you, my heart said, 'Behold your guardian angel,' and the prophecy has been accomplished."

Majesty was very much engaged; she was expecting the High Priest every moment, and some of the royal family were to come to Nice in a day or two. Besides, he could not conceive what Madame Gurney could possibly want with the Empress; she was not a 'Quaker.' The Empress had her own religion, and Madame Gurney had hers, and it was not likely she would convert her. Robert assured him that I had no wish to make a Quaker of her; that I merely offered the visit in a feeling of christian interest; that all we asked was that the Empress might see the note, and then, if she did not wish to receive us, we should be quite satisfied. At last he permitted the note should be delivered, and we should have an answer about five that evening. But about half-past two a special messenger was sent from the Empress, with a note to me from the Baron, saying the Empress would see me the next morning, the hour would be indicated at a later period. In the evening we had a meeting at the chapel, which I felt to be a very important one, and the preparatory baptism was almost as much as I knew how to bear. There was a large congregation, and after a short but solemn silence I rose with the words, 'And they shall come from the east and from the west, and from the north and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God;' which we afterwards found was very applicable, as there were present Russians, Germans, French, Italians, Irish, English, Scotch, Dutch, Swiss, Vaudois, and Americans. I believe I may say the meeting was owned by the Great Head of the Church. The people were as quiet and attentive as possible. The meeting was an inexpressible

relief to me. Early the next morning came a note from our friend the Baron, to say the Empress would receive us at half-past twelve. Robert and Christine Alsop went with me, intending to go in, if they were not forbidden. We were soon shown into an anteroom, and in a few minutes a very tall and stately-looking lady stood before us. We could not doubt for a moment who she was, for her whole presence was that of an Empress. She instantly took my hand and led me into her private drawing-room, Robert and Christine following, but leaving the astonished attendants behind.

"Very soon she began speaking about our meeting the night before, and said some of her people had attended. She spoke of my sister Fry, and of women's preaching, which she could not exactly understand; but she said, 'You can hardly remember her, you are so very young.' I assured her I was turned of fifty, at which she expressed great surprise, and told two of her ladies afterwards as a thing not to be believed. With much feeling she told us of her irreparable loss. She said the Emperor was the noblest of men, and that she had not ceased to mourn for him day and night,—in fact, that she often prayed that her life might be taken, she felt so desolate without him; that they had not lived together as Emperor and Empress, but as husband and wife. She looked very pale and ill, and so full of feeling as truly to excite our sympathy; but it was no easy matter to address her as a minister just after she had expressed her astonishment that women should ever be called upon to preach. In this critical moment my gracious Lord did not forsake me. Indeed,

I believe if ever I was empowered to preach the gospel, it was on this interesting occasion. I soon perceived the Empress was in tears, and after I had addressed her for about two minutes or more, we sat together in solemn silence for a little time, when she came to me very kindly, and kissed me on both cheeks, thanking me for the visit, and expressing a desire that a blessing might descend upon it, or, as I believe, she said that the word spoken might be blessed to her. She then inquired how long I had been a minister, whether we were engaged on a religious mission, and was much interested in hearing about the Vaudois, and accepted some books I offered. She said she understood every word I said, because I spoke 'so simply and so distinctly.'

"On the whole, we felt deeply interested in our visit, and my heart was filled with sympathy for the poor dear Empress."

To JANE FOX.

"*Congénies (Gard), Dec.* 16, 1856.—At Anduze we had a large meeting—three or four hundred people, I should think, at least—and to my own feelings it was one of the best we have held. When it was over, we went up into the pastor's drawing-room, which was just above (for his chapel is in his own house), and, to our great surprise, found it full of people, they having gone up by another way. It seemed impossible to keep them from falling into silence, there was such a sweet and solemn covering over us, and presently the pastor came to me with an urgent request to have

a meeting on the following morning. I told him we wished to leave at eleven o'clock, and as we had engaged to breakfast with him and his wife at ten, there would be no opportunity for it; beside which, I had not thought of having a second meeting in that place. All this he communicated to those present, but they said they would be very glad to come at nine o'clock, and seemed so in earnest about it, that, although it was truly in the cross, I felt I dare not turn away. We have several times been solicited to hold a second meeting, but I never before have thought it was required of me to yield to the request. When we arrived in the morning, the pastor's room was full, and a sweet and solemn time we had together, after which we went to Lasalle, where a meeting was appointed for the evening at seven o'clock; but about half-past six the pastor (who is a very young man and a converted Catholic) despatched his servant to request we would come at once, for the chapel was quite full, and he did not know what to do with the people. When we reached his house, he took us into a private room, and, with a look of much anxiety, wanted to know how we commenced our meetings. On our telling him 'in silence,' he seemed quite frightened, and said he was very much afraid his people would not understand it; for although many of them were serious, and would come from a desire to be edified, yet there were others who would only come out of curiosity, and he would not answer for their behaviour. Would it not be better to begin with a hymn? I told him I did not think it was necessary, that we had generally found there was a Power over us which could silence those

we met without any intervention of man, and I believed we might trust it on the present occasion.

"Accordingly we walked into the chapel, and the moment we made our appearance, though the people were so much crowded that many were obliged to stand, they were all as quiet as possible, and the silence continued to be profound until we left the house. It was partly perhaps from awe and astonishment, there never having been a Friends' meeting in that place before, but I never witnessed a more serious or attentive assembly. The pastor, who had been the instrument of much good in the neighbourhood, seemed thoroughly warmed up, and congratulated us on the successful issue of the undertaking, which he hoped might be blessed to the people."

To JOSIAH FORSTER.

"*S. Etienne, Jan.* 4, 1857.—At Annonay we had a meeting with the 'Dissidents,' or dissenters from the National Church, held in their own little chapel. There were nearly two hundred present, and some of them sympathised in good degree with the views of Friends. After we had been sitting a little while in profound silence, one of the Darbyists arose and said he felt bound to testify against the ministry of women, referring the people to chapter and verse in the Bible to prove they were forbidden to speak. Having borne his testimony, which he did in no very christian spirit, he walked out of the meeting, which remained as quiet as possible, being wholly unmoved by what he said.

"It was strange that at that very moment my mind was dwelling on the enmity of the carnally-minded

Jews to the spiritual nature of the gospel dispensation: 'How can this man give us his flesh to eat?' &c., and in connection with it the conversation of our Lord with the woman at Jacob's Well, her leaving her water-pot and going into the city to preach Christ, and that many of the Samaritans believed *because of her word*."

To KATHERINE BACKHOUSE.

"*Paris, Jan.* 13, 1857.—We spent a very pleasant evening at the Coquerels'. He is an uncommonly interesting man, but slightly tinctured with Unitarianism, which caused me to pass through some suffering, that ended in faithfully preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ. 'Take heed to yourselves and to the flock,' &c. When, after sitting a short time in silence, he rose and took me by the hand, saying very earnestly, 'Madame, we cannot thank you for what you have said,' I confess I was a little frightened. Directly, however, he added, 'But I sincerely trust we shall profit by it. You have spoken truth in so much love and with such sincerity, we cannot help receiving it, and may the Lord abundantly bless you, and bless your labours in His name.'"

Later in 1857, Eliza Gurney, accompanied by her friends Robert and Christine Alsop, set out on another missionary tour, this time through Switzerland and Germany.

ELIZA GURNEY *to* JOHN HENRY GURNEY *and* E. BARCLAY.

"*Rehme, August* 25, 1857.—On Fifth day, before

leaving Potsdam, we concluded to drive to Sans Souci about ten o'clock, ask for the Lord Chamberlain, and send in our cards. When we got to the palace door, we saw Count Keller standing on the terrace, and Robert went up to him at once; but he said the King was fully occupied, and could not be even spoken to till two o'clock. Robert asked him if there was any probability of our seeing the King at two o'clock; but he thought it very doubtful, as many of his family were about him; and Robert returned to the carriage quite disheartened. I begged him to ask Count Keller to speak to me. He did so, and I saw, the moment he took me by the hand, his resolution was shaken. Perhaps my sad and pallid countenance made him relent; perhaps some sense was given him that I was striving to obey the 'King of Kings.' At all events, he took my card at once, and said he would ascertain whether His Majesty had really commenced his business; if not, he would send it in. Directly, the coachman was beckoned to drive to the door: the good, kind Count was there to hand me out, and offer me his arm into the anteroom, where we waited about five minutes, when the King appeared. He was most kind and cordial, exclaiming, as he took my hand, 'The prisoner[1] is liberated, and he will go to England!' He then spoke warmly of my sister Fry, and of the dear party that accompanied her in 1841. 'But I will call the Empress,' he said; 'she wishes to see you, and tells me you are an old friend of hers: she saw you at

[1] A young member of the Society of Friends, who had been imprisoned for refusing to bear arms, and for whose release Mrs. Gurney had petitioned.

Nice.' While he was gone, the Chamberlain told us that it was in consequence of the Empress being with the King that my card was sent in. If she had not been there, he would of course have been engaged in business. Why was she with the King just at the moment when the poor Quakers stood before the door? 'Whoso is wise and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord.' Directly, the large folding-doors were opened, and certainly the scene that presented itself was enough to dazzle our unpractised eyes.

"The King, the Queen, the Empress, the Grand Duke Michael, and a beautiful Princess of Baden, to whom he is betrothed, appeared before us. The Empress was splendidly attired in rich white silk with lilac flowers, which is, I am told, the Russian mourning. Her tall, elegant, and graceful figure set off the enormous width of her hooped skirts. The Queen was in blue and white; the King dressed like a private gentleman, except perhaps a little extra lacing on the collar. I think I hardly ever spent so much time before in describing dress, but really the picture before us was one to be remembered. Two ladies-in-waiting, Count Keller, and the aide-de-camp filled up the group. The Empress raised her hands on seeing me, exclaiming, 'My dear friend!' and gave me both her cheeks to kiss. She is remarkably stately and dignified, and not by any means warm in her manner, yet to me she was truly kind, saying, 'You have been ill; you must not stand.' Then, seating me beside her on the sofa, she asked me many questions. . . . But my heart was too heavy to go on thus, and, in my usual rather stupid

way, which she did not appear to observe, I said in all simplicity, 'Will the Empress ask the King if we may sit in silence?' not thinking of her leaving her seat. However, she jumped up directly, and went to the other side of the room, where the King was, and in a moment he was looking about for a chair, for, as people always stand in the royal presence, there were very few in the room. All this I learned from Christine afterwards, as I was too much absorbed by my own feelings to observe what passed around me.

"We fell at once into a solemn silence, and I think I may truly say I was helped by my gracious Lord to declare His truth, being remarkably without might or power of my own. With the Empress on one side, and the King on the other, I felt just as quiet and composed as I did in the cell of the prisoner, and was enabled fully to relieve my mind, addressing them for nearly half-an-hour, without interpretation of course, as they all speak English. A profound silence reigned whilst I was speaking, and for some minutes afterwards, and then the King seized my hand and said, with much emotion, 'I thank you a thousand times for your good desires for me. May all the blessings you have asked for me come down upon your own head a hundredfold. God bless you! God bless you!' We were now standing, and the Empress put her arm round the King's neck and kissed him in the most affectionate and sisterly manner. It was a striking scene. She also evinced much feeling, and said to me very kindly, 'I am so glad to have met you again.' The sweet Princess of Baden also came up and kissed

me warmly, and the Grand Duke shook hands with me in the kindest manner, and with great simplicity, reminding me a little of Sir Edward Buxton, though not resembling him in person, being a well-bronzed Russian of the hardier sort. The Queen appeared to me the least impressible of the family, but she is very open and good-tempered, apparently forgetting she is a queen herself, and suffering others to forget it also. She spoke to me about my sister Fry, and said she 'loved her dearly;' and Christine says she questioned her about our darling Anna, and seemed much interested in hearing of her precious boy, saying she well remembered her, and Bessie also. After spending about three-quarters of an hour with this singularly interesting party, we took our leave, the Empress again giving me her cheeks to kiss, and begging me to remember her in my prayers. Poor dear! she looks less oppressed with grief than when I saw her before, but still she is, I am sure, a thorough mourner. Had I been well enough to see the King when I first proposed it, I should have missed this interview with her, as she did not arrive at Potsdam until two days afterwards, so that surely I may say with the apostle, 'In all things I am instructed.' . . . One thing I must not omit to tell thee is, that when we came to settle with my kind physician, he quite declined receiving anything, but asked how to spell my name, and said he must make his report to the King: so thou seest I was, in fact, a royal patient."

In 1858 Eliza Gurney carried out the wish of the Duchess of Orleans that she should

pay a visit to the venerable ex-Queen of the French.

ELIZA GURNEY *to* HANNAH, LADY BUXTON.

"*August* 20, 1858.—A lady-in-waiting took us into a pleasant drawing-room, where the dear sorrow-stricken Queen soon made her appearance. I don't know why, but I felt touched at seeing her, she looked so pale and altered; and then it was not easy to forget that four of the small party who met at Neuilly were gone, and would be seen of men no more—in fact, that we two were the only ones remaining. She led me quite affectionately to a chair, and made some allusion to our visit to Neuilly in 1843, which she seemed to remember very well, spoke of my sister Fry and her works of charity with animation, and said, 'Now you are following in her footsteps,' which I disclaimed. But she persisted in it—'Yes, you are; you go about doing good, and so did she, and now I hear you are going to America.' I made some allusion to the loss they had met with, expressing my hearty sympathy, which was kindly and gratefully received. The tears came into her eyes as she said, 'Ah! you are very kind. She was a great loss to me. And then there were two in six months—two in six months,' referring to the Duchesse de Nemours.[1] I presently mentioned her grandsons—'They are very well,' she replied, adding, 'they are both here.' I ventured to ask if we could see them, adding that the Duchess had regretted

[1] The Duchesse de Nemours died Nov. 10, 1857: the Duchesse d'Orleans, May 1858.

that they were not at home when I had the pleasure of seeing her at Sestri. The Queen said they were very much occupied in preparing for their Continental journey, as they intended to set out the next day but one; she would, however, send to inquire if they could come down for a little while, and she requested John Hodgkin to ring the bell. It was answered immediately, when the Queen spoke most politely to the servant, desiring him to be so good as to inform her grandsons that Madame Gurney was there, and would like to see them. Almost directly the Comte de Paris made his appearance. I was struck with the amiability and frankness of his manner as he came toward me and shook hands cordially; and when I made an allusion to his mother, he said, 'Oh yes, I have often heard her speak of you; and I was very sorry not to be at home when you were there.' On hearing that J. Hodgkin was Dr. Hodgkin's brother, he shook hands warmly with him, saying he knew the doctor, and that he had met him lately. He asked how long I had been in Italy, Germany, &c., and presently the Duc de Chartres entered, who also greeted me in a most friendly manner. My heart was heavy-laden all this time, and I felt I could do nothing else but ask for silence, which the Queen very graciously granted us, observing that her grandsons' time was closely occupied, and that they could not remain very long; on which I said that I hoped I should not improperly detain them, but I was quite reassured by the emphatic answer of the dear young Count, 'Not at all, not at all, I assure you.' We then fell into a solemn silence, and I think I may say I was

strengthened by the gracious Saviour completely to relieve my burthened mind both to the Queen and to those two dear young men, to whom I felt remarkably attracted. The Queen looked very serious, and bowed her head repeatedly in token of assent while I was speaking, and afterwards thanked me warmly for my good desires for them, saying very earnestly, 'Pray for me, pray for my children, pray for my grandchildren,' motioning toward them as she spoke. Some allusion had been made to the probability of our never meeting in this world again, and the hope expressed that, through the riches of redeeming mercy, we might all reassemble round the throne, to which she thoroughly responded, saying, 'That is the happy meeting-place; there is no parting there,' or words to that effect. John Hodgkin set his seal impressively to what I had communicated, and made a few appropriate remarks; and then the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres both thanked us warmly for the kind interest we had manifested. Not knowing how to address them, I had said, 'My dear young friends, if you will allow me so to call you;' and directly after the opportunity was over the Comte de Paris kindly took me by the hand, and said with earnestness, 'Yes, you may call us your dear friends, for you have been true friends to us, and we do thank you very much.' The Duc de Chartres then took my other hand, saying, 'We are so much obliged to you.' And as I stood between those dear young men, holding a hand of each, I really felt a hearty love for them, and, making some allusion to their sainted mother, which they both

seemed to feel, I expressed in few words my heart-felt prayer that even the best of blessings might descend upon them."

On the 6th of June 1857 the tenderly beloved cousin Anna Gurney, the "Cottage Lady," who had survived her "partner," Miss Buxton, for eighteen years, died at the house of her brother Hudson at Keswick. She, who had done so much in her lifetime for sailors and fishermen, was appropriately buried in the ruins of Overstrand Church, high above the sea she loved. Two thousand people followed to the grave her beloved and revered remains, carried by fishermen, whose weather-beaten cheeks, furrowed with tears, were more eloquent than words. She was spared a double sorrow in the family she loved best, and close to which her life had been spent.

On the 11th of June died Sir Edward North Buxton, and his sister, Richenda Hammond, on the 15th of June, only four days later. Sarah Gurney, afterwards Mrs. Head, writes :—

"*Colne House, June* 21.—The double funeral was inexpressibly touching—the two coffins abreast, each followed by its own chief mourners, round the church and ruins, all forming one large circle round the two graves. There was wonderful calm and serenity

whilst Herbert Jones read the service, and Uncle Cunningham gave an address. . . . I am almost daily with dear Aunt Buxton—her clinging to me most touching, as to a daughter almost. Surely I may act as a daughter to her as long as I am spared."

HANNAH, LADY BUXTON, *to* DANIEL GURNEY.

"*August* 1858.—I am glad you stir me up to write; our time together in this world is too short to omit our occasional greetings of love and true interest. I do feel the solemnity of my age and circumstances. Last night I lay awake summing up the deaths touching me since 1845. The number was quite overcoming. 'In deaths oft,' I may say—my husband, three children, nine brothers and sisters, Anna Backhouse, Anna Gurney, and others near me, though not to be compared with these. I had need to be comforted with the heavenly hope for them and for myself, and to be stirred up to lay firm hold on Christ, that I may be kept through faith in Him under the infirmities of age into eternal life."

To a GRANDSON.

"*Holton Hall, Feb.* 26, 1859.—I feel my position, left alone, or nearly so, of all my own companions in age. How it makes me desire for the young, for my grandchildren entering life, that they may not be as 'fools,' but as 'wise,' redeeming the time while they have it, and powers to use. I have of late particularly dwelt on 'good works' since reading Titus with you, and have clearly seen how good works are wise works. For

every 'good work' there is a recompense, the reward laid up, promised, however trifling the deed; a cup of cold water given, any cross taken up, any self-denial, any sacrifice. Nothing is forgotten of God or unrewarded. A book of remembrance is kept for every word spoken for God, and in the kindness, mercy, and love of God He has promised a reward in the kingdom of His glory. So that good works are the 'treasure' we are exhorted by Christ to lay up in heaven, and I do intensely long that all mine, with life before them, may see and feel the force of this grand truth. Now this grand truth does not touch a yet grander, that no works can take us to heaven. When we have done all, we are unprofitable servants; we have sinned and come short of the glory of God, and but for the redemption which is in Christ Jesus, none can be saved. By His spirit He must give life now in the soul, that spring of life which is in us to life eternal."

To Mrs. Charles Buxton.

"*Lowestoft, Nov.* 27, 1860.—My heart is full of the craving desire that I, my few remaining children, and my grandchildren, may all be His, live to Him, for Him, and with Him in this world, and then for ever.

"You must bear with me for writing my mind. When you come to seventy-seven, and know what inexpressible wisdom it is to choose to follow God, and what folly to live for the world, will you not then say as I do? I do excessively feel and dwell upon the subject of laying up treasure in heaven. . . . To make use of the time given is my most earnest exhortation



to all. I look back, and I look on, and look on you each with the most lively interest."

In June 1863 Hannah Buxton received a last visit from her dear brother-in-law Francis Cunningham. In August he died. It was a departure in complete beatitude. When he knew that the time was at hand, he fervently repeated the lines from "The Vital Spark"—

> "Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
> Oh, the pain, the *bliss* of dying."

But he left out the word pain. His doctor asked if he *felt* no pain. "Pain, doctor! oh no, it is all happiness." Dying seemed delightful to him. Time after time in his last hours he repeated, "Surely this cannot be dying, I am so happy; is it really dying? I never was so happy before."

HANNAH, LADY BUXTON, *to her Brother* DANIEL GURNEY.

"*Sept.* 15, 1864.—I must send you a line on my birthday—eighty-one. Surely goodness and mercy have followed me since I was born at Bramerton, 1783! What a course have I run, and what blessings have I enjoyed; and yet how severe my trials and innumerable my losses! To-day I go a picnic with children, but far more grandchildren; with these I am encompassed, but do not mind the numbers for myself;

I rather feel the immense work for the servants, often more than sixty to feed in the day. . . . Pleasures seem still to be allowed and given."

To Mrs. J. J. Gurney (who had returned to America).

"*Northrepps Hall, June* 29, 1865.—I long for the prosperity of your land. I have deeply felt emancipation being given, and most earnestly pray that the Lord may influence the freed negroes to accept and use freedom aright and for their own good. It is wonderful to me to see from an American paper 'Universal Peace' in the world announced, nothing but superficial differences remaining in the world, and then to hear of 'Slavery is dead' as written on a hearse in the Charlestown procession in honour of the freedom given by God! What wonderful mercies! Pray tell me anything you can of the work of God in America. Painful indeed that Lincoln[1] was removed. May Johnson be led to do wisely and mercifully."

Miss Clowes writes :—

"*Colne House, May* 1867.—Mr. and Mrs. Fowell Buxton, with two daughters and a son, had arrived on Saturday evening, and in the evening of Sunday the Dowager Lady Buxton was as usual brought down in her chair into the drawing-room. Words fail to give the picture when the party assembled to say verses and hymns. Only those who know the beautiful room, the fine conservatory, the views from the win-

[1] A letter to President Lincoln from Mrs. J. J. Gurney, an intimate friend, was found in his pocket, with her photograph, after his death.

dows of the declining sun throwing shadows across the bright green lawn, can the least fancy the scene, nor can I adequately describe the individuals forming the groups at the bow-window. On the ottoman seat, the Dowager, so diminished in size, delicate, refined, in a rich black silk dress, with a shawl of a thin material bordered with white, very feeble, but animated, summoning all to come close by her, her hand clasped in that of her dear son Fowell, and he so gentle, loving, and cordial to her. Then on chairs and stools of various heights, the grandchildren grouped around her, and, beginning at the youngest, each in turn repeating a portion of Scripture or a hymn."

HANNAH, LADY BUXTON, *to* DANIEL GURNEY.

"*Feb.* 24, 1869.—I may truly apply Psalm xci. to myself just now. The prayers for old age are delightful. 'Why am I kept so long?' It is a solemn question. May it be for the good of some and to the glory of God, through His great love and mercy in Christ Jesus. It is often cheering to me that He takes pleasure in His people; it is for His own honour and glory we are saved, and may we live and die for Him.

"I left Ham House probably for ever on Monday. It is a sorrowful winding up there, and yet there is nothing forced in it. The separation from it and the family is like ripe fruit falling. I look back to the time when Sam was quite a young man and was in love with Elizabeth Sheppard, and long before and ever since has the house been inhabited by faithful servants of Christ, who have been blessed in it themselves and have made it a fountain of blessing to

others. With great thankfulness may we think of the stream of good, in example, experience, gifts, and hospitality, that has ever flowed in and from that place."

"*March* 1869.—Laura has told me of your visit to Earlham, and that you had enjoyed seeing the dear old home again. I am very glad you accomplished seeing Mr. Kett.[1] I was thinking of him and Mrs. Thompson in connection with my birthday of twenty, when a large party of Hoares, Ketts, Buxtons, and Gurneys had a picnic in the Sheringham woods. Only we three now remain. How generations pass away! May all have been gathered into the blessed kingdom of God the Father, through the work of God our Saviour. Our present party is as large or larger. No Kett, and no Gurney but John Henry, but Hoares, Barclays, and Buxtons in many; and also visitors who come to me in the afternoon, and a few to dinner most days. I like the life, and I believe it suits me, but yet I would fain have some quiet to myself if I could. It is a real comfort to me that scarcely a morning passes without Charles and me reading a little in the Bible together."

To Fowell Buxton.

"*Northrepps, May* 20, 1870.—We have been sitting these last two days under the chestnut-tree, a delicious covering over our heads with the full broad leaves, the blossoms falling upon us; one little bird sitting on the swinging bough, and birds in and out of the old acacia tree after a nest or young."

[1] A cousin, the grandmother of the Earlham Gurneys, was Elizabeth Kett.

To DANIEL GURNEY.

"*London, June* 1870.—I have greatly valued to-day a second visit from dear Dr. Lushington. He is eighty-eight, and not so infirm as I am. He is delightful still, and I was so pleased at his response when I spoke about the heavenly inheritance, and the blessed hope of meeting again. He asked if I knew a book he had read, 'The Blessed Dead.' Have you heard of the death of dear Anna Hinderer? It is a great loss."

To MISS GLOVER.

"*Northrepps*, 1870 (æt. 86).—We are all well. May we enjoy more and more the manifestation of Christ to our inward life. I want to be in Him for life, and in death, and through eternity. I think I never saw and knew as I do now that He is the one Mediator, and it is only through Him the Father is rich in mercy and love to us, and pours out His benefits upon us. The 1st Ephesians shows in measure the extent of these most blessed favours through Christ to us."

To DANIEL GURNEY.

"*Dec.* 1870.—I have been visiting you in mind for the close of 1870 and commencement of 1871, in the desire and confidence for us both, at our age, to be in Christ, covered by His whole work for us, set forth in the eleventh and twelfth clauses of the Litany, after the six previous clauses, teaching what He delivers from. The Litany does not go on to set forth the blessed

condition into which His work brings us, but some of His unsearchable riches are delightfully opened in 1st Ephesians. I find continual help in going over these passages and dwelling on the various gifts of God the Father. That verse in Isaiah, 'Unto us a child is born,' does wonderfully connect God in man, and for this reason I always value the Athanasian Creed, though some words in it I disapprove; but it teaches the mystery of the Trinity. I find it best to dwell upon what is made clear; I can remember so little, 'but I know in whom I have believed,' and that He is able and willing to keep me, soul and body, to eternal life; and I love to remember the many of our own that have entered, all by the One Door, into the glorious kingdom. And oh! we too, and all ours, will follow by the same blessed way. I want all to be Christ's, and as Christ is God's, so may we all be His, and behold and share in the glory of God and of the Lamb for evermore. . . . I am well, and have had a merry Christmas with Priscilla, my only own one, and the Bosworths."

In August 1871 Lady Buxton's youngest son Charles died in Scotland, whither he had gone in failing health for change of air. A daughter-in-law wrote:—

"*Colne House, Cromer, Aug.* 1871.—The precious grandmother looks so white and small, but so lovely in her calm acquiescence. This event seems to draw us all together."

HANNAH, LADY BUXTON, *to* MRS. J. J. GURNEY, in America.

"*Northrepps, Sept.* 1871.—I am indeed pleased, very, very pleased to have thy note in thy own handwriting. I knew I had thy heart touched for me, dearest sister. It is a most sorrowful surprise and fall from what seemed most secure of almost any possessions, yet of late, fears have indescribably crept in. The sight of him in the early spring frightened me, there was something so peculiar in it. We were, however, kept from acknowledging fear, or perhaps living in it, by the doctor he consulted, and he did not believe he was in danger for a minute. I cannot say how heartily I have felt the loving-kindness of our God in thus sparing him, for though no doubt ill, he enjoyed himself—the country, the inn where they were, and his charming party; yet how infinitely higher is my gratitude for his redemption in Christ Jesus. Herein is manifested the love of God! What can we render to Him, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, for our salvation, for my darling's salvation, for the whole work of Christ? I go over in mind all His course of love, 'from what He brought us, into what He brought us by His blessed life, death, burial, resurrection, ascension; what He has done, is doing, and will do for us,' as Cotton Mather says, and I know a fellowship with my precious child in Christ. Our habitual communication and reading the Bible together, when we had opportunity, is now such an extreme satisfaction to me. The love of Christ was not a hidden subject, and Charles was one of very simple faith. His public life was given to useful and benevolent objects, and he was very highly esteemed

and exceedingly loved amongst men. I am well, but exceedingly infirm. My dear Priscilla, my one fixed inmate, watches closely over me; and Catherine is here, with constant love and service. Beloved sister, my love is with thee; I am thy tenderly affectionate sister. What a hope we have of being together in the kingdom of God and His Christ."

To DANIEL GURNEY.

"*Feb.* 17, 1872.—This delightful morning is most pleasant, and I have been basking in the sunshine. You are out, and able to walk and enjoy it. I really hardly can walk, and it is some weeks since I have been in the garden, but I drive out in the close carriage, and find it a great refreshment, even when the weather is dull. I call at Colne House door, and on a few old lady residents in Cromer, who come into the carriage to speak to me. Catherine often joins me in the drive, or comes up with the girls to dinner; and at home I am quite rich now with Effie and Sarah Maria, besides my constant companion Priscilla; so, though without much excitement, we have pleasant little variations, and most truly I desire to give thanks for the great mercies I enjoy—such merciful indulgences, and I know you feel the same for yourself, dearest brother, but I fear your weak hand is a great cross and inconvenience to you. I have rather troublesome infirmities. I excessively wish to receive this discipline in dependence upon Jesus, the gracious Head of each one, who ministers to the needs, spiritual and temporal, of all who accept Him as the only way to the

Giver of every good gift. I dwell much upon His work for us, and want it in myself and every one dear to me."

Lady Buxton, at eighty-eight, was now fast fading heavenwards. Though not ill, she herself thought that the end must be very near. A grand-daughter writes :—

"Ever since the death of her son Charles, she had been more feeble and infirm, and though mind and spirit were vigorous as ever, it was plain that the flesh was failing. Surely her soul lived in strength; notwithstanding the decay of the body, her lovely mind lost none of its brightness in those sweet, calm, remaining days. On Saturday, March 16, 1872, her son Fowell, the only survivor of her eleven children, came to her with his wife, and she enjoyed their company exceedingly. There was little change in the day's routine, but we wondered at the power for such effort, so exquisitely frail was her general appearance. She drove to Colne House on Tuesday, March 19, but did not leave the carriage, and on returning home enjoyed the group of grand-daughters in the bow-window of her drawing-room, with their primroses and violets. Wednesday opened with further weakness, the spirit shining clear as ever. When Lady Buxton went in, she acknowledged to feeling very weak, adding, 'He is able to save.' In the afternoon she enjoyed her usual books, and then asked for some verses, as was her daily custom. Lady Buxton read the passage—

'When thou passest through the water, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.' All was peace and cheerfulness around her. Preparing for dinner was undertaken as usual with the well-known exactness. It was then the summons came. She said to Rachel, 'My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever.'

"She lay on the bed, the exhaustion increasing, till nearly nine o'clock, when her spirit fled to the Saviour whom she loved so well. Very gently did the Angel of Death lay his hand upon her, shielding her, we believe, from all trial of the flesh. A few days later her children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, with many others, were gathered together to attend her funeral, when she was laid in the vault in the ruins of Overstrand Church, beside her husband and others of her dear ones who had gone before."

On June 14, 1880, died the last of the Earlham family, Daniel Gurney of North Runcton, full of years and honour, after having been the widower of his deeply loved wife for forty-three years. He continued young almost to the end of his life. In their great age, his sister, Lady Buxton, used laughingly to say, "The fact is, Dan, you're so young, you're no companion at all to me." The great trouble of the bankruptcy, in which he was involved by his partners,

scarcely aged him, and he scarcely suffered from it personally, as his ever kind and generous sister allowed him £2000 a year. He was buried by the side of his wife in the churchyard at North Runcton. He had been for sixty years a partner and long the head of the Norwich firm of Gurney & Co., and was a prominent Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries. In 1848 he published "The Record of the House of Gourney," in two large quarto volumes.[1]

Having survived all her brothers and sisters in law, Eliza Gurney, the widow of Joseph John, died on November 8, 1881, at her house of West Hill, "her faith in her Redeemer, undimmed by doubt, being sustained in her last weary days of bodily trial." She was buried in the Friends' burial-ground at Burlington, and, by a singular coincidence, her husband's youngest grandson, Richard Gurney, and William Fowler, a nephew of his second wife—both travelling in America—were present at her funeral.[2]

When the young Gurneys of Earlham were

[1] To which afterwards (1858) he added a supplement.

[2] A volume of the Poems of Eliza Gurney was printed after her death, entitled "Heart Utterances at Various Periods of a Chequered Life."

left motherless at the close of the eighteenth century, under the care of their sister Catherine, we see by old letters and journals that their friends displayed "great anxiety and curiosity as to what would be the end of this family." The answer has been given in these volumes. The beloved father died, strong in the faith of the Lord Jesus, with an insight, even upon earth, into the heavenly kingdom into which his lovely wife had entered.

> She died at Earlham, November 17, 1792.
> He died at Earlham, October 28, 1809.

Their eleven children and their ten sons and daughters in law, each one a true follower of their Lord, lived full of faith and love to Christ, and died in the full assurance of an eternal inheritance with their Lord, and we may believe that they are all together in His presence.

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